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The aims of the English Association are :—

(*a*) To promote the due recognition of English as an essential element in the national education.

(*b*) To discuss methods of teaching English and the correlation of School and University work.

(*c*) To encourage and facilitate advanced study in English literature and language.

(*d*) To unite all those who are interested in English studies ; to bring teachers into contact with one another and with writers and readers who do not teach ; and to induce those who are not themselves engaged in teaching to use their influence in the cause of English as a part of education.

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(*b*) To persons engaged in literary work.

(*c*) To persons interested in the study of English literature or of the English language.

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PREFATORY NOTE

THE present volume is intended to exhibit the range and variety of good prose usage among representative writers of our own time. Though it is a companion volume to 'Poems of To-day' it does not, because it cannot, invite comparison with its predecessor. The difference between poetry and prose is (to speak in figures) the difference between lightning and current. Each has its own intensity and its own purpose. A lyric may flash its perfection before us in the brevity of half a hundred words. A prose piece of the same length may perhaps be perfect; but it will hardly be recognised as perfect, unless it is specially sententious, or startling, or splendid, unless, in other words, it approaches the condition of poetry. But a selection of prose passages should exhibit the virtues of prose, not the virtues of poetry: it should not be a collection of rhymeless couplets or unmetred lyrics.

Prose, like current, has to do work. We conduct the business of life in prose. It is the medium not only of essayists, novelists and critics, but of statesmen, judges and ecclesiastics. A selection of prose passages should therefore exhibit prose at work: it should include prose for weekdays as well as prose for holy-days.

The amount of good prose available is so large that the task of selection is proportionately difficult. To every writer here represented a dozen others of the same type could be added. Their exclusion must be accepted as inevitable, both by readers and by themselves.

Of the several ways of arranging extracts covering a long range of matter and a short range of time the

least objectionable is the alphabetical, which has therefore been adopted.

The thanks of compilers and readers alike are due to the chosen writers for their generous help in making this volume possible. It is regretted that some whose names will be looked for refused to allow any of their work to be included.

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

ABERCROMBIE

Abercrombie, Lascelles (1881), was educated at Malvern College and Victoria University, Manchester. Professor of English Literature, University of Leeds, since 1922. He has written poems, a play, *Deborah* (1913), and critical studies, and has contributed to various papers. His critical studies include *Thomas Hardy* (1912), *The Epic* (1914), *Theory of Art* (1922), *Theory of Poetry* (1924), and *Romanticism* (1926). The poems published by him are *Interludes and Poems* (1908), *Mary and the Bramble* (1910), *The Sale of St. Thomas* (1911), and a volume of verse, *Emblems of Love* (1912).

BALDWIN

Baldwin, Rt. Hon. Stanley, P.C. (1867), Hon. D.C.L. Oxon, Hon. LL.D. Camb., Hon. LL.D. St. Andrews, Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. He has been M.P. for the Bewdley Division of Worcestershire since 1908, and was President of the Board of Trade 1921–22 and Chancellor of the Exchequer 1922–23. Lord Rector of Edinburgh University (1923); President of the Classical Association (1925–26); President of the English Association (1927). Several of his speeches and addresses have been published. The first volume was issued in 1926, under the title of *On England and Other Addresses*, and contains the much-quoted address on the English Countryside, and the second volume in 1928 under the title of *Our Inheritance*. This volume contains his Canadian speeches, his address at the English Association dinner in 1927 and the tribute to Lord Oxford.

BALFOUR

Balfour, Earl of (Arthur James), K.G., P.C., O.M. (1848), was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. Chancellor of Cambridge and Edinburgh Universities. President of the Council since 1925. Elder Brother of Trinity House. President of British Academy since 1921. President of the English Association, 1913. Lord Rector, St. Andrews University (1886); Lord Rector, Glasgow University (1889); LL.D. Edinburgh, St. Andrews, Cambridge, Dublin, Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield, Columbia, Athens and Leeds Universities; Hon. D.C.L., Oxford, Litt.D., University of Wales, and Ph.D., University of Cracow. Gave the Romanes (1909) and Gifford (1911) Lectures. M.P. for Hertford (1874–85), Eastern Division of Manchester (1885–1906), City of London (1906–22). During this

period he was President of the Local Government Board (1885–86), Chief Secretary for Ireland (1887–91), Leader, House of Commons, and First Lord of the Treasury (1891–92, 1895–1906), Prime Minister (1902–1905), First Lord of the Admiralty (1915–16), and Foreign Secretary (1916–19). Among his writings which have been published are *Essays and Addresses* (1893 and 1905), *The Foundations of Belief* (1895), *Speeches on Fiscal Reform* (1906), *Essays Speculative and Political* (1920), and *Theism and Thought* (1923).

BARRIE

Barrie, Sir James Matthew, O.M., LL.D., D.Litt. (1860), was educated at Dumfries Academy and Edinburgh University. After working as a journalist in Nottingham he came to London in 1885, and contributed articles to the ' St. James's Gazette,' ' Speaker,' and other papers. As novelist and story-writer Barrie belongs to the nineteenth century. In his novels *Auld Licht Idylls* (1888), *When a Man's Single* (1888), *A Window in Thrums* (1889), and *The Little Minister* (1891) he reveals a very intimate knowledge of the life and thought of the Scottish Lowland peasantry. As the nineteenth century was drawing to its close his first play appeared, and since that time he has written almost entirely for the theatre. *Quality Street* (1901), *The Admirable Crichton* (1903), *What Every Woman Knows* (1908), *A Kiss for Cinderella* (1916), *Dear Brutus* (1917), and *Mary Rose* (1920) are perhaps the best known of his plays, with the exception of *Peter Pan* (1904), which has immortalised Barrie for children.

BEERBOHM

Beerbohm, Max (1872), was born in London and educated at Charterhouse and Merton College, Oxford. His publications include *The Works of Max Beerbohm* (1896, 1922), *Caricatures of Twenty-Five Gentlemen* (1896), *The Happy Hypocrite* (1897, 1918, 1920), *More* (1899), *The Poets' Corner* (1904), *A Book of Caricatures* (1907), *Yet Again* (1909, 1923), *Zuleika Dobson* (1911), *The Second Childhood of John Bull* (1911), *A Christmas Garland* (1912), *Fifty Caricatures* (1913), *Seven Men* (1919), *And Even Now* (1920), *A Survey* (1921), *Rossetti and His Circle* (1922), *Things New and Old* (1923).

BELL

Bell, Gertrude Margaret Lowthian, C.B.E., F.R.G.S. (1868–1926), was educated at Queen's College, London, and Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. She travelled much in Europe and in the East, and crossed the Syrian Desert several times escorted by Arabs only. She went to Persia (1892). In 1901 and 1902 she made several ascents of famous peaks in the Alps. In 1914 she crossed the Arabian Desert from Damascus to Hayil. She directed the Office of Enquiry for the Wounded and Missing in Boulogne and in London (1915). She was attached to the Military Intelligence Department, Cairo (1915), was Liaison Officer of Arab Bureau in Iraq (1916) and Assistant Political Officer, Baghdad

(1917). She was four times mentioned in despatches. She was awarded the Founder's Medal R.G.S. (1918). From 1920 until her death in Baghdad (1926) she was Oriental Secretary to the High Commissioner of Iraq at Baghdad. She founded the Baghdad Museum (1923). Among her publications are *Safar Nameh* (1894), *Poems from the Divan of Hafiz* (1897), *The Desert and the Sown* (1907), *Amurath to Amurath* (1911).

BELLOC

Belloc, Joseph Hilaire Pierre (1870), the son of a French father and an English mother, was educated at the Oratory School, Edgbaston, received a French military training, and went to Balliol College, Oxford. His works include novels, essays, travel books, and historical studies, as well as poems, and he has contributed to various periodicals. Among his novels are *Mr. Clutterbuck's Election* (1908), *A Change in the Cabinet* (1909), and *The Green Overcoat* (1912); among his travel books are *The Path to Rome* (1902), *Hills and the Sea* (1906), and *The Pyrenees* (1909). His historical studies include *The Historic Thames* (1907), *General Sketch of the European War* (1915 and 1916), *History of England*, Vols. I and II (1925), and *Miniatures of French History* (1925). His miscellaneous works include *On Nothing* (1908), *On Everything* (1909), *On Anything* (1910), and *On Something* (1911). His poems were published in *Verses and Sonnets* (1896) and *Lambkin's Remains* (1900), and in collected form in *Verses* (1910). *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts* appeared in 1896, and *More Beasts for Worse Children* in 1897.

BENNETT

Bennett, Enoch Arnold (1867), was educated at Newcastle (Staffs) Middle School. He studied law, but later turned to journalism, and was assistant editor of 'Woman' in 1893 and editor from 1896 to 1900, when he devoted himself exclusively to literature. His chief contribution to the novel is a group of interrelated stories dealing with the Five Towns (Newcastle, Stoke, Longton, Burslem, and Tunstall): *Anna of the Five Towns* (1902), *The Old Wives' Tale* (1908), *Clayhanger* (1910), *Hilda Lessways* (1911), and *These Twain* (1916). As a dramatist he has written *What the Public Wants*, *The Title*, *The Great Adventure*, and many other plays. To his customary activities he has recently added regular literary criticism (in the 'Evening Standard') and work for the cinema.

BIRRELL

Birrell, the Rt. Hon. Augustine, P.C., K.C., LL.D. (1850), was educated at Amersham Hall School and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, of which College he is an Hon. Fellow. He was M.P. for Fifeshire (W.) (1889–1900), and for North Bristol (1906–18), and during this time he was President of the Board of Education (1905–7), and Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland (1907–16). His writings consist mainly in Essays—*Obiter Dicta* (1884), *Collected Essays* (1900), *In the Name of the Bodleian* (1905), *Collected Essays and Addresses* (1922), and *More Obiter*

Dicta (1924)—and in literary biography and criticism, of which *The Life of Charlotte Brontë* (1885), *William Hazlitt* (1902), and *Andrew Marvell* (1905) are well known.

BOURNE

Bourne, George, was the pen-name of George Sturt (1863–1927). He was educated at Farnham Grammar School, where for a time he was an assistant master until he was called upon to take charge of his father's wheelwright's business. He tried all through his life to make himself master of this ancestral craft. In his books he wrote of this craft and of English peasant life with the most delicate understanding. He describes vividly the decline of the old craftsman and the rise of the 'hand' able only to feed a standardised machine. His writings include *A Year's Exile* (1898), *The Bettesworth Book* (1901), *Memoirs of a Surrey Labourer* (1907), *The Ascending Effort* (1910), *Change in the Village* (1912), *Lucy Bettesworth* (1913), *William Smith* (1920), *A Farmer's Life* (1922), *The Wheelwright's Shop* (in which he gives the history of the wheelwright's yard at Farnham) (1923), and *A Small Boy in the Sixties* (1927).

BRADLEY

Bradley, Andrew Cecil, LL.D. (1851), was educated at Cheltenham and Balliol College, Oxford, of which College he became a Fellow in 1874. He was Professor of Modern Literature at University College, Liverpool (1881–89), Professor of English Language and Literature at Glasgow University (1889–1900), and Professor of Poetry at Oxford (1901–06). His critical writings include *A Commentary on 'In Memoriam'* (1901), *Shakespearean Tragedy* (1904), and *Oxford Lectures on Poetry* (1909).

BUTLER

Butler, Samuel (1835–1902), was educated at Shrewsbury and St. John's College, Cambridge. As he could not follow his father's wishes and take Holy Orders, he went to New Zealand in 1859, where he had a successful sheep-run. But in 1864 he came back to England and studied painting, exhibiting in time several pictures at the Royal Academy. His later years were mainly devoted to literature. His writings are very varied, but chiefly critical. Among the most famous are *Erewhon* (1872), *Life and Habit* (1877), *Alps and Sanctuaries* (1881), *Erewhon Revisited* (1901), and *The Way of all Flesh* (1903).

CHESTERTON

Chesterton, Gilbert Keith (1874), was born in Kensington, went to St. Paul's School, and studied for a time at the Slade School of Art. He became a journalist, and is well known as an essayist and writer upon literary and social subjects, and as a novelist, poet, and the author of a play, *Magic* (1913). His novels include *The Club of Queer Trades* (1905), *The Man who was Thursday* (1908), *The Ball and the Cross* (1910), *Manalive*

(1912), and *The Flying Inn* (1914). His critical work is represented by *Browning* (1903) and *Charles Dickens* (1906), and his miscellaneous writing by *Tremendous Trifles* (1909) and *A Shilling for My Thoughts* (1916). His verse includes *Greybeards at Play* (1900), a book of satirical nonsense rhymes, *The Wild Knight and Other Poems* (1900), *The Ballad of the White Horse* (1911), *Poems* (1915), and *Wine, Water, and Song* (1915), which contains the songs from his novel *The Flying Inn*.

CONRAD

Conrad, Joseph (1857–1924), novelist and writer, was born at Berdiczew, Polish Ukraine, his real name being Teodor Josef Konrad Korzeniowski. Imbued in boyhood with the desire to go to sea, he made his first voyage (1875) and first landed in England (1878). Became naturalised British subject and master mariner (1886), but gave up sea service (1894). Commenced his literary career with *Almayer's Folly*, partly written at sea, and published (1895). Thereafter devoted himself wholly to literary work and wrote (with infinite pains) about 25 books, mostly novels and short stories (1896–1924). The former include *The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'* (1897), *Lord Jim* (his best-known novel) (1900), *Nostromo* (1904), *Chance* (1914), *The Rescue* (begun in 1896) (1920), and *The Rover* (1923). The more notable short stories appeared in *Youth* (1902), *Typhoon* (1903), *The Mirror of the Sea* (seafaring memories) (1906), *'Twixt Land and Sea* (1912), and *Some Reminiscences* (1912). *Collected Editions* appeared (1921 and 1923), and *A Life* by G. Jean Aubry (1927).

DE LA MARE

De la Mare, Walter John (1873), Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, a member of the Academic Committee, is a writer of verse and of prose romances. *Henry Brocken*, a romance, was published (1904), *The Return* (to which was awarded the first Prince Edmond de Polignac prize) and *The Three Mulla Mulgars*, a story for children (1910). *The Memoirs of a Midget* was published (1921), *Broomsticks and Other Tales* (1925), and *The Connoisseur and Other Stories* (1926). Some of his earlier poems appeared in 'The Monthly Review' (1902 to 1904), and his first volume of verse, *Songs of Childhood*, under the pseudonym Walter Ramal, was published (1902) and re-edited (1916). *The Listeners* appeared (1912), *Peacock Pie* (1913), *Motley* (1918), *Flora* (1919), and *Collected Poems* (1920). He has contributed to 'The Times Literary Supplement' and 'Westminster Gazette,' and occasionally other papers.

DOUGHTY

Doughty, Charles Montagu (1843–1926), was educated at the Naval School, Portsmouth, and at Caius College, Cambridge, of which he was an Hon. Fellow. Hon. D.Litt. Oxford; Hon. Litt.D. Cambridge. He gained the Royal Founder's Medal of the Royal Geographical Society (1912). Hon. Member British Academy. Livid for many years among

the Arabs. His greatest work is *Travels in Arabia Deserta* (1888). He also wrote *Under Arms* (1900), *The Dawn in Britain* (6 vols.) (1906), *The Cliffs* (1909), and *Mansoul, or the Riddle of the World* (1920).

DUNSANY

Dunsany, Lord (Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett) (1878), was educated at Eton and Sandhurst. 2nd Lieut. 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards, 1899–1901. Served in the South African War. In the European War Captain Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers and on Staff. Among his stories are *A Dreamer's Tales* (1910), *The Book of Wonder* (1912), *Fifty-one Tales* (1915), *Unhappy Far-off Things* (1919), *Tales of Three Hemispheres* (1920), and *The Charwoman's Shadow* (1926), and among his plays are *The Gods of the Mountain, The Golden Doom, King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior, The Glittering Gate, The Lost Silk Hat* (Five Plays, 1914), and *The Tents of the Arabs, The Laughter of the Gods, The Queen's Enemies, A Night at an Inn* (Plays of Gods and Men, 1917).

EDDINGTON

Eddington, Arthur Stanley, F.R.S. (1882), was born at Kendal, and educated at Owens College, Manchester, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became Fellow in 1907. From 1921 to 1923 he was President of the Royal Astronomical Society and from 1906 to 1913 Chief Assistant at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. He has been Plumian Professor of Astronomy since 1913, and Director of the Observatory at Cambridge University since 1914. He gave the Romanes Lecture in 1922. His chief works are *Stellar Movements and the Structure of the Universe* (1914), *Report on the Relativity Theory of Gravitation* (1918), *Space, Time and Gravitation* (1920), *The Mathematical Theory of Relativity* (1923), *Stars and Atoms* (1927).

FORSTER

Forster, Edward Morgan (1879), was educated at Tonbridge and King's College, Cambridge, of which he is a Fellow. Among his novels are *Where Angels Fear to Tread* (1905), *A Room with a View* (1908), *Howard's End* (1911), *A Passage to India* (for which he was awarded the Prix Femina Vie Heureuse and James Tait Black Prize) (1925). He gave the Clark Lectures in 1927 on *Aspects of the Novel.*

FORTESCUE

Fortescue, The Hon. Sir John William, K.C.V.O., LL.D., Litt.D. (1859), was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, of which College he is Honorary Fellow. Historian to the British Army; Librarian at Windsor Castle 1905–26; Chesney Gold Medal. In addition to works on military and regimental history—*History of the 17th Lancers* (1895), *History of the British Army* 1899–1920—he has written *The Story of a Red Deer* (1897), *My Native Devon* (1924), and *Wellington* (1925). He edited *The Correspondence of George III* (6 vols.) (1928).

FRAZER

Frazer, Sir James George (1854), O.M. (1925), F.R.S. (1920), was born at Glasgow and educated at Cambridge, where he became Fellow of Trinity College. He was then called to the Bar (Middle Temple). He has honorary degrees of Oxford, Glasgow, Cambridge, Durham, Manchester, Paris, Strasbourg, is a Fellow of the British Academy, Hon. Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Corresponding Member of the Institut de France, Commander of the Legion of Honour, Corresponding Member of the Prussian Academy of Science, and Extraordinary Member of the Royal Netherlands Academy of Science. Among his publications are *The Golden Bough* (1890), in 12 vols. (many books connected with *The Golden Bough* were separately published), *Passages of the Bible chosen for their Literary Interest and Beauty* (1895), *Pausanias's Description of Greece*, translated with a commentary (1898), *Letters of William Cowper* (1912), *Essays of Joseph Addison* (1915), *The Gorgon's Head and Other Literary Pieces* (1927).

GALSWORTHY

Galsworthy, John (1867), was educated at Harrow and New College, Oxford. His works include the following novels: *The Island Pharisees* (1904), *The Man of Property* (1906), *The Country House* (1907), *Fraternity* (1909), *A Motley* (1910), *The Patrician* (1911), *The Inn of Tranquillity* (1912), *The Dark Flower* (1913), *The Freelands* (1915), *Beyond* (1917), *Five Tales* (1918), *Saint's Progress* (1919), *In Chancery* (1920), *To Let* (1921), *The Forsyte Saga* (1922), *Captures* (1923), *The White Monkey* (1924), *The Silver Spoon* (1926). He has also produced the following plays: *The Silver Box* (1906), *Joy* (1907), *Strife* (1909), *Justice* (1910), *The Little Dream* (1911), *The Pigeon* (1912), *The Eldest Son* (1912), *The Fugitive* (1913), *The Mob* (1914), *A Bit o' Love* (1915), *The Foundations* (1917), *The Skin Game* (1920), *A Family Man* (1921), *Loyalties: Windows* (1922), *The Forest* (1924), *The Show* (1925), *Escape* (1926). His book of verse, *Moods, Songs and Doggerels*, was issued in 1912.

GOSSE

Gosse, Sir Edmund William, C.B., LL.D., Litt.D. (1849–1928), Member of the Academic Committee, was the only son of the zoologist, P. H. Gosse, F.R.S., whose life he wrote. He gave an account of his own boyhood and education in *Father and Son* (1907). In 1867 he became Assistant Librarian at the British Museum, was afterwards translator to the Board of Trade, and from 1904 to 1914 Librarian to the House of Lords; President of the English Association, 1921; Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery. He was eminent as a linguist and a critic of European literature, especially Scandinavian, received many distinctions both foreign and academic, and was an officer of the Legion of Honour. He wrote critical and other prose. His earlier essays were published in collected form (1912–13), *Inter-Arma, Essays in War Time*, in 1916, and he was the editor of the posthumous works and letters of Swinburne, whose life he wrote. His critical studies include *Life*

of Gray (1882), *Life and Letters of Donne* (1899), *Life of Jeremy Taylor* (1904), and *Life of Sir Thomas Browne* (1905). He also published poems and dramas in verse: *On Viol and Flute* (1873), *In Russet and Silver* (1894). A collected edition of his poems appeared in 1911.

GRAHAM

Graham, Robert Bontine Cunninghame (1852), was educated at Harrow. He was an M.P. for six years. He spent much of his early life in Spain, Mexico, and the Argentine Republic as a cattle farmer and a trader in horses and cattle. Among his chief works are *Mogreb-el-Acksa* (1898), *A Vanished Arcadia* (1901), *Progress* (1905), *Faith* (1909), *Hope* (1910), *Charity* (1912), *A Brazilian Mystic* (1920), *The Conquest of New Granada* (1922), *The Conquest of the River Plate* (1924), and *Pedro de Valdivia, Conqueror of Chile* (1926).

GRAHAME

Grahame, Kenneth (1859), Secretary to the Bank of England (1898–1908). His chief works are *Pagan Papers* (1893), *The Golden Age* (1895), *Dream Days* (1898), and *The Wind in the Willows* (1908). He also compiled *The Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children* (1915).

GREGORY

Gregory, Lady Isabella Augusta (1852), was born in Galway and married Sir William Gregory in 1881, who was formerly Governor of Ceylon. She has done important work in preserving and reanimating Irish sentiment and the Irish language by popularising the folklore of Western Ireland and in writing plays for the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, of which she is a Director. Representative works are *Poets and Dreamers* (1901), *Cuchullain of Muirthemne* (1902), *Gods and Fighting Men* (1904), *Short Plays* (1909), *Irish Folk History Plays* (1912), *New Comedies* (1913), *Our Irish Theatre* (1913), and *Visions and Beliefs in the West of Ireland* (1920). Among the plays produced by the National Theatre Society have been *Spreading the News*, *Dervorgilla*, *The Jackdaw*, *The Golden Apple*, and *The Story brought by Brigit*.

GREY

Grey, Viscount, of Fallodon (Edward), K.G., P.C., D.C.L. (1862), was educated at Winchester and Balliol College, Oxford. He was M.P. for Berwick-on-Tweed 1885–1916, during which time he was Foreign Secretary 1905–16. He was Temporary Ambassador to U.S.A. (1919); President of the English Association (1923). He has written *Fly-Fishing* (1899), *Twenty-Five Years*, 1892–1916 (1925), *Fallodon Papers* (1926), and *The Charm of Birds* (1927).

HADOW

Hadow, Sir William Henry, C.B.E., LL.D., D.Litt., D.Mus. (1859), was educated at Malvern and Worcester College, Oxford, of which he is

an Hon. Fellow. Principal of Armstrong College, Newcastle, 1909–19; Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield University since 1919. Director of Education on Lines of Communication in France, 1918. Chairman of Consultative Committee, Board of Education. Among his publications are: *Studies in Modern Music* (1894–5), *A Croatian Composer* (1897), *Album of Songs* (1897, 1899, 1903, 1912), *Oxford Treasury of English Literature* (3 vols.) (1906, 1907, 1908), *Citizenship* (1923), *Music* (Home University Library) (1924). He is editor of the *Oxford History of Music*.

HARDY

Hardy, Thomas, O.M. (1840–1928), was educated at Dorchester and King's College, London; Hon. Fellow Magdalene College, Cambridge, and Queen's College, Oxford; Litt.D. Cambridge and D.Litt. Oxford. At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed to an ecclesiastical architect in Dorchester and afterwards worked under Sir Arthur Blomfield in London. Later he gave up architecture for literature, and held the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature. *Desperate Remedies*, his first novel, was published anonymously in 1871. This was followed by *Under the Greenwood Tree* (1872), *A Pair of Blue Eyes* (1873), *Far from the Madding Crowd* (1874), and others, including *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (1886), *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (1891), and *Jude the Obscure* (1896). His earlier verse was published in *Wessex Poems* (1898) and *Poems of the Past and Present* (1902). *The Dynasts* appeared in three parts in 1904, 1906, 1908 respectively, and *Time's Laughing-Stocks* in 1909. A collected edition of his poems was published in 1919 and the Mellstock edition of all his works in 1920.

HEWLETT

Hewlett, Maurice Henry (1861–1923), was educated at the London International College, Isleworth. He was Keeper of the Land Revenue Records and Enrolments (1896–1900), and a Member of the Academic Committee of the Royal Society of Literature. His published works include *Earthwork out of Tuscany* (1895), *The Forest Lovers* (1898), *Pain and the Young Shepherd* (1899), *Little Novels of Italy* (1890), *Richard Yea and Nay* (1900), *The Queen's Quair* (1904), *The Stooping Lady* (1907), *Halfway House* (1908), and *Brazenhead the Great* (1911). He has published several volumes of verse, the best known being *The Song of the Plow*, and also several volumes of Essays, which reveal a knowledge and love of English country and country people.

HUDSON

Hudson, William Henry (1841–1922), was born in the Pampas of La Plata and educated at home by tutors. His health was wrecked by a severe attack of rheumatic fever, and in 1869 he came home to England and lived a life observing Nature and human nature in different parts of England and writing studies on these and his earlier experiences, novels, sketches, and short stories. Among his novels are *The Purple Land*

(1885), *Green Mansions* (1904), and *A Crystal Age* (1906). Among his sketches and his studies of Nature are *British Birds* (1895), *Birds in London* (1898), *Birds and Man* (1901), *Hampshire Days* (1903), *Afoot in England* (1909), and *A Shepherd's Life* (1910). In *Far Away and Long Ago* (1918) he gives a history of his early life.

INGE

INGE, The Very Rev. WILLIAM RALPH, D.D., C.V.O. (1860), Dean of St. Paul's since 1911, was educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow. He was Bell, Porson and Craven Scholar, Browne and Senior Chancellor's Medallist. After five years as an Assistant Master at Eton he became Fellow and Tutor of Hertford College, Oxford. He has been Select Preacher both at Oxford and Cambridge, Bampton Lecturer, Paddock Lecturer, Lyman Beecher Lecturer, Gifford, Romanes, Hibbert, Rede, and Hulsean Lecturer. He is a Member of the Academic Committee of the Royal Society of Literature, and a Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery. He has written *Society in Rome under the Cesars* (1886), *Christian Mysticism* (1899), *Studies of English Mystics* (1906), *Speculum Animae* (1911), *The Philosophy of Plotinus* (1918), *Outspoken Essays* (1919 and 1922), *England* (1926), *The Platonic Tradition* (1926), *Lay Thoughts of a Dean* (1926), and contributes articles to the 'Evening Standard' and other papers and magazines.

KER

KER, WILLIAM PATON (1855–1923), was educated at Glasgow Academy and Glasgow University, and then went to Balliol College, Oxford, with a Snell Exhibition in 1874. He was elected to a Fellowship of All Souls (1879), and was appointed to the Chair of English and History in the new University College of Cardiff (1883). He succeeded Henry Morley as Quain Professor of English Language and Literature in University College, London (1889), a post which he resigned a year before his death. He was largely responsible for the founding of the Department of Scandinavian Studies in that College, and held the Directorship of the Department till his death. From 1920 onwards he also held the Chair of Poetry at Oxford. Among Ker's numerous critical works may be mentioned *Epic and Romance* (1897), *The Dark Ages* (1904), *Essays on Medieval Literature* (1905), *English Literature—Medieval* (1912), *The Art of Poetry—Seven Lectures*, 1920–1922 (1923); two volumes of *Collected Essays*, edited by Charles Whibley, were published in 1925, and *Form and Style in Poetry*, edited by R. W. Chambers, in 1928.

LAWRENCE

LAWRENCE, DAVID HERBERT (1885), was educated at the High School and University College, Nottingham. Was engaged in teaching until 1913. Is novelist, poet, and dramatist. Among his novels are *The White Peacock* (1911), *The Trespassers* (1913), *Sons and Lovers* (1913), *The Rainbow* (1915), *Women in Love* (1921), *Kangaroo* (1923), *The Plumed*

Serpent (1926), and *Sea and Sardinia* (1921). His dramas include *The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd* (1914), *Touch and Go* (1920), and *David* (1926), and his poems *Amores : Poems* (1916), *Look ! We have come Through* (1917), and *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* (1925).

LEE

Lee, Vernon, is the pen-name of Violet Paget (1856), Hon. D.Litt. Durham University (1924). Lives in Florence. Among her works are *Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy* (1880), *Euphorion, Essays on the Renaissance* (1884), *Renaissance Fancies and Studies* (1895), *Genius Loci and the Enchanted Woods* (1905), *The Spirit of Rome* (1905), *Hortus Vitae* (Essays) (1906), *The Tower of Mirrors* (1914), *Louis Norbert* (novel) (1914), and *The Golden Keys* (1925).

LUBBOCK

Lubbock, Percy (1879), was educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge. Librarian, Magdalene College, Cambridge (1905–1909). Among his writings are *Samuel Pepys* (1909), *A Book of English Prose* (1913), *The Letters of Henry James* (selected and edited) (1920), *The Craft of Fiction* (1921), *Earlham* (the reminiscences of the author's early life) (1922), *Roman Pictures* (1923), *The Region Cloud* (1925), and *The Diary of A. C. Benson* (edited) (1926).

LUCAS

Lucas, Edward Verrall (1865), was educated at Ackworth School and University College, London. Chairman of Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd., Publishers. On the staff of 'Punch' and writer of weekly letter to 'Sunday Times.' Among his works are *The Open Road* (1899), *Wisdom while You Wait* (with C. L. Graves) (1903), *Over Bemertons* (1908), *Old Lamps for New* (1911), *A Boswell of Baghdad* (1917), *Verena in the Midst* (1920), *Encounters and Diversions* (1924), and *The Joy of Life* (1927). He has written a series of travel-books, some of which are *Highways and Byways in Sussex* (1904), *A Wanderer in Holland* (1905), *in London* (1906), *in Paris* (1909), *in Florence* (1912), *in Venice* (1914), *among Pictures* (1924), and *in Rome* (1926). His appreciation of Charles Lamb is well known. He wrote the standard *Life* of Lamb, and has edited *The Works and Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb.*

MACKAIL

Mackail, John William (1859), was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, of which he became a Fellow. He gained the Newdigate Prize and the Hertford, Ireland, Craven and Derby Scholarships. LL.D. Edinburgh, St. Andrews, and Adelaide. F.B.A. From 1906 to 1911 he was Professor of Poetry at Oxford University, and was till lately an Assistant Secretary at the Board of Education. President of the Classical Association (1922–23). He is an editor and translator of various classical works, including *Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology* (1890), *Homer's*

Odyssey in Verse (1903–10), and has written critical prose essays and lectures upon Greek, Latin, and English literature. Among his works are *Latin Literature* (1895), *Life of William Morris* (1899), *The Springs of Helicon* (1909), *Lectures on Greek Poetry* (1910), *Life of George Wyndham* (1925), *Classical Studies* (1925), and *Studies in English Poets* (1926). His verse was contributed to *Mensae Secundae* (1879), to *Love in Idleness* (1883), and to *Love's Looking Glass* (1891).

MACNAGHTEN

Macnaghten, Baron Edward (1830–1913), was born in London and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and Trinity College, Cambridge. He won the Diamond Sculls, Henley, 1852, became M.P. for Co. Antrim in 1880, and Fellow of Trinity College 1882. In 1886 he declined the Home Secretaryship during Lord Salisbury's Second Administration, and in 1887 he was made a Lord of Appeal direct from the Bar. This was unprecedented. His decisions are in the volumes of Appeal Cases and in the Law Reports, and they may be said to combine learning, almost perfect clarity, and humour. In addition to that given may be cited: *Drummond* v. *Ingers*, 1887; *Van Grutten* v. *Foxwell*, 1897; *Gluckstein* v. *Barnes*, 1900; and the dissentient opinion in *Free Church of Scotland* v. *Overton*, 1904.

MANSFIELD

Mansfield, Katherine (1888), was born in New Zealand and educated at Queen's College, London. She married John Middleton Murry. Her first book of stories, *In a German Pension*, was published in 1911. She fell ill with tuberculosis (1917), and the rest of her life was a struggle against disease, until her death at Fontainebleau (1923). In her lifetime two further collections of her stories appeared—*Bliss* (1920) and *The Garden Party* (1922). Her posthumous books are *The Dove's Nest*, *Something Childish but Very Natural*, *Poems*, *Journal*, and her *Letters*.

MASEFIELD

Masefield, John (1874), Hon. D.Litt. Oxford, is a writer of poems, plays—both in verse and prose—novels, tales, and critical prose. He has edited various selections with prose introductions and has written a volume in the Home University Library upon Shakespeare (1911). Among his novels are *Captain Margaret* (1908), *Multitude and Solitude* (1909), *The Street of To-day* (1911), and *Sard Harker* (1924). Among his longer poems are *The Everlasting Mercy* (1911), *The Widow in the Bye Street* (1912), *Dauber* (1913), *The Daffodil Fields* (1913), and *Reynard the Fox* (1920); and among the shorter poems are *Salt Water Ballads* (1902), *Ballads* (1903), *Ballads and Poems* (1910), and *Lollingdon Downs* (1917). *Gallipoli* (1916) is a short history of the campaign in 1915.

MILNE

Milne, Alan Alexander (1882), was educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge. Served with the Royal Warwickshire

Regiment during the European War. Edited 'The Granta' (1902). Began journalistic work in London (1903). Assistant Editor of 'Punch' (1906–14). His chief works are *The Day's Play* (1910), *The Holiday Round* (1912), *Once a Week* (1914), *Once on a Time* (1917), *Not that It Matters* (1919), *If I May* (1920), *The Sunny Side* (1922), *When We were Very Young* (1924), *Winnie-the-Pooh* (1926), and among his plays are *Make-Believe* (1918), *Mr. Pim Passes By* (1919), *The Romantic Age* (1920), *The Dover Road* (1922), *The Great Broxopp* (1923), *Ariadne* (1925), and *The Ivory Door* (1927).

MOORE

Moore, George (1857), was educated at Oscott and studied art in Paris. His early stories and novels up to 1901 show the influence of this period. Later for about ten years he was caught up in the Celtic Revival and went to live in Dublin. His interest in religious phenomena finds expression in his later works. He began authorship with two volumes of verse, the first of which was *Flowers of Passion* (1877). As a novelist he started as a disciple of Zola with *A Mummer's Wife* (1884), *A Drama in Muslin* (1886), and *Confessions of a Young Man* (1888). Later works were *Esther Waters* (1894, revised 1920), *Evelyn Innes* (1898), and *Sister Teresa* (1901). Subsequently he wrote some books of reminiscence: *Memoirs of My Dead Life* (1906), *Hail and Farewell* (1911) [*Ave* (1911), *Salve* (1912), *Vale* (1914)], the novel *The Brook Kerith* (1916), *Abélard and Héloise* (1921), *Ulick and Soracha* (1926), and *Memoirs of My Dead Life* (revised) (1928).

MURRAY

Murray, George Gilbert Aimé (1866), was born in Sydney. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School and St. John's College, Oxford. LL.D. Glasgow, D.Litt. Birmingham, Oxford, Litt.D. Cambridge. He was Professor of Greek at Glasgow University from 1889 to 1899, and has been Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford since 1908. President, League of Nations Union, since 1923; Trustee of British Museum. His publications include many critical works, among them *The Rise of the Greek Epic* (1907, 1911, 1924), *Five Stages of Greek Religion* (1912, 1913, 1925), *The Classical Tradition in Poetry* (1927), as well as verse translations of plays by Aeschylus, Sophocles, Aristophanes, and more especially Euripides. He has also published *The Foreign Policy of Sir Edward Grey* (1915), *Faith, War and Policy* (1918), and *Problems of Foreign Policy* (1921).

OXFORD AND ASQUITH

Oxford and Asquith, Earl of (Herbert Henry) (1852–1928), K.G., P.C., F.R.S., was educated at the City of London School and Balliol College, Oxford, of which he was a Fellow. Craven University Scholar. Lord Rector of Glasgow University, 1906; Rector of Aberdeen University, 1908; High Steward of Oxford University, 1927. Elder

Brother of Trinity House, 1909–28. Hon. D.C.L. Oxford and Durham, Hon. LL.D. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Cambridge, Leeds, St. Andrews, Bristol. M.P. East Fife 1886–1918, Paisley 1920–24, during which time he was Home Secretary 1892–95, Chancellor of the Exchequer 1905–8, Secretary of State for War 1914, Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury 1908–16. Among his publications are *Occasional Addresses*, 1894–1916 (1918), *The Genesis of the War* (1923), *Studies and Sketches* (1924), *Fifty Years of Parliament* (1926), *Speeches* (1927), and, posthumously, *Memoirs and Reminiscences* (1928).

QUILLER-COUCH

Quiller-Couch, Sir Arthur Thomas, Litt.D. (1863), is a Cornishman, educated at Clifton College and at Trinity College, Oxford, where he became Lecturer in Classics. Since 1912 he has held the King Edward VII's Professorship of English Literature at Cambridge. Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and Hon. Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. He is well known as a writer of tales and sketches, usually Cornish in setting, the earlier ones being published under the pseudonym of 'Q.' Among them are *Troy Town* (1888), *The Ship of Stars* (1899), and *From a Cornish Window* (1906). He has edited anthologies, *The Oxford Book of English Verse* (1900), *The Oxford Book of Ballads* (1910), *The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse* (1912), *The Pilgrim's Way*, and *The Oxford Book of Prose* (1925), and has published lectures, essays, and criticisms, including *On the Art of Writing* (1916), *Shakespeare's Workmanship* (1918, 1922), *On the Art of Reading* (1920), and *Charles Dickens and Other Victorians* (1925). His three volumes of verse are *Green Bays* (1893), *Poems and Ballads* (1896), and *The Vigil of Venus* (1912).

RALEIGH

Raleigh, Sir Walter Alexander (1861–1922), born in London, was educated at the City of London School, Edinburgh Academy, University College School, and University College, London, and King's College, Cambridge. Professor of English Literature at the Mohammedan Anglo-American College of Aligarh (1885–87), retired owing to ill-health, then for a couple of months gave Extension Lectures (Oxford) in Tiverton and Taunton on 'Men of the Renaissance and Reformation'; and after a short period as assistant to Sir Adolphus Ward at Owens College, Manchester, became successively Professor of English Literature at the Universities of Liverpool (1889), Glasgow (1900), and Oxford (1904). He was knighted in 1911. In 1918 he was asked to write the official history of the Air Force, and had finished the first volume when he started on his adventurous journey to Baghdad and Mosul, during which he contracted the typhoid fever of which he died. His published works are *The English Novel* (1894), *R. L. Stevenson* (1895), *Style* (1897), *Milton* (1899), *Wordsworth* (1902), *English Voyagers* (1904), *Shakespeare* (1907), *Six Essays on Johnson* (1910), *Introductory Chapter in Shakespeare's England* (1915), *England and the War* (1918), *History of the Air Force* (1922), *Some Authors* (1923).

RUSSELL

Russell, Countess (Elizabeth). She married first Count von Arnim (died 1910) and second Earl Russell. Her chief publications are *Elizabeth and her German Garden* (1898), *The Solitary Summer* (1899), *The Benefactress* (1902), *The Adventure of Elizabeth in Rügen* (1904), *Fraulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther* (1907), *The Caravaners* (1909), *The Enchanted April* (1923), and *Introduction to Sally* (1926).

SCOTT

Scott, Robert Falcon (1868–1912), belonged to a family closely connected with the Royal Navy and became a cadet on the *Britannia* when he was fourteen. In 1886 he went to sea as a midshipman and served in many parts of the world. Through his friendship with Sir Clements Markham he was appointed to command the *Discovery* in the Antarctic expedition of 1901–3. From 1903 to 1910 he did important work in the Navy, and then returned to the Antarctic in command of the *Terra Nova*. With four companions he reached the Pole on January 18, 1912, only to find that he had been forestalled by Amundsen. Captain Scott was the last survivor of his party, but died in March 1912 on the return journey within about a hundred miles of his base.

SOMERVILLE

Somerville, Edith Œnone (1861), and Martin, Violet ('Martin Ross') (1865–1915). Miss Somerville studied art at the studios at Colorassi and Délécluse in Paris and at the Royal Westminster School of Art, London. She was Master of the West Carbery Foxhounds 1903–8, re-established the pack (1912), and was Master 1912–19. Miss Somerville and Miss Ross were cousins and worked in collaboration until Miss Martin's death (1915). Among their novels are *The Real Charlotte* (1894), *Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.* (1899), followed by *Further Experiences of an Irish R.M.* (1908), and *Dan Russel the Fox* (1911). Miss Somerville has written more recently *Mount Music* (1920), *Stray-aways* (1920), and *The Big House of Inver* (1926). She has published also some sporting picture books—*Slipper's A.B.C. of Foxhunting*.

SQUIRE

Squire, John Collings (1884), was educated at Blundell's School and St. John's College, Cambridge. Member of the Academic Committee of the Royal Society of Literature and Hon. Secretary (1922). Hon. A.R.I.B.A. Chairman of Committee of the English Association. He founded the 'London Mercury,' of which he is editor (1919). He is eminent as a literary critic and contributes a weekly article to the 'Observer.' He has also written poems, parodies, essays, and other prose. He is the editor of the *Collected Poems of James Elroy Flecker* and compiled the *Cambridge Book of Lesser Poets* (1927). His *Collected Parodies* were published in 1921, and his *Poems*, 1st Series (1918) and 2nd Series (1922), and *Poems* in one volume (1926). *Grub Street Nights* was published in 1924.

STEPHENS

Stephens, James (1882), born in Ireland, has published many works both in prose and verse. His prose writings include *The Crock of Gold* (1912), *The Charwoman's Daughter* (1912), *Here are Ladies* (1913), *The Demi-Gods* (1914), *The Adventures of Seumas Beg* (1915), *Irish Fairy Tales* (1920). *Insurrections* (1909), *The Hill of Vision* (1912), *Green Branches* (1916), *Reincarnations* (1918) are volumes of verse. His collected poems were published in 1926.

STRACHEY

Strachey, Giles Lytton, LL.D. (1880), was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His critical writings include *Landmarks in French Literature* (1912), *Eminent Victorians* (1918), *Queen Victoria* (1921), *Books and Characters* (1922), and *Pope* (1925).

TOMLINSON

Tomlinson, H. M. (1873), was for many years on the staff of the 'Morning Leader' and the 'Daily News.' Was war correspondent in Belgium and France from 1914 and an official correspondent at General Headquarters of the British Army in France (1915–16). Literary editor of the 'Nation' and 'Athenæum' (1917–23). His publications include *The Sea and the Jungle* (1912), *Old Junk* (1918), *London River* (1921), *Waiting for Daylight* (1922), *Tidemarks* (1924), *Under the Red Ensign* (1926), *Gifts of Fortune* (1926), and *Gallions Reach* (1927).

TREVELYAN

Trevelyan, George Macaulay (1876), C.B.E., LL.D., Litt.D., F.B.A., Professor of History at Cambridge from 1927, is the third son of Sir George Trevelyan, the nephew of Macaulay, and the author of the *Early Life of Charles James Fox* and other historical works. He was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he held a Fellowship. He served during the war as Commandant of the First British Ambulance Unit for Italy. His publications include a number of works on Italian history, notably the three volumes on *Garibaldi* (1907–11), *England in the Age of Wycliffe* (1899), *The Life of John Bright* (1913), and other nineteenth-century studies; also *Clio, a Muse* (a volume of Essays) (1913), an edition of *English Songs of Italian Freedom* (1911), and *The Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith* (1906). His *History of England* was published in 1926.

WALPOLE

Walpole, Hugh Seymour, C.B.E. (1884), was educated at King's School, Canterbury, and Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Among his publications are *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Trail* (1911), *Fortitude* (1913), *The Dark Forest* (1916), *The Green Mirror* (1918), *The Secret City* (1919), *The Captives* (1920), *The Cathedral* (1922), *The Old Ladies* (1924), *Portrait of*

a Man with Red Hair (1925), and *Harmer John* (1926). He gave the Rede Lecture on the English Novel in 1925.

WELLS

WELLS, HERBERT GEORGE (1886), was educated at Midhurst Grammar School and the Royal College of Science, from which he graduated with first-class honours in Zoology. After teaching Science for some time he took to journalism, and since then has given his entire time to writing. The books themselves are so numerous that only the more important can be mentioned. His first efforts in fiction took the form of scientific romances: *The Time Machine* (1895), *The Stolen Bacillus* (1895), *The Invisible Man* (1897), *The Plattner Story* (1897), *The War of the Worlds* (1898), *Tales of Space and Time* (1899), and *The Food of the Gods* (1904); then came a series of genuine novels: *Love and Mr. Lewisham* (1900), *Kipps* (1905), and *The History of Mr. Polly* (1910); after this a series introducing problems of modern society, social, religious, political and commercial: *Mankind in the Making* (1903), *Tono-Bungay* (1909), *Ann Veronica* (1909), *The New Machiavelli* (1911), *Marriage* (1912), *The World of William Clissold* (1926); and a fourth series with the discursive and dogmatic elements predominant: *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* (1916) and *Joan and Peter* (1918). In addition the following should be mentioned: *The Island of Doctor Moreau* (1896), *A Modern Utopia* (1905), *New Worlds for Old* (1908), *The Outline of History* (1920), *A Short History of the World* (1922), and a study of modern educational methods in *The Story of a Great Schoolmaster* (1924).

WHITEHEAD

WHITEHEAD, Professor ALFRED NORTH (1861), F.R.S., Sc.D., was educated at Sherborne and Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he is a Fellow. Hon. LL.D. St. Andrews. Professor of Philosophy at Harvard University since 1924; sometime Dean of the Faculty of Science, London University; President of the Mathematical Association (1915–1916); President of Section A, British Association (1916); Professor of Applied Mathematics, Imperial College of Science and Technology (1914–24). Among his writings are *A Treatise on Universal Algebra* (1898), *Introduction to Mathematics* (1911), *The Organisation of Thought* (1917), *The Concept of Nature* (1920), *The Principle of Relativity* (1922), *Religion in the Making* (1926), and *Science and the Modern World* (1926).

YEATS

YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER (1865), D.Litt., LL.D., was born at Sandymount, Dublin, educated at Godolphin School, Hammersmith, and Erasmus Smith School, Dublin, and studied art for a time in Dublin. Awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature (1923). He helped to establish the Irish Literary Theatre in 1899, and his plays were produced by the Irish National Theatre, which developed later into the Abbey Theatre. Senator of Irish Free State since 1922. His first volume of poems, *The Wanderings of Oisin*, was published in 1899, *The Countess Kathleen and*

Other Lyrics (1892), *The Land of Heart's Desire* (1894), the contents of the three being republished as *Poems* (1895), *The Wild Swans at Coole and Other Verse* (Dublin 1917, London 1919), and *Later Poems* (1923). His plays have been collected in a volume, *Plays for an Irish Theatre* (1913). He has also written prose tales and essays: *The Celtic Twilight* (1893), *Ideas of Good and Evil* (1903), *Per Amica Silentia Lunae* (1918), and *The Cutting of an Agate* (1919), and has edited the works of Blake. A collected edition of his works in eight volumes appeared in 1908.

PROSE OF TO-DAY

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

EMPEDOKLES

It is not difficult to recognise in Empedokles the romantic habit of life; he seems, in fact, to have lived in a series of romantic attitudes, or rather, perhaps, in a series of variations on one very familiar romantic attitude—the attitude of Melancholy Philanthropy. We seem to see a figure of majestic generosity supporting incalculable grief. Moved by measureless desire of doing good to humanity, he is publicly consumed by remorse nothing can cure. A fierce democrat, his inhuman pride demands not merely respect, but reverence, and yet disdains to accept a crown. And in the midst of his pride, he shudders at himself. The recollection of some unspeakable guilt haunts him. He wears gold and purple, and descends from sublime speculation to champion the oppressed with the air of a god doing expiation. The man who has lookt through this world as through a pane of glass into the Light Beyond, is willing to labour as physician and engineer to an ant-heap. Multitudes hail him as their saviour in his progresses through Sicily, the feasting nobles salute him as a person more than human. But the sorrow of his face is not relaxt, his tragic gait is not lightened. In the midst of adoration, the mystery of his sadness clings about him, and keeps him isolated and alone. He would redeem the world,

but himself is doomed. He is a god condemned to be a man. He loathes his punishment, yet longs to be good to the odious vermin that are with him in the prison of this gross world. What wonder if popular feeling for the fitness of things made him end in the most romantic attitude of all—the famous dive into Ætna flames, and so through fire out of contaminating humanity back into the purity of his pristine divinity ?

From 'Romanticism.'

STANLEY BALDWIN

SPEECH ON THE DEATH OF LORD OXFORD AND ASQUITH, FEBRUARY 16, 1928

This House to-day desires to pay tribute to one who was a Member of this House for more than a generation. He was essentially a House of Commons man, and he was perhaps one of the greatest Parliamentarians of the last century. For that task his equipment was, indeed, remarkable and complete: an intellect fine and rare, trained in those schools best calculated to bring out the noblest qualities of that type of intellect; a scholar steeped in the classical tradition, with a profound knowledge of the literature of his own country, and a speaker of his own tongue, I think I may say, without rival in his generation. His speeches as they fell from his lips were literature, and, though few things are so ephemeral as the spoken word, I am convinced that generations yet to come will read his speeches in the early days of the War and the tribute he paid in this House to Alfred Lyttelton, one of the most beautiful tributes to a loved Member of this House that has ever been paid.

With him, every word as he spoke fell into its place inevitably. There was no meretricious adornment. There was not one excessive word. His argument was close-

reasoned and logical, and his whole speech compact together as if fitted in the brain of a master. His judgment, helped by his temperament, which was essentially calm and judicial, was rarely at fault. I think few leaders in this House made fewer mistakes than he in judging the temper either of his party or of the House. He had a profound knowledge of both, and he maintained a poise in all matters connected with this House and politically that nothing upset and that nothing ruffled. His personal integrity was unassailable, his loyalty to those whom he served or those who served him never failed. It was a loyalty deep set, built into his character, that wrought no evil and that thought no evil, and with that a nature large and magnanimous, which never harboured a mean thought. He was always ready to let others have credit. He was always ready to take the blame that belonged to others on to his own shoulders.

Keen controversialist and strong party man as he was, I look back on those half-dozen years immediately preceding the War, when there was more bitterness in political controversy than there had been for a generation before, or has been since, and I can remember no instance in which, whether on the platform or in this House, he spoke words that were false or words that could wound. Such wounds as he inflicted in political conflict were wounds that were caused in his opponents by the closeness of his logic and the weight of his arguments. No malice ever entered into them. In politics, he showed that magnanimity which we often feel, I hope rightly, is the peculiar possession of our race in its political life. Under an exterior sometimes brusque in this House, there was a very tender human heart, well known to his friends, and it is little wonder not only that he won admiration, an admiration due to his gifts in this House, but that he won a much rarer thing, the love of those who worked with him as of those who were his friends.

Public life tries character as by fire. It tries it in success, and it tries it in the moment of what the world calls failure. There were some words which he wrote as far back as 1910, at the close of an address to the students of Aberdeen, which I think explain his outlook on life in the face of success and of failure :

'Keep always with you, wherever your course may lie, the company of great thoughts, the inspiration of great ideals, the example of great achievements, the consolation of great failures. So equipped, you can face without perturbation the buffets of circumstance, the caprice of fortune or the inscrutable vicissitudes of life.'

Though, perhaps, temptations come more subtly and are less easily discernible to men who walk in the high places of this earth, the deterioration of character which has so often been seen in this world is more obvious to mankind when men have to face bitter and cruel disappointments. In the last years of his life he had to face such, and he faced them without bitterness, without blame, without self-pity, and with no attempt at self-justification. He faced them with a dignity perfect and restrained, and towards the closing years of his life, as throughout his life, but never more than in those closing years, he conferred distinction on the public life of this country and distinction on this House which he had known for so long.

His voice is silent to-day. A few years, and there will be none who will remember it. A few years, and the voices of those addressing the House to-day will be silent, too, and a few more years and their voices will be forgotten. But the character and the spirit remain to fortify the coming generations and to illuminate their paths. We turn aside to-day for a moment from controversy and from business, and, as we leave this Chamber, we shall leave it for this afternoon to darkness and to

silence. Into that darkness and into that silence we must all go when our time comes. May it be our lot to leave behind to our friends as fragrant a memory as Lord Oxford, and to our country a light, however faint, to lighten the steps of those who come after.

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

HANDEL

It must, I think, be admitted, in the first place, that he cannot be said to have aided the advance of music in the same degree, or even in the same sense, as some other of the great composers I have named. We can assert with confidence that without Haydn we should not have the Mozart we know; that without Mozart we should not have the Beethoven we know; and that without Beethoven the whole musical history of the nineteenth century would have been utterly different from what it is. No such proposition can be advanced respecting Handel. In England, he left behind him some humble imitators, who were more successful in stealing his phrases than in catching his inspiration, but he left no school. On the Continent he did even less. His works form, as it were, a monument, solitary and colossal, raised at the end of some blind avenue from which the true path of advance has already branched; a monument which, stately and splendid though it be, is not the vestibule through which art has passed to the discovery and exploration of new regions of beauty.

Intimately connected with this peculiarity is another, deserving of notice in the same connection. Handel was not, as regards the technical method of producing musical effects, in any sense a great innovator; as regards form, he rather exhausted the possibilities of those already in use than added to their number. Consider, for example,

his overtures. Delightful and spirited as these are, admirably as they are contrived—not, indeed, like modern overtures, to give a kind of foretaste of the drama which is to follow, but—to attune the minds of the audience to its opening scenes, they are, with rare exceptions, framed on one unvarying model. For more than fifty years he was content to preface opera and oratorio alike with the kind of introduction that was in fashion when, as a youth of nineteen, he wrote his first opera at Hamburg; and the overtures to the Messiah and to Samson, however in other respects superior, did not differ in form from those with which, two generations previously, Lulli had delighted the court of Louis the Fourteenth.

Similar observations may be made respecting his operas. They were, no doubt, by very much the best works of their kind which had ever been produced. Many of the airs which they contain are still familiar to us; many more deserve to be so; and, even when divorced from their dramatic setting, may continue to give exquisite delight. But on the whole it would, I suppose, be true to say that after expending for more than thirty years his time, his money, his health, and his unequalled genius, on the cultivation of the Italian opera, he left it richer, indeed, by innumerable masterpieces, but in other respects very much where he found it—fettered, that is, by endless conditions, imposed not so much to satisfy the requirements of dramatic propriety as to moderate the rivalries of competing singers. It seems at first sight strange that any man of genius should have patiently submitted to rules which, from the point of view of art, were perfectly arbitrary. The explanation is, no doubt, to be found in the circumstance that up to the middle of the eighteenth century (speaking very roughly) the orchestra was a mere adjunct to the voice, and that the revolution, which seems in these later

times to have made the voice a mere adjunct to the orchestra, had not even begun. The modern composer for the stage sometimes writes as if singers were a necessary evil which have, no doubt, to be endured in order to carry on the dramatic dialogue, but which need to be treated with no sort of consideration. If this be a fault in one direction, a point on which I offer no opinion, the early composers of Italian opera fell, or were driven, into the opposite one. They lived at a time when the powers of execution possessed by performers on every instrument (except, it is said, the trumpet) were very inferior to those which are now common, but when the voice was cultivated with an assiduity and a success which have never since been rivalled. The composers could thus command inimitable technical skill in their singers; but the singers required in their turn a degree and a kind of consideration which has never before or since been asked or received by the interpreters of a work of genius from its creator.

From 'Essays and Addresses.'

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE

EARLY DAYS

In writing a story a safe plan must be to imitate your favourite author. Until he was nine, when he abandoned the calling, Neil was my favourite author, and I therefore decide to follow his method of dividing the story into short chapters so as to make it look longer.

When he was nine I took him to his preparatory, he prancing in the glories of the unknown until the hour came for me to go, 'the hour between the dog and the wolf,' and then he was afraid. I said that in the holidays all would be just as it had been before, but the newly-wise one shook his head; and on my return home, when

I wandered out unmanned to look at his tool-shed, I found these smashing words in his writing pinned to the door:

THIS ESTABLISHMENT IS NOW PERMANENTLY CLOSED.

I went white as I saw that Neil already understood life better than I did.

Soon again he was on the wing. Here is interesting autobiographical matter I culled years later from the fly-leaf of his Caesar: 'Aetat 12, height 4 ft. 11, biceps 8¼, kicks the beam at 6-2.'

The reference is to a great occasion when Neil stripped at his preparatory (clandestinely) for a belt with the word 'Bruiser' on it. I am reluctant to boast about him (this is untrue), yet must mention that he won the belt, with which (such are the ups and downs of life) he was that same evening gently belted by his preceptor.

It is but fair to Neil to add that he cut a glittering figure in those circles: captain of the footer, and 26 against Juddy's.

'And even then,' his telegram to me said, 'I was only bowled off my pads.'

A rural cricket match in buttercup time with boys at play, seen and heard through the trees; it is surely the loveliest scene in England and the most disarming sound. From the ranks of the unseen dead, for ever passing along our country lanes on their eternal journey, the Englishman falls out for a moment to look over the gate of the cricket field and smile. Let Neil's 26 against Juddy's, the first and perhaps the only time he is to meet the stars on equal terms, be our last sight of him as a child. He is walking back, bat in hand, to the pavilion, an old railway carriage. An unearthly glory has swept over the cricket ground. He tries to look unaware of it; you know the expression and the bursting heart. Our smiling Englishman who cannot open the gate waits to

make sure that this boy raises his cap in the one right way (without quite touching it, you remember), and then rejoins his comrades. Neil gathers up the glory and tacks it over his bed. 'The End,' as he used to say in his letters.

I never know him quite so well again. He seems henceforth to be running to me on a road that is moving still more rapidly in the opposite direction.

From 'Neil and Tintinnabulum,' an Interlude for Parents.

MAX BEERBOHM

A LETTER THAT WAS NOT WRITTEN (1914)

One morning lately I saw in my newspaper an announcement that enraged me. It was made in the driest, most casual way, as though nobody would care a rap; and this did but whet the wrath I had in knowing that Adam Street, Adelphi, was to be undone. The Tivoli Music Hall, about to be demolished and built anew, was to have a frontage of thirty feet, if you please, in Adam Street. Why? Because the London County Council, with its fixed idea that the happiness of mankind depends on the widening of the Strand, had decreed that the Tivoli's new frontage thereon should be thirty feet further back, and had granted as consolation to the Tivoli the right to spread itself around the corner and wreck the work of the Brothers Adam. Could not this outrage be averted? There sprang from my lips that fiery formula which has sprung from the lips of so many choleric old gentlemen in the course of the past hundred years and more: 'I shall write to *The Times*!'

If Adam Street were a thing apart I should have been stricken enough, heaven knows, at thought of its beauty going, its dear tradition being lost. But not as an

unrelated masterpiece was Adam Street built by the Brothers whose name it bears. An integral part it is in their noble design of the Adelphi. It is the very key to the Adelphi, the well-ordained initiation for us into that small, matchless quarter of London, where peace and dignity do still reign—peace the more beatific, and dignity the finer, by instant contrast with the chaos of hideous sounds and sights hard by. What man so gross that, passing out of the Strand into Adam Street, down the mild slope to the river, he has not cursed the age he was born into—or blessed it because the Adelphi cannot in earlier days have had for anyone this fullness of peculiar magic? Adam Street is not so beautiful as the serene Terrace it goes down to, nor so curiously grand as crook-backed John Street. But the Brothers did not mean it to be so. They meant it just as an harmonious 'lead' to those inner glories of their scheme. Ruin that approach, and how much else do you ruin of a thing which—done perfectly by masters, and done by them here as nowhere else could they have done it—ought to be guarded by us very jealously! How to raise on this irregular and 'barbarous' ground a quarter that should be 'polite,' congruous in tone with the smooth river beyond it—this was the irresistible problem the Brothers set themselves and slowly, coolly, perfectly solved. So long as the Adelphi remains to us a microcosm of the eighteenth century is ours. If there is any meaning in the word sacrilege——

That, I remember, was the beginning of one of the sentences I composed while I paced my room, thinking out my letter to *The Times*. I rejected that sentence. I rejected scores of others. They were all too vehement. Though my facility for indignation is not (I hope) less than that of my fellows, I never had written to *The Times*. And now, though I flattered myself I knew how the thing ought to be done, I was unsure that I could do

it. Was I beginning too late? Restraint was the prime effect to be aimed at. If you are intemperate, you don't convince. I wanted to convince the readers of *The Times* that the violation of the Adelphi was a thing to be prevented at all costs. Soberness of statement, a simple, direct, civic style, with only an underthrob of personal emotion, were what I must at all costs achieve. Not too much of mere aesthetics, either, nor of mere sentiment for the past. No more than a brief eulogy of 'those admirably proportioned streets so familiar to all students of eighteenth-century architecture,' and perhaps a passing reference to 'the shades of Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Hannah More, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Topham Beauclerk, and how many others!'

The sooner my protest were put in terms of commerce, the better for my cause. The more clearly I were to point out that such antiquities as the Adelphi are as a magnet to the moneyed tourists of America and Europe, the likelier would my readers be to shudder at 'a proposal which, if carried into effect, will bring discredit on all concerned and will in some measure justify Napoleon's hitherto unjustified taunt that we are a nation of shopkeepers.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant'—good! I sat down to a table and wrote out that conclusion, and then I worked backward, keeping well in view the idea of 'restraint.' But that quality which is little sister to restraint, and is yet far more repulsive to the public mind than vehemence, emerged to misguide my pen. Irony, in fact, played the deuce. I found myself writing that 'a nation which, in its ardour for beauty and its reverence for great historic associations, has lately disbursed after only a few months' hesitation £250,000 to save the Crystal Palace, where the bank holidays of millions of toilers have been spoilt by the utter gloom and nullity of the place—a nullity and gloom that will, however and of course, be dispelled so soon as the place is devoted

to permanent exhibitions of New Zealand pippins, Rhodesian tobacco, Australian mutton, Canadian snow-shoes, and other glories of Empire—might surely not be asked in vain to '—— But I deleted that sentence, and tried another in another vein. My desire to be straightforward did but topple me into excess of statement. My sorrow for the Adelphi came out as sentimentality, my anger against the authorities as vulgar abuse. Only the urgency of my cause upheld me. I *would* get my letter done somehow and post it. But there flitted through my mind that horrid doubt which has flitted through the minds of so many choleric old gentlemen in the course of the past hundred years or more: 'Will *The Times* put my letter in?'

If *The Times* wouldn't, what then? At least my conscience would be clear: I should have done what I could to save my beloved quarter. But the process of doing it was hard and tedious, and I was glad of the little respite presented by the thought that I must, before stating my case thoroughly, revisit Adam Street itself, to gauge precisely the extent of the mischief threatened there. On my way to the Strand I met an old friend, one of my links with whom is his love of the Adams' work. He had not read the news, and I am sorry to say that I, in my selfish agitation, did not break it to him gently. Rallying, he accompanied me on my sombre quest.

I had forgotten there was a hosier's shop next to the Tivoli, at the corner of the right-hand side of Adam Street. We turned past it, and were both of us rather surprised that there were other shops down that side. They ought never to have been allowed there; but there they were; and of course, I felt, it was the old façades above them that really counted. We gazed meanwhile at the façades on the left-hand side, feasting our eyes on the proportions of the pilasters, the windows; the old seemly elegance of it all; the greatness of the

manner with the sweet smallness of the scale it was wrought on.

'Well,' I said, turning abruptly away, 'to business.' Thirty feet—how much about, is that? My friend moved to the exact corner of the Strand, and then, steadily, methodically, with his eyes to the pavement, walked thirty toe-to-heel paces down Adam Street. 'This,' he said, 'is where the corner of the Tivoli would come'—not 'will come,' observe; I thanked him for that. He passed on, measuring out the thirty additional feet. There was in his demeanour something so finely official that I felt I should at least have the Government on my side.

Thus it was with no sense of taking a farewell look, but rather to survey a thing half-saved already, that I crossed over to the other side of the road, and then, looking to and fro, beheld—what? I blankly indicated the thing to my friend. How long had it been there, that horrible, long, high frontage of grey stone? It must surely have been there before either of us was born. It seemed to be a very perfect specimen of 1860–1870 architecture—perfect in its pretentious and hateful smugness. And neither of us had ever known it was there.

Neither of us, therefore, could afford to laugh at the other; nor did either of us laugh at himself; we just went blankly away and parted. I daresay my friend found presently, as I did, balm in the knowledge that the Tivoli's frontage wouldn't, because it couldn't, be so bad as that which we had just, for the first time, seen.

For me there was another, a yet stronger, balm. And I went as though I trod on air, my heart singing within me. For I had not, after all, to resume my task of writing that letter to *The Times*.

From 'And Even Now.'

GERTRUDE LOWTHIAN BELL

BUYING STRING

A small crowd had gathered round one of the booths in the saddlery bazaar, and sounds of controversy echoed down the vaulted ways. I love to follow the tortuous arts of Oriental commerce, and moreover at the end of the dark gallery the February sun was shining upon the steep mound of the citadel; therefore I turned into the saddlers' street, for I had no other business that afternoon than to find the road back into Asia, back into the familiar enchantment of the East. The group of men round the booth swayed and parted, and out of it shouldered the tall figure of Fattûḥ.

'May God be exalted!' said he, stopping short as he caught sight of me. 'It is well that your Excellency should witness the dealings of the saddlers of Aleppo. Without shame are they. Thirty years and more have I lived in Aleppo, and until this day no man has asked me to give two piastres for a hank of string.' He cast a withering glance, charged with concentrated animosity, upon the long-robed figure that stood, string in hand, upon the counter.

'Allah!' said I warily, for I did not wish to parade my ignorance of the market value of string. 'Two piastres?'

'It is good string,' said the saddler ingratiatingly, holding out what looked like a tangled bundle of black wool.

'Eh wah!' intervened a friend. 'Abdullah sells naught but the best string.'

I took a seat upon the corner of the counter and Fattûḥ came slowly back, shaking his head mournfully, as one who recognises but cannot amend the shortcomings of mankind. The whole company closed in behind him, anxious to witness the upshot of the im-

portant transaction upon which we were engaged. On the outskirts stood one of my muleteers like a man plunged in grief; even the donkey beside him—a recent purchase, though acquired at what cost of eloquence only Fattûḥ can know—drooped his ears. It was plain that we were to be mulcted of a farthing over that hank of string.

Fattûḥ drew a cotton bag out of his capacious trousers.

'Take the mother of eight,' said he, extracting a small coin.

'He gives you the mother of eight,' whispered one of the company encouragingly to the saddler.

'By God and the Prophet, it cost me more! Wallah, it did, oh my uncle!' expostulated the saddler, enforcing his argument with imaginary bonds of kinship.

Fattûḥ threw up his eyes to the vault as though he would search heaven for a sign to confound this impious statement; with averted head he gazed hopelessly down the long alley. But the vault was dumb, and in all the bazaar there was no promise of Divine vengeance. A man touched his elbow.

'Oh father,' he said, 'give him the mother of ten.'

The lines of resolution deepened in Fattûḥ's face. 'Sir, we would finish!' he cried, and fumbled once more in the cotton bag. The suspense was over; satisfaction beamed from the countenances of the bystanders.

'Take it, oh father, take it!' said they, nudging the saddler into recognition of his unexampled opportunity.

The hank of string was handed over to Hâjj 'Amr, who packed it gloomily into the donkey's saddle bags, already crammed to overflowing with the miscellaneous objects essential to any well-ordered caravan on a long journey. Fattûḥ and Hâjj 'Amr had been shopping since dawn, and it was now close upon sunset.

I climbed down from the counter. 'With your leave,' said I, saluting the saddler.

'Go in peace,' he returned amicably. 'And if you want more string, Fattûḥ knows where to get it. He always deals with me.'

The crowd melted back to its avocations, if it had any, and the excitement caused by our commercial dealings died away.

'Oh Fattûḥ,' said I, as we strolled down the bazaar with the donkey. 'There is great labour in buying all we need.'

Fattûḥ mopped his brow with a red handkerchief. 'And the outlay!' he sighed. 'But we got that string cheap.' And with this he settled his tarbush more jauntily, kicked the donkey, and 'Yallah, father!' said he.

From 'Amurath to Amurath.'

HILAIRE BELLOC

THE GOOD WOMAN

Upon a hill that overlooks a western plain and is conspicuous at the approach of evening, there still stands a house of faded brick faced with cornerings of stone. It is quite empty, but yet not deserted. In each room some little furniture remains; all the pictures are upon the walls; the deep red damask of the panels is not faded, or if faded, shows no contrast of brighter patches, for nothing has been removed from the walls. Here it is possible to linger for many hours alone, and to watch the slope of the hill under the level light as the sun descends. Here passes a woman of such nobility that, though she is dead, the landscape and the vines are hers.

It was in September, during a silence of the air, that I first saw her as she moved among her possessions; she was smiling to herself as though at a memory, but her smile was so slight and so dignified, so genial, and yet so restrained, that you would have thought it part of every-

thing around and married (as she was) to the land which was now her own. She wandered down the garden paths ruling the flowers upon either side, and receiving as she went autumn and the fruition of her fields; plenitude and completion surrounded her; the benediction of Almighty God must have been upon her, for she was the fulfilment of her world.

Three fountains played in that garden—two, next to the northern and the southern walls, were small and low; they rather flowed than rose. Two cones of marble received their fall, and over these they spread in an even sheet with little noise, making (as it were) a sheath of water which covered all the stone; but the third sprang into the air with delicate triumph, fine and high, satisfied, tenuous and exultant. This one tossed its summit into the light, and, alone of the things in the garden, the plash of its waters recalled and suggested activity—though that in so discreet a way that it was to be heard rather than regarded. The birds flew far off in circles over the roofs of the town below us. Very soon they went to their rest.

The slow transfiguration of the light by which the air became full of colours and every outline merged into the evening, made of all I saw, as I came up towards her, a soft and united vision wherein her advancing figure stood up central and gave a meaning to the whole. I will not swear that she did not as she came bestow as well as receive an influence of the sunset. It was said by the ancients that virtue is active, an agent, and has power to control created things; for, they said, it is in a direct relation with whatever orders and has ordained the general scheme. Such power, perhaps, resided in her hands. It would have awed me but hardly astonished if, as the twilight deepened, the inclination of the stems had obeyed her gesture and she had put the place to sleep.

As I came near I saw her plainly. Her face was young although she was so wise, but its youth had the aspect of a divine survival. Time adorned it.

Music survives. Whatever is eternal in the grace of simple airs or in the Christian innocence of Mozart was apparent, nay, had increased, in her features as the days in passing had added to them not only experience but also revelation and security. She was serene. The posture of her head was high, and her body, which was visibly informed by an immortal spirit, had in its carriage a large, a regal, an uplifted bearing which even now as I write of it, after so many years, turns common every other sight that has encountered me. This was the way in which I first saw her upon her own hillside at evening.

With every season I returned. And with every season she greeted my coming with a more generous and a more vivacious air. I think the years slipped off and did not add themselves upon her mind: the common doom of mortality escaped her until, perhaps, its sign was imposed upon her hair—for this at last was touched all through with that appearance or gleam which might be morning or which might be snow.

She was able to conjure all evil. Those desperate enemies of mankind which lie in siege of us all around grew feeble and were silent when she came. Nor has any other force than hers dared to enter the rooms where she had lived: it is her influence alone which inhabits them to-day. There is a vessel of copper, enamelled in green and gilded, which she gave with her own hands to a friend overseas. I have twice touched it in an evil hour.

Strength, sustenance, and a sacramental justice are permanent in such lives, and such lives also attain before their close to so general a survey of the world that their appreciations are at once accurate and universal.

On this account she did not fail in any human con-

versation, nor was she ever for a moment less than herself; but always and throughout her moods her laughter was unexpected and full, her fear natural, her indignation glorious.

Above all, her charity extended like a breeze; it enveloped everything she knew. The sense of destiny faded from me as the warmth of that charity fell upon my soul; the foreknowledge of death retreated, as did every other unworthy panic.

She drew the objects of her friendship into something new; they breathed an air from another country, so that those whom she deigned to regard were, compared with other men, like the living compared with the dead; or, better still, they were like men awake while the rest were tortured by dreams and haunted of the unreal. Indeed, she had a word given to her which saved all the souls of her acquaintance.

It is not true that influence of this sort decays or passes into vaguer and vaguer depths of memory. It does not dissipate. It is not dissolved. It does not only spread and broaden: it also increases with the passage of time. The musicians bequeath their spirit, notably those who have loved delightful themes and easy melodies. The poets are read for ever; but those who resemble her do more, for they grow out upon the centuries—they themselves and not their arts continue. There is stuff in their legend. They are a tangible inheritance for the hurrying generations of men.

She was of this kind. She was certainly of this kind. She died upon this day[1] in the year 1892. In these lines I perpetuate her memory.

From 'Hills and the Sea.'

[1] December 22.

ARNOLD BENNETT

THE SQUARE

Those two girls, Constance and Sophia Baines, paid no heed to the manifold interest of their situation, of which, indeed, they had never been conscious. They were, for example, established almost precisely on the fifty-third parallel of latitude. A little way to the north of them, in the creases of a hill famous for its religious orgies, rose the river Trent, the calm and characteristic stream of middle England. Somewhat further northwards, in the near neighbourhood of the highest public-house in the realm, rose two lesser rivers, the Dane and the Dove, which, quarrelling in early infancy, turned their backs on each other, and, the one by favour of the Weaver and the other by favour of the Trent, watered between them the whole width of England, and poured themselves respectively into the Irish Sea and the German Ocean. What a county of modest unnoticed rivers! What a natural, simple county, content to fix its boundaries by these tortuous island brooks, with their comfortable names—Trent, Mease, Dove, Tern, Dane, Mees, Stour, Tame, and even hasty Severn! Not that the Severn is suitable to the county! In the county excess is deprecated. The county is happy in not exciting remark. It is content that Shropshire should possess that swollen bump, the Wrekin, and that the exaggerated wildness of the Peak should lie over its border. It does not desire to be a pancake like Cheshire. It has everything that England has, including thirty miles of Watling Street; and England can show nothing more beautiful and nothing uglier than the works of nature and the works of man to be seen within the limits of the county. It is England in little, lost in the midst of England, unsung by searchers after the extreme; perhaps occasionally some-

what sore at this neglect, but how proud in the instinctive cognizance of its representative features and traits!

Constance and Sophia, busy with the intense preoccupations of youth, recked not of such matters. They were surrounded by the county. On every side the fields and moors of Staffordshire, intersected by roads and lanes, railways, watercourses and telegraph lines, patterned by hedges, ornamented and made respectable by halls and genteel parks, enlivened by villages at the intersections, and warmly surveyed by the sun, spread out undulating. And trains were rushing round curves in deep cuttings, and carts and waggons trotting and jingling on the yellow roads, and long, narrow boats passing in a leisure majestic and infinite over the surface of the stolid canals; the rivers had only themselves to support, for Staffordshire rivers have remained virgin of keels to this day. One could imagine the messages concerning prices, sudden death, and horses, in their flight through the wires under the feet of birds. In the inns Utopians were shouting the universe into order over beer, and in the halls and parks the dignity of England was being preserved in a fitting manner. The villages were full of women who did nothing but fight against dirt and hunger, and repair the effects of friction on clothes. Thousands of labourers were in the fields, but the fields were so broad and numerous that this scattered multitude was totally lost therein. The cuckoo was much more perceptible than man, dominating whole square miles with his resounding call. And on the airy moors heath-larks played in the ineffaceable mule-tracks that had served centuries before even the Romans thought of Watling Street. In short, the usual daily life of the county was proceeding with all its immense variety and importance; but though Constance and Sophia were in it they were not of it.

The fact is, that while in the county they were also in

the district; and no person who lives in the district, even if he should be old and have nothing to do but reflect upon things in general, ever thinks about the county. So far as the county goes, the district might almost as well be in the middle of the Sahara. It ignores the county, save that it uses it nonchalantly sometimes as leg-stretcher on holiday afternoons, as a man may use his back garden. It has nothing in common with the county; it is richly sufficient to itself. Nevertheless, its self-sufficiency and the true salt savour of its life can only be appreciated by picturing it hemmed in by county. It lies on the face of the county like an insignificant stain, like a dark Pleiades in a green and empty sky. And Hanbridge has the shape of a horse and its rider, Bursley of half a donkey, Knype of a pair of trousers, Longshaw of an octopus, and little Turnhill of a beetle. The Five Towns seem to cling together for safety. Yet the idea of clinging together for safety would make them laugh. They are unique and indispensable. From the north of the county right down to the South they alone stand for civilisation, applied science, organised manufacture, and the century—until you come to Wolverhampton. They are unique and indispensable because you cannot drink tea out of a teacup without the aid of the Five Towns; because you cannot eat a meal in decency without the aid of the Five Towns. For this the architecture of the Five Towns is an architecture of ovens and chimneys; for this its atmosphere is as black as its mud; for this it burns and smokes all night, so that Longshaw has been compared to hell; for this it is unlearned in the ways of agriculture, never having seen corn except as packing straw and in quartern loaves; for this, on the other hand, it comprehends the mysterious habits of fire and pure, sterile earth; for this it lives crammed together in slippery streets where the housewife must change white window-curtains at least once a fortnight if she

wishes to remain respectable; for this it gets up in the mass at six A.M., winter and summer, and goes to bed when the public-houses close; for this it exists—that you may drink tea out of a teacup and toy with a chop on a plate.

All the everyday crockery used in the kingdom is made in the Five Towns—all, and much besides. A district capable of such gigantic manufacture, of such a perfect monopoly—and which finds energy also to produce coal and iron and great men—may be an insignificant stain on a county, considered geographically, but it is surely well justified in treating the county as its back garden once a week, and in blindly ignoring it the rest of the time.

Even the majestic thought that whenever and wherever in all England a woman washes up, she washes up the product of the district; that whenever and wherever in all England a plate is broken the fracture means new business for the district—even this majestic thought had probably never occurred to either of the girls. The fact is, that while in the Five Towns they were also in the Square, Bursley and the Square ignored the staple manufacture as perfectly as the district ignored the county. Bursley has the honours of antiquity in the Five Towns. No industrial development can ever rob it of its superiority in age, which makes it absolutely sure in its conceit. And the time will never come when the other towns—let them swell and bluster as they may—will not pronounce the name of Bursley as one pronounces the name of one's mother. Add to this that the Square was the centre of Bursley's retail trade (which scorned the staple as something wholesale, vulgar, and assuredly filthy), and you will comprehend the importance and the self-isolation of the Square in the scheme of the created universe. There you have it, embedded in the district, and the district embedded in the county, and the county lost and dreaming in the heart of England!

From 'The Old Wives' Tale.'

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

TAR AND WHITEWASH

What do we mean by a good man or a bad one, a good woman or a bad one? Most people, like the young man in the song, are 'not very good, nor yet very bad.' We move about the pastures of life in huge herds, and all do the same things, at the same times, and for the same reasons. 'Forty feeding like one.' Are we mean? Well, we have done some mean things in our time. Are we generous? Occasionally we are. Were we good sons or dutiful daughters? We have both honoured and dishonoured our parents, who, in their turn, had done the same by theirs. Do we melt at the sight of misery? Indeed we do. Do we forget all about it when we have turned the corner? Frequently that is so. Do we expect to be put to open shame at the Great Day of Judgment? We should be terribly frightened of this did we not cling to the hope that amidst the shocking revelations then for the first time made public our little affairs may fail to attract much notice. Judged by the standards of humanity, few people are either good or bad. 'I have not been a great sinner,' said the dying Nelson; nor had he—he had only been made a great fool of by a woman. Mankind is all tarred with the same brush, though some who chance to be operated upon when the brush is fresh from the barrel get more than their share of the tar. The biography of a celebrated man usually reminds me of the outside of a coastguardsman's cottage—all tar and whitewash. These are the two condiments of human life—tar and whitewash—the faults and the excuses for the faults, the passions and pettinesses that make us occasionally drop on all fours, and the generous aspirations that at times enable us, if not to stand upright, at least to adopt the

attitude of the kangaroo. It is rather tiresome, this perpetual game of French and English going on inside one. True goodness and real badness escape it altogether. A good man does not spend his life wrestling with the Powers of Darkness. He is victor in the fray, and the most he is called upon to do is every now and again to hit his prostrate foe a blow over the costard just to keep him in his place. Thus rid of a perpetual anxiety, the good man has time to grow in goodness, to expand pleasantly, to take his ease on Zion. You can see in his face that he is at peace with himself—that he is no longer at war with his elements. His society, if you are fond of goodness, is both agreeable and medicinal; but if you are a bad man it is hateful, and you cry out with Mr. Love-lust in Bunyan's 'Vanity Fair': 'Away with him. I cannot endure him; he is for ever condemning my way.'

From 'In the Name of the Bodleian.'

GEORGE BOURNE

RURAL TECHNIQUES

And this suggests a more vital interest attaching to the skill of country people. What influence the practice of technical gifts may have upon character is perhaps an open question, but farmers are everywhere asserting that the younger generation of labourers are as untrustworthy as they are unskilful. It is true that the farmer is a prejudiced witness, who finds fault as it were by tradition, and was lamenting even in Shakespeare's day 'the ancient time, when service sweat for duty, not for meed,' yet now it does really seem as though his accusations may have some ground in fact. Allied with this, there is that much regretted discontent with rural life which is emptying our villages and filling our towns.

And though, of course, the causes of this discontent are originally and chiefly economic, yet a factor in the problem may very possibly be discovered in this : that to the villager the advantages of elementary education are not even a tolerable substitute for the old lost skill that made the days pleasant and won the approbation of all the neighbours.

That the old-fashioned men found an interest in one another's ability is beyond a doubt. One or two short fragments of conversation with labouring men, to be presently quoted, should be enough to establish that fact. As to the nicety of skill involved in the work of labouring folk, that too might be inferred from their occasional talk ; but after all, opportunities of hearing such things are not many, for the men are commonly too modest about their work, and too unconscious that it can interest an outsider, to dream of discussing it. What they have to say would not therefore by itself go far in demonstration of their acquirements in technique. Fortunately, for proof of that we are not dependent on talk. Besides talk there exists another kind of evidence open to everyone's examination, and the technical skill exercised in country labours may be surely deduced from the aptness and singular beauty of sundry country tools.

The beauty of tools is not accidental, but inherent and essential. The contours of a ship's sail bellying in the wind are not more inevitable, nor more graceful, than the curve of an adze-head or of a plough-share. Cast in iron or steel, the gracefulness of a plough-share is more indestructible than the metal, yet pliant (within the limits of its type) as a line of English blank verse. It changes for different soils : it is widened out or narrowed ; it is deep-grooved or shallow ; not because of caprice at the foundry or to satisfy an artistic fad, but to meet the technical demands of the expert ploughman. The most familiar example of beauty indicating subtle technique is

supplied by the admired shape of boats, which, however, is so variable (the statement is made on the authority of an old coast-guardsman) that the boat best adapted for one stretch of shore may be dangerous, if not entirely useless, at another stretch ten miles away. And as technique determines the design of a boat, or of a waggon, or of a plough-share, so it controls absolutely the fashioning of tools, and is responsible for any beauty of form they may possess. Of all tools, none, of course, is more exquisite than a fiddle-bow. But the fiddle-bow never could have been perfected, because there would have been no call for its tapering delicacy, its calculated balance of lightness and strength, had not the violinist's technique reached such marvellous finesse of power. For it is the accomplished artist who is fastidious as to his tools; the bungling beginner can bungle with anything. The fiddle-bow, however, affords only one example of a rule which is equally well exemplified by many humbler tools. Quarryman's peck, coachman's whip, cricket-bat, fishing-rod, trowel, all have their intimate relation to the skill of those who use them; and like animals and plants adapting themselves each to its own place in the universal order, they attain to beauty by force of being fit. That law of adaptation which shapes the wing of a swallow and prescribes the poise and elegance of the branches of trees, is the same that demands symmetry in the corn-rick and convexity in the beer-barrel; the same that, exerting itself with matchless precision through the trained senses of haymakers and woodmen, gives the final curve to the handles of their scythes and the shafts of their axes. Hence the beauty of a tool is an unfailing sign that in the proper handling of it technique is present.

From 'Lucy Bettesworth.'

ANDREW CECIL BRADLEY

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY

And so at last I may explain why I have troubled myself and you with what may seem an arid controversy about mere words. It is not so. These heresies which would make poetry a compound of two factors—a matter common to it with the merest prose, *plus* a poetic form, as the one heresy says: a poetical substance *plus* a negligible form, as the other says—are not only untrue, they are injurious to the dignity of poetry. In an age already inclined to shrink from those higher realms where poetry touches religion and philosophy, the formalist heresy encourages men to taste poetry as they would a fine wine, which has indeed an aesthetic value, but a small one. And then the natural man, finding an empty form, hurls into it the matter of cheap pathos, rancid sentiment, vulgar humour, bare lust, ravenous vanity—everything which, in Schiller's phrase, the form should extirpate, but which no mere form can extirpate. And the other heresy—which is indeed rather a practice than a creed—encourages us in the habit so dear to us of putting our own thoughts or fancies into the place of the poet's creation. What he meant by *Hamlet*, or the *Ode to a Nightingale*, or *Abt Vogler*, we say, is this or that which we knew already; and so we lose what he had to tell us. But he meant what he said, and said what he meant.

Poetry in this matter is not, as good critics of painting and music often affirm, different from the other arts; in all of them the content is one thing with the form. What Beethoven meant by his symphony, or Turner by his picture, was not something which you can name, but the picture and the symphony. Meaning they have, but *what* meaning can

be said in no language but their own ; and we know this, though some strange delusion makes us think the meaning has less worth because we cannot put it into words. Well, it is just the same with poetry. But because poetry is words, we vainly fancy that some other words than its own will express its meaning. And they will do so no more—or, if you like to speak loosely, only a trifle more—than words will express the meaning of the Dresden Madonna. Something a little like it they may indeed express. And we may find analogues of the meaning of poetry outside it, which may help us to appropriate it. The other arts, the best ideas of philosophy or religion, much that nature and life offer us or force upon us, are akin to it. But they are only akin. Nor is it the expression of them. Poetry does not present to imagination our highest knowledge or belief, and much less our dreams and opinions ; but it, content and form in unity, embodies in its own irreplaceable way something which embodies itself also in other irreplaceable ways, such as philosophy or religion. And just as each of these gives a satisfaction which the other cannot possibly give, so we find in poetry, which cannot satisfy the needs they meet, that which by their natures they cannot afford us. But we shall not find it fully if we look for something else.

And now, when all is said, the question will still recur, though now in quite another sense, What does poetry mean ? This unique expression, which cannot be replaced by any other, still seems to be trying to express something beyond itself. And this, we feel, is also what the other arts, and religion, and philosophy are trying to express : and that is what impels us to seek in vain to translate the one into the other. About the best poetry, and not only the best, there floats an atmosphere of infinite suggestion. The poet speaks to us of one thing, but in this one thing there seems to lurk the secret

of all. He said what he meant, but his meaning seems to beckon away beyond itself, or rather to expand into something boundless which is only focussed in it; something also which, we feel, would satisfy not only the imagination, but the whole of us; that something within us, and without, which everywhere

> makes us seem
> To patch up fragments of a dream,
> Part of which comes true, and part
> Beats and trembles in the heart.

Those who are susceptible to this effect of poetry find it not only, perhaps not most, in the ideals which she has sometimes described, but in a child's song by Christina Rossetti about a mere crown of wind-flowers, and in tragedies like *Lear*, where the sun seems to have set for ever. They hear this spirit murmuring its undertone through the *Aeneid*, and catch its voice in the song of Keats' nightingale, and its light upon the figures on the Urn, and it pierces them no less in Shelley's hopeless lament, *O world, O life, O time*, than in the rapturous ecstasy of his *Life of Life*. This all-embracing perfection cannot be expressed in poetic words or words of any kind, nor yet in music or in colour, but the suggestion of it is in much poetry, if not all, and poetry has in this suggestion, this 'meaning,' a great part of its value. We do it wrong, and we defeat our own purposes when we try to bend it to them:

> We do it wrong, being so majestical,
> To offer it the show of violence;
> For it is as the air invulnerable,
> And our vain blows malicious mockery.

It is a spirit. It comes we know not whence. It will not speak at our bidding, nor answer in our language. It is not our servant; it is our master.

From 'Oxford Lectures on Poetry.'

SAMUEL BUTLER

PIORA

The first night I was ever in Piora there was a brilliant moon, and the unruffled surface of the lake took the reflection of the mountains. I could see the cattle a mile off, and hear the tinkling of their bells which danced multitudinously before the ear as fireflies come and go before the eyes; for all through a fine summer's night the cattle will feed as though it were day. A little above the lake I came upon a man in a cave before a furnace, burning lime, and he sat looking into the fire with his back to the moonlight. He was a quiet moody man, and I am afraid I bored him, for I could get hardly anything out of him but 'oh altro'—polite but not communicative. So after a while I left him with his face burnished as with gold from the fire, and his back silver with the moonbeams; behind him were the pastures and the reflections in the lake and the mountains; and the distant cowbells were ringing.

Then I wandered on till I came to the chapel of S. Carlo; and in a few minutes found myself on the Lago di Cadagno. Here I heard that there were people, and the people were not so much asleep as the simple peasantry of these upland valleys are expected to be by nine o'clock in the evening. For now was the time when they had moved up from Ronco, Altanca, and other villages in some numbers to cut the hay, and were living for a fortnight or three weeks in the chalets upon the Lago di Cadagno. As I have said, there is a chapel, but I doubt whether it is attended during this season with the regularity with which the parish churches of Ronco, Altanca, etc., are attended during the rest of the year. The young people, I am sure, like these annual visits to the high places, and will be hardly weaned from them.

Happily the hay will be always there, and will have to be cut by some one, and the old people will send the young ones.

As I was thinking of these things, I found myself going off into a doze, and thought the burnished man from the furnace came up and sat beside me, and laid his hand upon my shoulder. Then I saw the green slopes that rise all round the lake were much higher than I had thought; they went up thousands of feet, and there were pine forests upon them, while two large glaciers came down in streams that ended in a precipice of ice, falling sheer into the lake. The edges of the mountains against the sky were rugged and full of clefts, through which I saw thick clouds of dust being blown by the wind as though from the other side of the mountains. And as I looked, I saw that this was not dust, but people coming in crowds from the other side, but so small as to be visible at first only as dust. And the people became musicians, and the mountainous amphitheatre a huge orchestra, and the glaciers were two noble armies of women-singers in white robes, ranged tier above tier behind each other, and the pines became orchestral players, while the thick dust-like cloud of chorus-singers kept pouring in through the clefts in the precipices in inconceivable numbers. When I turned my telescope upon them I saw they were crowded up to the extreme edge of the mountains, so that I could see underneath the soles of their boots as their legs dangled in the air. In the midst of all, a precipice that rose from out of the glaciers shaped itself suddenly into an organ, and there was one whose face I well knew sitting at the key-board, smiling and pluming himself like a bird as he thundered forth a giant fugue by way of overture. I heard the great pedal notes in the bass stalk majestically up and down, like the rays of the Aurora that go about the face of the heavens off the coast of Labrador. Then presently the people rose and sang the chorus

'Venus Laughing from the Skies'; but ere the sound had well died away, I awoke, and all was changed; a light fleecy cloud had filled the whole basin, but I still thought I heard a sound of music, and a scampering-off of great crowds from the part where the precipices should be. The music went thus.[1] By and by the cantering, galloping movement became a trotting one.

After that I heard no more but a little singing from the chalets, and turned homewards. When I got to the chapel of S. Carlo, I was in the moonlight again, and when near the hotel, I passed the man at the mouth of the furnace with the moon still gleaming upon his back, and the fire upon his face, and he was very grave and quiet.

From 'Alps and Sanctuaries.'

SAMUEL BUTLER

MY WORK

I am not one of those who have travelled along a set road towards an end that I have foreseen and desired to reach. I have made a succession of jaunts or pleasure trips from meadow to meadow, but no long journey unless life itself be reckoned so. Nevertheless, I have strayed into no field in which I have not found a flower that was worth the finding, I have gone into no public place in which I have not found sovereigns lying about on the ground which people would not notice and be at the trouble of picking up. They have been things which any one else has had—or at any rate a very large number of people have had—as good a chance of picking up as I had. My finds have none of them come as the result of research or severe study, though they have generally given me plenty to do in the way of research and study as soon as I had got hold of them.

From 'The Notebooks of Samuel Butler.'

[1] Handel's third set of organ concertos, No. 6.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

FOGS

There is a current prejudice against fogs, and Dickens, perhaps, is their only poet. Considered hygienically, no doubt, this may be more or less excusable. But, considered poetically, fog is not undeserving, it has a real significance. We have in our great cities abolished the clean and sane darkness of the country. We have outlawed night and sent her wandering in wild meadows; we have lit eternal watch-fires against her return. We have made a new cosmos, and as a consequence our own sun and stars. And as a consequence also, and most justly, we have made our own darkness. Just as every lamp is a warm human moon, so every fog is a rich human nightfall. If it were not for this mystic accident we should never see darkness, and he who has never seen darkness has never seen the sun. Fog for us is the chief form of that outward pressure which compresses mere luxury into real comfort. It makes the world small, in the same spirit as in that common and happy cry that the world is small, meaning that it is full of friends. The first man that emerges out of the mist with a light, is for us Prometheus, a saviour bringing fire to men. He is that greatest and best of all men, greater than the heroes, better than the Saints, Man Friday. Every rumble of a cart, every cry in the distance, marks the heart of humanity beating undaunted in the darkness. It is wholly human; man toiling in his own cloud. If real darkness is like the embrace of God, this is the dark embrace of man.

From 'Charles Dickens.'

JOSEPH CONRAD

INITIATION

The sea—this truth must be confessed—has no generosity. No display of manly qualities—courage, hardihood, endurance, faithfulness—has ever been known to touch its irresponsible consciousness of power. The ocean has the conscienceless temper of a savage autocrat spoiled by much adulation. He cannot brook the slightest appearance of defiance, and has remained the irreconcilable enemy of ships and men ever since ships and men had the unheard of audacity to go afloat together in the face of his frown. From that day he has gone on swallowing up fleets and men without his resentment being glutted by the number of victims—by so many wrecked ships and wrecked lives. To-day, as ever, he is ready to beguile and betray, to smash and to drown the incorrigible optimism of men who, backed by the fidelity of ships, are trying to wrest from him the fortune of their house, the dominion of their world, or only a dole of food for their hunger. If not always in the hot mood to smash, he is always stealthily ready for a drowning. The most amazing wonder of the deep is its unfathomable cruelty.

I felt its dread for the first time in mid-Atlantic one day, many years ago, when we took off the crew of a Danish brig homeward bound from the West Indies. A thin, silvery mist softened the calm and majestic splendour of light without shadows—seemed to render the sky less remote and the ocean less immense. It was one of the days, when the might of the sea appears indeed lovable, like the nature of a strong man in moments of quiet intimacy. At sunrise we had made out a black speck to the westward, apparently suspended high up in the void behind a stirring, shimmering veil of silvery

blue gauze that seemed at times to stir and float in the breeze which fanned us slowly along. The peace of that enchanting forenoon was so profound, so untroubled, that it seemed that every word pronounced loudly on our deck would penetrate to the very heart of that infinite mystery born from the conjunction of water and sky. We did not raise our voices. 'A water-logged derelict, I think, sir,' said the second officer quietly, coming down from aloft with the binoculars in their case slung across his shoulders; and our captain, without a word, signed to the helmsman to steer for the black speck. Presently we made out a low, jagged stump sticking up forward —all that remained of her departed masts.

The captain was expatiating in a low conversational tone to the chief mate upon the danger of these derelicts, and upon his dread of coming upon them at night, when suddenly a man forward screamed out, 'There's people on board of her, sir! I see them!' in a most extraordinary voice—a voice never heard before in our ship; the amazing voice of a stranger. The watch below ran up the forecastle head in a body, the cook dashed out of the galley. Everybody saw the poor fellows now. They were there! And all at once our ship, which had the well-earned name of being without a rival for speed in light winds, seemed to us to have lost the power of motion, as if the sea, becoming viscous, had clung to her sides. And yet she moved. Immensity, the inseparable companion of a ship's life, chose that day to breathe upon her as gently as a sleeping child. The clamour of our excitement had died out, and our living ship, famous for never losing steerage way as long as there was air enough to float a feather, stole, without a ripple, silent and white as a ghost, towards her mutilated and wounded sister, come upon at the point of death in the sunlit haze of a calm day at sea.

With the binoculars glued to his eyes, the captain said

in a quavering tone: 'They are waving to us with something aft there.' He put down the glasses on the skylight brusquely, and began to walk about the poop. 'A shirt or a flag,' he ejaculated irritably. 'Can't make it out. . . . Some damn rag or other!' He took a few more turns on the poop, glancing down over the rail now and then to see how fast we were moving. His nervous footsteps rang sharply in the quiet of the ship, where the other men, all looking the same way, had forgotten themselves in a staring immobility. 'This will never do!' he cried out suddenly. 'Lower the boats at once! Down with them!'

. . . . . .

We made a race of it, and I would never have believed that a common boat's crew of a merchantman could keep up so much determined fierceness in the regular swing of their stroke. What our captain had clearly perceived before we left had become plain to all of us since. The issue of our enterprise hung on a hair above that abyss of waters which will not give up its dead till the Day of Judgement. It was a race of two ship's boats matched against Death for a prize of nine men's lives, and Death had a long start. We saw the crew of the brig from afar working at the pumps—still pumping on that wreck, which already had settled so far down that the gentle, low swell, over which our boats rose and fell easily without a check to their speed, welling up almost level with her head-rails, plucked at the ends of broken gear swinging desolately under her naked bowsprit.

We could not, in all conscience, have picked out a better day for our regatta had we had the free choice of all the days that ever dawned upon the lonely struggles and solitary agonies of ships since the Norse rovers first steered to the westward against the run of Atlantic

waves. It was a very good race. At the finish there was not an oar's length between the first and second boat, with Death coming in a good third on the top of the very next smooth swell, for all one knew to the contrary. The scuppers of the brig gurgled softly all together when the water rising against her sides subsided sleepily with a low wash, as if playing about an immovable rock. Her bulwarks were gone fore and aft, and one saw her bare deck low-lying like a raft and swept clean of boats, spars, houses—of everything except the ring-bolts and the heads of the pumps. I had one dismal glimpse of it as I braced myself up to receive upon my breast the last man to leave her, the captain, who literally let himself fall into my arms.

It had been a weirdly silent rescue—a rescue without a hail, without a single uttered word, without a gesture or a sign, without a conscious exchange of glances. Up to the very last moment those on board stuck to their pumps, which spouted two clear streams of water upon their bare feet. Their brown skin showed through the rents of their shirts ; and the two small bunches of half-naked, tattered men went on bowing from the waist to each other in their back-breaking labour, up and down, absorbed, with no time for a glance over the shoulder at the help that was coming to them. As we dashed, unregarded, alongside a voice let out one, only one hoarse howl of command, and then, just as they stood, without caps, with the salt drying gray in the wrinkles and folds of their hairy, haggard faces, blinking stupidly at us their red eyelids, they made a bolt away from the handles, tottering and jostling against each other, and positively flung themselves over upon our very heads. The clatter they made tumbling into the boats had an extraordinarily destructive effect upon the illusion of tragic dignity our self-esteem had thrown over the contests of mankind with the sea. On that exquisite day of gently

breathing peace and veiled sunshine perished my romantic love to what men's imagination had proclaimed the most august aspect of Nature. The cynical indifference of the sea to the merits of human suffering and courage, laid bare in this ridiculous, panic-tainted performance extorted from the dire extremity of nine good and honourable seamen, revolted me. I saw the duplicity of the sea's most tender mood. It was so because it could not help itself, but the awed respect of the early days was gone. I felt ready to smile bitterly at its enchanting charm and glare viciously at its furies. In a moment, before we shoved off, I had looked coolly at the life of my choice. Its illusions were gone, but its fascination remained. I had become a seaman at last.

From 'The Mirror of the Sea.'

JOSEPH CONRAD

THE 'JAMES WESTOLL'

No fresh breeze had come with the dawn, only the steady little draught got a more keen edge on it as the eastern sky became bright and glassy with a clean, colourless light. It was while we were all ashore on the islet that a steamer was picked up by the telescope, a black speck like an insect posed on the hard edge of the offing. She emerged rapidly to her water-line and came on steadily, a slim hull with a long streak of smoke slanting away from the rising sun. We embarked in a hurry, and headed the boat out for our prey, but we hardly moved three miles an hour.

She was a big, high-class cargo-steamer of a type that is to be met on the sea no more, black hull, with low white superstructures, powerfully rigged with three masts and a lot of yards on the fore; two hands at her enormous wheel—steam steering-gear was not a matter

of course in these days—and with them on the bridge three others, bulky in thick blue jackets, ruddy-faced, muffled up, with peaked caps—I suppose all her officers. There are ships I have met more than once and known well by sight whose names I have forgotten; but the name of that ship seen once so many years ago in the clear flush of a cold pale sunrise I have not forgotten. How could I—the first English ship on whose side I ever laid my hand! The name—I read it letter by letter on the bow—was *James Westoll.* Not very romantic you will say. The name of a very considerable, well-known and universally respected North-country shipowner, I believe. James Westoll! What better name could an honourable hard-working ship have? To me the very grouping of the letters is alive with the romantic feeling of her reality as I saw her floating motionless, and borrowing an ideal grace from the austere purity of the light.

We were then very near her, and, on a sudden impulse, I volunteered to pull bow in the dinghy which shoved off at once to put the pilot on board while our boat, fanned by the faint air which had attended us all through the night, went on gliding gently past the black glistening length of the ship. A few strokes brought us alongside, and it was then that, for the very first time in my life, I heard myself addressed in English—the speech of my secret choice, of my future, of long friendships, of the deepest affections, of hours of toil and hours of ease, and of solitary hours too, of books read, of thoughts pursued, of remembered emotions—of my very dreams! And if (after being thus fashioned by it in that part of me which cannot decay) I dare not claim it aloud as my own, then, at any rate the speech of my children. Thus small events grow memorable by the passage of time. As to the quality of the address itself I cannot say it was very striking. Too short for eloquence and devoid of all

charm of tone, it consisted precisely of the three words, 'Look out there,' growled out huskily above my head.

It proceeded from a big fat fellow (he had an obtrusive, hairy double chin) in a blue woollen shirt and roomy breeches pulled up very high, even to the level of his breast-bone, by a pair of braces quite exposed to public view. As where he stood there was no bulwark but only a rail and stanchions, I was able to take in at a glance the whole of his voluminous person from his feet to the high crown of his soft black hat, which sat like an absurd flanged cone on his big head. The grotesque and massive aspect of that deck hand (I suppose he was that—very likely the lamp-trimmer) surprised me very much. My course of reading, of dreaming and longing for the sea had not prepared me for a sea-brother of that sort.

. . . . . .

Then everything went on very swiftly. The dinghy came with a slight bump against the steamer's side, the pilot, grabbing the rope ladder, had scrambled half-way up before I knew that our task of boarding was done; the harsh, muffled clanging of the engine room telegraph struck my ear through the iron plate; my companion in the dinghy was urging me to 'shove off—push hard'; and when I bore against the smooth flank of the first English ship I ever touched in my life, I felt it already throbbing under my open palm.

Her head swung a little to the west, pointing towards the miniature lighthouse of the Jolliette breakwater, far away there, hardly distinguishable against the land. The dinghy danced a squashy, splashy jig in the wash of the wake and turning in my seat I followed the *James Westoll* with my eyes. Before she had gone in a quarter of a mile she hoisted her flag as the harbour regulations prescribe for arriving and departing ships. I saw it suddenly

flicker and stream out on the flagstaff. The Red Ensign! In the pellucid, colourless atmosphere bathing the drab and grey masses of that southern land, the livid islets, the sea of pale glassy blue under the pale glassy sky of that cold sunrise, it was, as far as the eye could reach, the only spot of ardent colour—flame-like, intense, and presently as minute as the tiny red spark the concentrated reflection of a great fire kindles in the clear heart of a globe of crystal. The Red Ensign—the symbolic, protecting warm bit of bunting flung wide upon the seas, and destined for so many years to be the only roof over my head.

From 'Some Reminiscences.'

WALTER DE LA MARE

THE MIDGET'S GARDEN

But fortunately our high, plain house stood up in a delightful garden, sloping this way and that towards orchard and wood, with a fine-turfed lawn, few 'cultivated' flowers, and ample drifts of shade. If Kent is the garden of England, then this was the garden of Kent.

I was forbidden to be alone in it. But Pollie would sometimes weary of her charge (in which I encouraged her) and when out of sight of the windows she would stray off to gossip with the gardener or with some friend from the village, leaving me to myself. To judge from the tales which I have read or have been told about children, I must have been old for my age. But perhaps the workings of the mind and heart of a girl in her teens are not of general interest. Let me be brief. A stream of water ran on the southern side all the length of the garden, under a high, rocky bank (its boundary) which

was densely overhung with ash and willow, and hedges of brier and bramble looped with bindweed, goose-grass, and traveller's joy. On the nearer bank of this stream which had been left to its wild, I would sit among the mossy rocks and stones and search the green tops of my ambush as if in quest of Paradise.

When the sun's rays beat down too fiercely on my head I would make myself an umbrella of wild angelica or water parsnip.

Caring little for playthings, and having my smallest books with me chiefly for silent company, I would fall into a day-dream in a world that in my solitude became my own. In this fantastic and still world I forgot the misadventure of my birth, which had now really begun to burden me, forgot pride, vanity, and chagrin; and was at peace. There I had many proportionate friends, few enemies. An old carrion crow, that sulked out a black existence in this beauty, now and then alarmed me with his attentions; but he was easily scared off. The lesser and least of living things seemed to accept me as one of themselves. Nor (perhaps because I never killed them) had I any silly distaste for the caterpillars, centipedes, and satiny black slugs. Mistress Snail would stoop out at me like a foster-mother. Even the midges, which to his frenzy would swarm round my father's head like swifts round a steeple, left me entirely unmolested. Either I was too dry a prey, or they misliked the flavour of my blood.

My eyes dazzled in colours. The smallest of the marvels of flowers and flies and beetles and pebbles, and the radiance that washed over them, would fill me with a mute, pent-up rapture almost unendurable. Butterflies would settle quietly on the hot stones beside me as if to match their raiment against mine. If I proferred my hand, with quivering wings and horns they would uncoil their delicate tongues and quaff from it drops of

dew or water. A solemn grasshopper would occasionally straddle across my palm, and with patience I made quite an old friend of a harvest mouse. They weigh only two to the halfpenny. This sharp-nosed furry morsel would creep swiftly along to share my crumbs and snuggle itself to sleep in my lap. By-and-by, I suppose, it took to itself a wife; I saw it no more. Bees would rest there, the panniers of their thighs laden with pollen: and now and then a wasp, his jaws full of wood or meat. When sunbeetles or ants drew near, they would seem to pause at my whisper, as if hearkening. As if in their remote silence pondering and sharing the world with me. 'All childish fancy, no doubt; for I proved far less successful with the humans.

But how, it may be asked, seeing that there must have been a shrill piping of birds and brawling of water among the stones, how could Mademoiselle's delicate ear endure *that* racket? Perhaps it is because the birds being loose in the hollow of space, it carried away into its vacancy their cries. It is, too, the harsh, rather than the shrill, that frets me. As for the noise of the water, it was so full and limpid, yet made up of such infinitely entangled chimings and drummings, that it would lull me into a kind of trance, until to a strange eye I must have appeared like a lifeless waxen mammet on my stone.

What may wholly have been another childish fancy was that apart from the silvery darting flies and the rainbow-coloured motes in the sunbeams, fine and airy invisible shapes seemed to haunt and hover around me when all was still. Most of my fellow creatures to my young nose had an odour a good deal denser than the fainter scented flowers, and I can fancy such a fog, if intensified, would be distressing to beings so bodiless and rare. Whereas the air I disturbed and infected with my presence can have been of but shallow volume.

Fairies I never saw—I had a kind of fear and distaste for

them even in books. Nor for that matter—perhaps because the stream here was too tumbling and opaque—a kingfisher. But whatever other company may have been mine, I had the clouds and the water and the insects and the stones—while pimpernel, mousetail, tormentil, the wild strawberry, the feathery grasses seemed to have been made expressly for my delight. Ego-centric Midget that I was!

From 'Memoirs of a Midget.'

CHARLES MONTAGU DOUGHTY

'THE MAN WITH THE KNIFE'

I heard a voice of ill augury behind us, 'Dismount, dismount!—Let me alone I say, and I will kill the kafir.' I looked round, and saw him of the knife very nigh upon us; who with the blade in his hand, now laid hold on the bridle. 'Ho! Jew, come down! ho! Nasrâny (yells this fiend); I say down!' I was for moving on; and but my dromedary was weak I had then overthrown him, and outgone that danger. Other persons were coming. '*Nôkh, nôkh!*'[1] cries Abd-er-Rahmàn, 'make her kneel and alight! Khalîl.' This I did without show of reluctance. He of the knife approached me, with teeth set fast, 'to slay,' he hissed, 'the Yahûdy-Nasrâny'; but the servitor of the sherîf, who hastened to us, entreated him to hold his hand. I whispered then to the son of Bessàm, 'Go call back some of the kâfily[2] with their guns; and let see if the guest of Aneyza may not pass. Can these arrest me in a public way, without the *hadûd*?' (borders of the sacred township). But he whispered, 'Only say, Khalîl, thou art a Moslem, it is but a word, to appease them; and to-morrow thou wilt be at Jidda: thou thyself seest!—

[1] Make the camel kneel. [2] Caravaners.

and wellah I am in dread that some of these will kill thee.'—'If it please God I will pass, whether they will or no.' 'Eigh Khalîl!' said he in that demiss voice of the Arabs, when the tide is turning against them, 'what can I do? I must ride after the kâfily; look! I am left behind.' He mounted without more; and forsook his father's friend among murderers.

A throng of loitering Mecca cameleers, that (after their night march) were here resting-out the hot hours, had come from the Kahwa, with some idle persons of the hamlet, to see this novelty. They gathered in a row before me, about thirty together, clad in tunics of blue cotton. I saw the butcherly sword-knife, with metal scabbard, of the country, *jambîeh*,[1] shining in all their greasy leathern girdles. Those Mecca faces were black as the hues of the damned, in the day of doom: the men stood silent, and holding their swarthy hands to their weapons.

The servitor of the sherîf (who was infirm and old) went back out of the sun, to sit down. And after this short respite the mad wretch came with his knife again and his cry, 'that he would slay the Yahûdy-Nasrâny'; and I remained standing silently. The villain was a sherîf; for thus I had heard Maabûb name him: these persons of the seed of Mohammed 'are not to be spoken against,' and have a privilege, in the public opinion, above the common lot of mankind. The Mecca cameleers seemed not to encourage him; but much less were they on my side. (The sherîf was a nomad: his fellows in this violence were one or two thievish Hathèylies of the hamlet; and a camel driver, his rafîk,[2] who was a Beduwy. His purpose and theirs was, having murdered the kafir—a deed also of 'religious' merit!—to possess the thelûl,[3] and my things.)

[1] Sword-knife of the Mecca lowland country.
[2] Way-fellow.
[3] Dromedary, or riding-camel.

When he came thus with his knife, and saw me stand still, with a hand in my bosom, he stayed with wonder and discouragement. Commonly among three Arabians is one mediator; their spirits are soon spent, and indifferent bystanders incline to lenity and good counsel: I waited therefore that some would open his mouth on my behalf! but there was no man. I looked in the sclerat's eyes; and totter-headed, as are so many poor nomads, he might not abide it; but, heaving up his khánjar,[1] he fetched a great breath (he was infirm, as are not few in that barren life, at the middle age) and made feints with the weapon at my chest; so with a sigh he brought down his arm and drew it to him again. Then he lifted the knife and measured his stroke: he was an undergrown man; and watching his eyes I hoped to parry the stab on my left arm,—though I stood but faintly on my feet, I might strike him away with the other hand; and when wounded justly defend myself with my pistol, and break through them. Maabûb had risen, and came lamely again in haste; and drew away the robber sherîf: and holding him by the hand, 'What is this,' he said, 'sherîf Sâlem? You promised me to do nothing by violence! Remember Jidda bombarded!—and that was for the blood of some of this stranger's people; take heed what thou doest. They are the Engleys, who for one that is slain of them will s end great battleships; and beat down a city. And th inkest thou our lord the sherîf would spare thee, a bringer of these troubles upon him?—Do thou nothing against the life of this person, who is guilty of no crime, ne ither was he found within the precincts of Mecca.—No! sherîf Sâlem, for *Hasseyn* (the Sherîf Emir of Mecc a) our master's sake. Is the stranger a Nasrâny? he never denied it: be there not Nasâra at Jidda?'

Maabûb made him promise peace. Nevertheless the

[1] Crooked girdle-knife.

wolvish nomad sherîf was not so, with a word, to be disappointed of his prey: for when the old negro went back to his shelter, he approached anew with the knife; and swore by Ullah that now would he murder the Nasrâny.

. . . . . .

Soon afterward there came over to us the Mecca burgess; who now had alighted under some trees at little distance. From this smooth personage, a flower of merchants in the holy city—though I appealed to his better mind, that he should speak to Sâlem—I could not draw a human word; and he abstained from evil. He gazed his fill; and forsook me to go again to his harem. I watched him depart, and the robber sherîf was upbraiding me, that I had 'hidden' the things and my pistol!—in this I received a shock! and became numbed to the world; I sat in a swoon and felt that my body rocked and shivered; and thought now, they had mortally wounded me with a knife, or shot! for I could not hear, I saw light thick and confusedly. But coming slowly to myself, so soon as I might see ground I saw there no blood: I felt a numbness and deadness at the nape of the neck. Afterward I knew that Fheyd had inhumanly struck me there with his driving-stick—and again, with all his force.

I looked up and found them sitting by me. I said faintly, 'Why have you done this?' *Fheyd:* 'Because thou didst withhold the pistol.' 'Is the pistol mine or thine? I might have shot thee dead! but I remembered the mercy of Ullah.'

A caravanner sat by us eating,—one that ceased not to rail against me: he was the man who assailed me in the night, and had brought so much mischief upon me. I suddenly caught his hand with the bread; and putting some in my mouth, I said to him, 'Enough, man! there

is bread and salt between us.' The wretch allowed it, and said not another word. I have never found any but Sâlem a truce-breaker of the bread and salt,—but he was of the spirituality.

From 'Travels in Arabia Deserta.'

DUNSANY

THE TENTS OF THE ARABS

Dramatis Personae

THE KING.
BEL-NARB } Camel drivers.
AOOB }
THE CHAMBERLAIN.
ZABRA (a notable).
EZNARZA (a gypsy of the desert).

SCENE: *Outside the gate of the city of Thalanna.*
TIME: *Uncertain.*

ACT I

BEL-NARB. By evening we shall be in the desert again.

AOOB. Yes.

BEL-NARB. Then no more city for us for many weeks.

AOOB. Ah!

BEL-NARB. We shall see the lights come out, looking back from the camel-track; that is the last we shall see of it.

AOOB. We shall be in the desert then.

BEL-NARB. The old angry desert.

AOOB. How cunningly the Desert hides his wells! You would say he had an enmity with man. He does not welcome you as the cities do.

BEL-NARB. He *has* an enmity. I hate the desert.

Aoob. I think there is nothing in the world so beautiful as cities.

Bel-Narb. Cities are beautiful things.

Aoob. I think they are loveliest a little after dawn when night falls off from the houses. They draw it away from them slowly and let it fall like a cloak and stand quite naked in their beauty to shine in some broad river, and the light comes up and kisses them on the forehead. I think they are loveliest then. The voices of men and women begin to arise in the streets, scarce audible, one by one, till a slow loud murmur arises and all the voices are one. I often think the city speaks to me then: she says in that voice of hers, 'Aoob, Aoob, who one of these days shall die, I am not earthly, I have been always, I shall not die.'

Bel-Narb. I do not think that cities are loveliest at dawn. We can see dawn in the desert any day. I think they are loveliest just when the sun is set, and a dusk steals along the narrower streets, a dusk that is not of the night yet not of the day, a kind of mystery in which we can see cloaked figures, and yet not quite discern whose figures they be. And just when it would be dark, and out in the desert there would be nothing to see but a black horizon and a black sky on top of it, just then the swinging lanterns are lighted up, and lights come out in windows one by one, and all the colours of the raiments change. Then a woman, perhaps, will slip from a little door and go away up the street into the night, and a man, perhaps, will steal by with a dagger for some old quarrel's sake, and Skarmi will light up his house to sell brandy all night long, and men will sit on benches outside his door playing skabash by the glare of a small green lantern, while they light great bubbling pipes and smoke nargroob. O it is all very good to watch! And I like to think as I smoke and see these things that somewhere, far away, the desert has put up a huge red cloud

like a wing, so that all the Arabs know that next day the Siroc will blow, the accursed breath of Eblis, the father of Satan.

Aoob. Yes, it is pleasant to think of the Siroc when one is safe in a city, but I do not like to think about it now, for before the day is out we will be taking pilgrims to Mecca; and who ever prophesied or knew by wit what the desert had in store? Going into the desert is like throwing bone after bone to a dog, some he will catch and some of them he will drop. He may catch our bones, or we may go by and come to gleaming Mecca. O-ho, I would I were a merchant with a little booth in a frequented street to sit all day and barter.

Bel-Narb. Aye, it is easier to cheat some lord coming to buy silk and ornaments in a city than to cheat death in the desert. Oh, the desert, the desert, I love the beautiful cities and I hate the desert.

Aoob (*pointing off L.*). Who is that?

Bel-Narb. What? There by the desert's edge where the camels are?

Aoob. Yes, who is it?

Bel-Narb. He is staring across the desert the way that the camels go. They say that the King goes down to the edge of the desert and often stares across it. He stands there for a long time of an evening, looking towards Mecca.

Aoob. Of what use is it to the King to look towards Mecca? He cannot go to Mecca. He cannot go into the desert for one day. Messengers would run after him and cry his name, and bring him back to the council-hall or to the chamber of judgments. If they could not find him their heads would be struck off and put high up upon some windy roof: the judges would point at them and say, 'They see better there!'

Bel-Narb. No, the King cannot go away into the desert. If God were to make me King I would go down

to the edge of the desert once, and I would shake the sand out of my turban and out of my beard and then I would never look at the desert again. Greedy and parched old parent of thousands of devils! He might cover the wells with sand, and blow with his Siroc, year after year and century after century, and never earn one of my curses—if God made me King.

AOOB. They say you are like the King.

BEL-NARB. Yes, I *am* like the King. Because his father disguised himself as a camel-driver and came through our villages! I often say to myself, 'God is just. And if I could disguise myself as the King and drive him out to be a camel-driver, that would please God, for He is just.'

AOOB. If you did this God would say, 'Look at Bel-Narb, whom I made to be a camel-driver, and who has forgotten this.' And then He would forget you, Bel-Narb.

BEL-NARB. Who knows what God would say?

AOOB. Who knows? His ways are wonderful.

BEL-NARB. I would not do this thing, Aoob. I would not do it. It is only what I say to myself as I smoke, or at night out in the desert. I say to myself, 'Bel-Narb is King in Thalanna.' And then I say 'Chamberlain, bring Skarmi here with his brandy and his lanterns and boards to play skabash, and let all the town come and drink before the palace and magnify my name.'

PILGRIMS (*calling off L.*). Bel-Narb! Bel-Narb! Child of two dogs. Come and untether your camels. Come and start for holy Mecca.

BEL-NARB. A curse on the desert.

AOOB. The camels are rising. The caravan starts for Mecca. Farewell, beautiful city.

. . . . . .

[*The King escapes to the desert and to Mecca, promising to return at noon on the same day a year later. He returns dis-*

guised with the gypsy woman whom he has loved in the desert. Just as he is entering the city, the camel-driver goes before him and declares himself to be the King.]

KING. Nothing remains of our year but desolate shadows. Memory whips them and they will not dance. (*EZNARZA does not answer.*) We made our farewells where the desert was. The city shall not hear them.

(*EZNARZA covers her face. The KING rises softly and walks up the steps. Enter L., the CHAMBERLAIN and ZABRA, only noticing each other.*)

CHAMBERLAIN. He will come. He will come.

ZABRA. But it is noon now. Our fatness has left us. Our enemies mock at us. If he does not come God has forgotten us, and our friends will pity us.

(*Enter BEL-NARB and AOOB.*)

CHAMBERLAIN. If he is alive he will come.

ZABRA. I fear that it is past noon.

CHAMBERLAIN. Then he is dead or robbers have waylaid him.

(*CHAMBERLAIN and ZABRA put dust upon their heads.*)

BEL-NARB (*to AOOB*). God is just! (*To CHAMBERLAIN and ZABRA*) I am the King.

(*The KING'S hand is on the door. When BEL-NARB says this he goes down the steps again and sits beside the gypsy. She raises her head from her hands and looks at him fixedly. He watches BEL-NARB and the CHAMBERLAIN and ZABRA. He partially covers his face, Arab fashion.*)

CHAMBERLAIN. Are you indeed the King?

BEL-NARB. I am the King.

CHAMBERLAIN. Your Majesty has altered much since a year ago.

BEL-NARB. Men alter in the desert. And alter much.

AOOB. Indeed, your Excellency, he is the King. When the King went into the desert disguised I fed his camel. Indeed he is the King.

ZABRA. He is the King. I know the King when I see him.

CHAMBERLAIN. You have seen the King seldom.

ZABRA. I have often seen the King.

BEL-NARB. Yes, we have often met, often and often.

CHAMBERLAIN. If someone could recognize your Majesty, someone besides this man who came with you, then we should all be certain.

BEL-NARB. There is no need of it. I am the King.

(*The KING rises and stretches out his hand, palm downwards.*)

KING. In holy Mecca, in green-roofed Mecca of the many gates, we knew him for the King.

BEL-NARB. Yes, that is true. I saw this man in Mecca.

CHAMBERLAIN (*bowing low*). Pardon, your Majesty, the desert has altered you.

ZABRA. I knew your Majesty.

AOOB. As well as I do.

BEL-NARB (*pointing to the King*). Let this man be rewarded suitably. Give him some post in the palace.

CHAMBERLAIN. Yes, your Majesty.

KING. I am a camel-driver and we go back to our camels.

CHAMBERLAIN. As you wish.

(*Exeunt BEL-NARB, AOOB, CHAMBERLAIN and ZABRA through door.*)

EZNARZA. You have done wisely, wisely, and the reward of wisdom is happiness.

KING. They have their king now. But we will turn again to the tents of the Arabs.

EZNARZA. They are foolish people.

KING. They have found a foolish King.

EZNARZA. It is a foolish man that would choose to dwell among walls.

KING. Some are born kings, but this man has chosen to be one.

EZNARZA. Come, let us leave them!

KING. We will go back again.

EZNARZA. Come back to the tents of my people.

KING. We will dwell a little apart in a dear brown tent of our own.

EZNARZA. We shall hear the sand again, whispering low to the dawn wind.

KING. We shall hear the nomads stirring in their camps far off because it is dawn.

EZNARZA. The jackals will patter past us slipping back to the hills.

KING. When at evening the sun is set we shall weep for no day that is gone.

EZNARZA. I will raise up my head of a night time against the sky, and the old, old unbought stars shall twinkle through my hair, and we shall not envy any of the diademed queens of the world.

CURTAIN

From 'Plays of Gods and Men.'

ARTHUR STANLEY EDDINGTON

RELATIVITY

There are two parties to every observation—the observed and the observer.

What we see depends not only on the object looked at, but on our own circumstances—position, motion, or more personal idiosyncrasies. Sometimes by instinctive habit, sometimes by design, we attempt to eliminate our own share in the observation, and so form a general

picture of the world outside us, which shall be common to all observers. A small speck on the horizon of the sea is interpreted as a giant steamer. From the window of our railway carriage we see a cow glide past at fifty miles an hour, and remark that the creature is enjoying a rest. We see the starry heavens revolve round the earth, but decide that it is really the earth that is revolving, and so picture the state of the universe in a way which would be acceptable to an astronomer on any other planet.

The first step in throwing our knowledge into a common stock must be the elimination of the various individual standpoints and the reduction to some specified standard observer. The picture of the world so obtained is none the less relative. We have not eliminated the observer's share; we have only fixed it definitely.

To obtain a conception of the world from the point of view of no one in particular is a much more difficult task. The position of the observer can be eliminated; we are able to grasp the conception of a chair as an object in nature—looked at all round, and not from any particular angle or distance. We can think of it without mentally assigning ourselves some position with respect to it. This is a remarkable faculty, which has evidently been greatly assisted by the perception of solid relief with our two eyes. But the motion of the observer is not eliminated so simply. We had thought that it was accomplished; but the discovery in the last chapter that observers with different motions use different space- and time-reckoning shows that the matter is more complicated than was supposed. It may well require a complete change in our apparatus of description, because all the familiar terms of physics refer primarily to the relations of the world to an observer in some specified circumstances.

Whether we are able to go still further and obtain a

knowledge of the world, which not merely does not particularise the observer, but does not postulate an observer at all; whether if such knowledge could be obtained, it would convey any intelligible meaning; and whether it could be of any conceivable interest to anybody if it could be understood—these questions need not detain us now. The answers are not necessarily negative, but they lie outside the normal scope of physics.

The circumstances of an observer which affect his observations are his position, motion and gauge of magnitude. More personal idiosyncrasies disappear if, instead of relying on his crude senses, he employs scientific measuring apparatus. But scientific apparatus has position, motion and size, so that these are still involved in the results of any observation. There is no essential distinction between scientific measures and the measures of the senses. In either case our acquaintance with the external world comes to us through material channels; the observer's body can be regarded as part of his laboratory equipment, and, so far as we know, it obeys the same laws. We therefore group together perceptions and scientific measures, and in speaking of 'a particular observer' we include all his measuring appliances.

Position, motion, magnitude-scale—these factors have a profound influence on the aspect of the world to us. Can we form a picture of the world which shall be a synthesis of what is seen by observers in all sorts of positions, having all sorts of velocities, and all sorts of sizes? As already stated we have accomplished the synthesis of positions. We have two eyes, which have dinned into our minds from babyhood that the world has to be looked at from more than one position. Our brains have so far responded as to give us the idea of solid relief, which enables us to appreciate the three-

dimensional world in a vivid way that would be scarcely possible if we were only acquainted with strictly two-dimensional pictures. We not merely deduce the three-dimensional world; we see it. But we have no such aid in synthesising different motions. Perhaps if we had been endowed with two eyes moving with different velocities our brains would have developed the necessary faculty; we should have perceived a kind of relief in a fourth dimension so as to combine into one picture the aspect of things seen with different motions. Finally, if we had had two eyes of different sizes, we might have evolved a faculty for combining the points of view of the mammoth and the microbe.

It will be seen that we are not fully equipped by our senses for forming an impersonal picture of the world. And it is because the deficiency is manifest that we do not hesitate to advocate a conception of the world which transcends the images familiar to the senses. Such a world can perhaps be grasped, but not pictured by the brain. It would be unreasonable to limit our thought of nature to what can be comprised in sense-pictures. As Lodge has said, our senses were developed by the struggle for existence, not for the purpose of philosophising on the world.

Let us compare two well-known books, which might be described as elementary treatises on relativity, *Alice in Wonderland* and *Gulliver's Travels*. Alice was continually changing size, sometimes growing, sometimes on the point of vanishing altogether. Gulliver remained the same size, but on one occasion he encountered a race of men of minute size with everything in proportion, and on another voyage a land where everything was gigantic. It does not require much reflection to see that both authors are describing the same phenomenon—a relative change of scale of observer and observed. Lewis Carroll took what is probably the

ordinary scientific view, that the observer had changed, rather than that a simultaneous change had occurred to all her surroundings. But it would never have appeared like that to Alice ; she could not have ' stepped outside and looked at herself,' picturing herself as a giant filling the room. She would have said that the room had unaccountably shrunk. Dean Swift took the truer view of the human mind when he made Gulliver attribute his own changes to the things around him ; it never occurred to Gulliver that his own size had altered ; and, if he had thought of the explanation, he could scarcely have accustomed himself to that way of thinking. But both points of view are legitimate. The size of a thing can only be imagined as relative to something else ; and there is no means of assigning the change to one end of the relation rather than the other.

From ' Space, Time and Gravitation.'

EDWARD MORGAN FORSTER

A VIEW OF ENGLAND

If one wanted to show a foreigner England, perhaps the wisest course would be to take him to the final section of the Purbeck Hills, and stand him on their summit, a few miles to the east of Corfe. Then system after system of our island would roll together under his feet. Beneath him is the valley of the Frome, and all the wild lands that come tossing down from Dorchester, black and gold, to mirror their gorse in the expanses of Poole. The valley of the Stour is beyond, unaccountable stream, dirty at Blandford, pure at Wimborne—the Stour, sliding out of fat fields, to marry the Avon beneath the tower of Christchurch. The valley of the Avon—invisible, but far to the north the trained eye may see Clearbury Ring that guards it, and the imagination may

leap beyond that on to Salisbury Plain itself, and beyond the Plain to all the glorious downs of Central England. Nor is Suburbia absent. Bournemouth's ignoble coast cowers to the right, heralding the pine-trees that mean, for all their beauty, red houses, and the Stock Exchange, and extend to the gates of London itself. So tremendous is the City's trail! But the cliffs of Freshwater it shall never touch, and the island will guard the Island's purity till the end of time. Seen from the west, the Wight is beautiful beyond all laws of beauty. It is as if a fragment of England floated forward to greet the foreigner —chalk of our chalk, turf of our turf, epitome of what will follow. And behind the fragment lies Southampton, hostess to the nations, and Portsmouth, a latent fire, and all around it, with double and treble collision of tides, swirls the sea. How many villages appear in this view! How many castles! How many churches, vanished or triumphant! How many ships, railways, and roads! What incredible variety of men working beneath that lucent sky to what final end! The reason fails, like a wave on the Swanage beach; the imagination swells, spreads, and deepens, until it becomes geographic and encircles England.

So Frieda Mosebach, now Frau Architect Liesecke, and mother to her husband's baby, was brought up to these heights to be impressed, and, after a prolonged gaze, she said that the hills were more swelling here than in Pomerania, which was true, but did not seem to Mrs. Munt apposite. Poole Harbour was dry, which led her to praise the absence of muddy foreshore at Friedrich Wilhelms Bad, Rügen, where beech-trees hang over the tideless Baltic, and cows may contemplate the brine. Rather unhealthy Mrs. Munt thought this would be, water being safer when it moved about.

'And your English lakes—Vindermere, Grasmere—are they, then, unhealthy?'

'No, Frau Liesecke; but that is because they are fresh water, and different. Salt water ought to have tides, and go up and down a great deal, or else it smells. Look, for instance, at an aquarium.'

'An aquarium! Oh, *Meesis* Munt, you mean to tell me that fresh aquariums stink less than salt? Why, when Victor, my brother-in-law, collected many tadpoles——'

'You are not to say "stink,"' interrupted Helen; 'at least, you may say it, but you must pretend you are being funny while you say it.'

'Then "smell." And the mud of your Pool down there—does it not smell, or may I say "stink, ha, ha!"?'

'There always has been mud in Poole Harbour,' said Mrs. Munt, with a slight frown. 'The rivers bring it down, and a most valuable oyster-fishery depends upon it.'

'Yes, that is so,' conceded Frieda; and another international incident was closed.

From 'Howard's End.'

JOHN WILLIAM FORTESCUE

THE LESSON FROM THE OLD STAG

Now towards the end of that summer a great big Stag came up to him and said, 'My fine young fellow, it is time that you had nothing more to do with hinds and young things; you must come and be my squire.' Now our Deer thought it a great compliment to be noticed by so splendid an old fellow, and went with him gladly enough. The pair of them were constantly together for several weeks; and our Deer found it not unpleasant, for the old Stag knew of all the best feeding grounds, and, though he took all the best of the food for himself, left plenty and to spare for the squire. But it was a shame

to see how wasteful this greedy old fellow was. For if they went into a turnip-field he would only take a single bite out of a turnip, worry it out of the ground, and go on to another; while often he would pick up scores of roots and throw them over his head, from mere mischief and pride in the strength of his neck. Again, in the corn-fields he was so dainty that he would not take a whole ear of corn, but would bite off half of it and leave the rest to spoil. Now a hind, as our Deer knew from observing his mother, is far more thrifty. She will take four or five bites out of a turnip before she pulls it out of the ground and leaves it, and she takes the whole of an ear of corn instead of half. But I am sorry to say that our young Deer took example from the great Stag, and soon became as wasteful and mischievous as he was in his feeding; and indeed I never saw nor heard of a stag that had not learned this very bad habit.

The only occasion on which the old Stag did not keep his squire with him was when he went to lie down in the covert for the day after feeding. The lazy old fellow was very particular about his bed, and was aware of all kinds of quiet places in the cliffs, where he knew that the hounds would be unlikely to find him. Or sometimes he would tell his squire to stop for a minute, and then he would make a gigantic bound of twenty feet or more into the midst of some dense thicket, and say to him quietly: 'Now I am quite comfortable. Do you go on and lie down by yourself; but don't go too far, and keep to windward of me, so that I can find you if I want you.'

And our Deer used to go as he was told, never doubting that all was right; nor was it until late in the autumn that he found out his mistake. For one day while he was lying quietly in the short plantation above the cliffs he heard the familiar cry of hounds, and presently up came the old Stag. He jerked his head at him, just as the other old stag had done when he was a calf, and said

very roughly: 'Now, then, give me your bed, young fellow, and run instead of me. Look sharp.' And our Deer jumped up at once, but he was so angry and astonished at being treated in this way now that he was grown up, that he quite forgot his manners, and said very shortly, 'Sha'n't!'

'How dare you! Go on at once,' said the old Stag, quivering with rage and lowering his head, but our Deer lowered his head too and made ready to fight him, though he was but half of his size; and it would have gone hard with him, if just at that moment the hounds had not come up. Then the old Stag threw himself down into his bed with a wicked chuckle; and the hounds made a rush at our Deer and forced him to fly for his life. So there he was, starting alone before the hounds for the first time, and with only a few minutes to make up his mind whither he would go. But what other refuge should he seek but the wood where his mother had led him as a calf? So he left the covert at once and started off gallantly over the heather.

He ran on for five or six miles, for he had been frightened by finding the hounds so close to him when the old Stag drove him out. But after a time he stopped and listened, for he had heard no voice of hounds behind him since he left the covert, and began to doubt whether they were chasing him after all. He pricked his ears intently, and turned round to find if the wind would bear him any scent of his enemies. No! there was not a sign of them. Evidently they were not following him, and he was safe. And this indeed was the case, for, though he did not know it, some men had seen the two deer turn and fight, and, marking the spot where the old Stag had lain down, had brought the hounds back and roused him again. But our Deer was too wary to make sure of his safety without the help of a peat-stream, so he cantered on to the next water and ran up it for a long way

till it parted into three or four tiny threads, for he was now on the treacherous, boggy ground where the rivers rise. Then he left the stream and lay down in the tall, rank grass, meaning to wait there till night should come, if he were undisturbed.

From 'The Story of a Red-Deer.'

JAMES GEORGE FRAZER

THE PRIEST OF NEMI

In this sacred grove there grew a certain tree round which at any time of the day, and probably far into the night, a grim figure might be seen to prowl. In his hand he carried a drawn sword, and he kept peering warily about him as if every instant he expected to be set upon by an enemy. He was a priest and a murderer; and the man for whom he looked was sooner or later to murder him and hold the priesthood in his stead. Such was the rule of the sanctuary. A candidate for the priesthood could only succeed to office by slaying the priest, and having slain him, he retained office till he was himself slain by a stronger or a craftier.

The post which he held by this precarious tenure carried with it the title of king; but surely no crowned head ever lay uneasier, or was visited by more evil dreams, than his. For year in year out, he had to keep his lonely watch, in summer and winter, in fair weather and in foul, and whenever he snatched a troubled slumber it was at the peril of his life. The least relaxation of his vigilance, the smallest abatement of his strength of limb or skill of fence, put him in jeopardy; gray hairs might seal his death-warrant. To gentle and pious pilgrims at the shrine the sight of him may well have appeared to darken the fair landscape, as when a cloud suddenly blots the sun on a bright day. The dreamy blue of

Italian skies, the dappled shade of summer woods, and the sparkle of waves in the sun can have accorded but ill with that stern and sinister figure. Rather we picture to ourselves the scene as it may have been witnessed by a belated wayfarer on one of those wild autumn nights when the dead leaves are falling thick, and the winds seem to sing the dirge of the dying year. It is a sombre picture, set to melancholy music—the background of forest showing black and jagged against a lowering and stormy sky, the sighing of the wind in the branches, the rustle of the withered leaves under foot, the lapping of the cold water on the shore, and in the foreground, pacing to and fro, now in twilight and now in gloom, a dark figure with a glitter as of steel at the shoulder whenever the pale moon, riding clear of the cloud-rack, peers down at him through the matted boughs.

From 'The Golden Bough.'

JOHN GALSWORTHY

THE APPLE TREE

It was nearly eleven that night when Ashurst put down the pocket 'Odyssey' which for half an hour he had held in his hands without reading, and slipped through the yard down to the orchard. The moon had just risen, very golden, over the hill, and like a bright, powerful, watching spirit it peered through the bars of an ash tree's half-naked boughs. In among the apple trees it was still dark, and he stood making sure of his direction, feeling the rough grass with his feet. A black mass close behind him stirred with a heavy grunting sound, and three large pigs settled down again close to each other, under the wall. He listened. There was no wind, but the stream's burbling, whispering chuckle had gained twice its daytime strength. One bird, he could not tell

what, cried 'Pip-pip,' 'Pip-pip,' with perfect monotony; he could hear a night-jar spinning very far off, an owl hooting. Ashurst moved a step or two, and again halted, aware of a dim living whiteness all round his head. On the dark unstirring trees innumerable flowers and buds all soft and blurred were being bewitched to life by the creeping moonlight. He had the oddest feeling of actual companionship, as if a million white moths or spirits had floated in and settled between dark sky and darker ground, and were opening and shutting their wings on a level with his eyes. In the bewildering, still, scentless beauty of that moment he almost lost memory of why he had come to the orchard. The flying glamour which had clothed the earth all day had not gone now that night had fallen, but only changed into this new form. He moved on through the thicket of stems and boughs covered with that live powdering whiteness, till he reached the big apple tree. No mistaking that, even in the dark, nearly twice the size and height of any other, and leaning out towards the open meadow and the stream. Under the thick branches he stood still again, to listen. The same sounds exactly, and a faint grunting from the sleepy pigs. He put his hands on the dry, almost warm tree trunk, whose rough mossy surface gave forth a peaty scent at his touch. Would she come—would she? And among those quivering, haunted, moon-witched trees he was seized with doubts of everything: All was unearthly here, fit for no earthly lovers; fit only for god and goddess, faun and nymph—not for him and this little country girl. Would it not be almost a relief if she did not come? But all the time he was listening. And still that unknown bird went 'Pip-pip,' 'Pip-pip,' and there rose the busy chatter of the little trout stream, whereon the moon was flinging glances through the bars of her tree-prison. The blossom on a level with his eyes seemed to grow

more living every moment, seemed with its mysterious white beauty more and more a part of his suspense. He plucked a fragment and held it close—three blossoms. Sacrilege to pluck fruit-tree blossom—soft, sacred, young blossom—and throw it away! Then, suddenly, he heard the gate close, the pigs stirring again and grunting; and leaning against the trunk, he pressed his hands to its mossy sides behind him, and held his breath. She might have been a spirit threading the trees, for all the noise she made! Then he saw her quite close—her dark form part of a little tree, her white face part of its blossom; so still, and peering towards him. He whispered: 'Megan!' and held out his hands.

From 'Caravan.'

EDMUND GOSSE

A PASTORAL SCENE

This afternoon the radiance of a refulgent summer seemed to culminate. We descended towards the west, and as we glanced back at the palace, its strict façade of white took a faint rosy flush or tinge. The trees around us, those billows of interminable beech-leaf, bitten by the lips of the sun, were beginning to wear that first faint tone of gold which is the forerunner of autumn. We struck out of the domain, and found a little country inn, known to my companion, where we dined in the gathering coolness and dimness under a huge linden-tree. From the garden-terrace, where our table was spread, a long meadow, skirted by trees, ran down to the shores of the Esrom Lake, the largest of the inland waters of Denmark. Its length stretched far away before us, like an avenue of hot gold, burning through the discreet darkness of the beech-woods. We sat there long in affectionate and unrestrained converse, the

shadow of parting next day giving a peculiar poignancy to the brightness of the moment.

We presently returned to the park, and wandered in the beechen corridors, every now and then meeting strollers, of each one of whom the Dean seemed the acquaintance and of most of them the friend. A turn among the foliage suddenly brought us back to the edge of the mere, where a little nook for a ferryboat, with a couple of planks as a pier, made a sort of haven.

As we sailed out from the woods, a cool air fanned us across the water, now in shadow, although the sun still gilded the tops of the woods. At the head of a fresh little breeze we ran up to the village of Nöddebo in half an hour. The Lake of Esrom is about the same size as Ullswater, and extremely deep; our boatman gravely assured us that it has no bottom. Arriving on the other side, we desired a little girl to direct us through the cornfields to the village, which is invisible from the lake. She told us she could read, but when I showed her a page of a Danish guide-book, she shook her head and replied, 'Oh! but I never saw that book before!' All the little memories of this last afternoon, how trifling they are, how indelible! The nun-like woman who opened the cold and mouldy church for us; her infant son, who followed us, incredibly fat, inexhaustibly curious, but who fled for his mother's skirts with resounding sabots when the Dean exorcised him in a loud line from 'Hamlet'; the terrible old maid from Copenhagen, who popped up in the village street, and who smacked my venerable companion with her parasol; the long saunter through the corn in the ever-deepening coloured twilight of the North; while round us on every side, undulating, invading, darkening with the decline of evening, rolled the triumphant, the universal beech-woods.

Next day I was waved off from the quay of Copenhagen

with streaming handkerchiefs and a melancholy sound of 'Farvel! farvel!' Steeple by steeple, tower by tower, the Danish city sank into the sea, and we stood due north for Norway.

From 'Two Visits to Denmark, 1872, 1874.'

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

THE PRAYER SCRATCHER

'For you see,' said Hamed-el-Angeri, 'it was in the time when all the animals could speak.'

He stood in the bright sun, his short brown cloak reaching but to his knees; a string of camels' hair was rolled about his head, and with the look of one who states a fact the whole world knows upon his face.

'Yes,' said the Angeri, 'once Allah let all animals both speak and pray to him in Arabic, so that men, listening to them, could understand their speech.' A dreadful time it must have been, if with their speech they also enjoyed reason, and could accuse us to our faces of all our crimes against their kind. Who that could contemplate their speech and not go mad, with thinking upon all that they might say? But as it happened, God having let them all speak (once upon a time), and as the God the Angeri knew was Allah, the merciful, the compassionate, capricious, envious, the invisible, and therefore unapproachable, except by prayer, that smoke the human mind gives off under its fire of cares, the animals had all to pray, or else to lose their speech.

. . . . . .

What reasons weighed with Allah to take back the gift of speech, even the Arabs cannot say. Whether it was that animals, puffed up with pride, claimed, as they well might claim, a place in Paradise for having strictly

followed nature and Allah's law, it is not clear. Whether having lived according to their lights, they did not think it just that they should share in the Jehánnum to which both Christians and Mohammedans alike cleave with the utmost force of their believing souls, counting it only just that those who choose to live after the laws of reason in this world, should in a future state enjoy a limbo of their own, no man can tell.

But so it happened that the celestial firman on a day went forth, withdrawing from all animals but man the power of speech. All beasts and insects, birds, fishes, and the creeping things, knew that if they wished to pray for the last time in the same tongue as man and to be comprehended, both by vertebrate and by invertebrate, according to their kind, in their petitions to the one God, the indivisible, incomprehensible, the giver and withdrawer of their common bond, they must assemble and give praise, before the mogréb of the appointed day.

Loud lamentations filled the world; from caves, and lairs, and holes, from tree-tops and from the innermost recesses of the woods, from woven habitations dangling on the thistles and the grass, from caverns in the ocean depths, from where upon the waves float miles of animalculae, and from the air in which a million midges winged their way, passing their briefest lives in joy and praise, weeping and sounds of woe were heard upon the breeze. Each made his moan according to his kind, and, at the morning call to prayer, animals, insects, and the birds prayed fervently that Allah should not take away their speech. Shy wood-deer timidly peeped out, and the moles stopped swimming in their dark, waveless sea, and, working to the surface of the ground, just raised their noses, and gave thanks to him who, from that evening, was about to strike them dumb. Timid and savage, winged, furred, and hairy, all the beasts in their

degree sadly prepared to thank the giver and the taker of their link with man. Fish in the sea in shoals, rising above the waves in scaly millions, glorified the Lord. The whales and porpoises, wallowing like galleons in the swell, prayed as they rose to breathe, and flying fish, darting ablaze with topaz and with jacinth tints, reflected in the sun, as if a flight of crystal prisms had suddenly found life, all joined the general thanksgiving, as they skimmed lightly on the tops of waves, and disappeared like showers of diamonds in the spray. In the deep forest of Guiana wilds and on the Amazon, the sloths, clinging to greenhearts and to ceibas, shook off their torpor, and, opening their eyes, joined in the general chorus of their fellows lazily, but with conviction, as churchwardens half slumbering in church, thinking upon the mercies of the Lord, and of the aegis thrown round the villainy of man by the great power which, with a fellow-feeling for the great, has shielded them throughout the week, and hoping for protection in the week to come, awake just at the prayer for the High Court of Parliament, and vote their meed of praise. Out in the Sáhara, the ostriches, shyest of all living things, grouped round the water-holes, and, after having drunk their fill, turned towards farthest Mecca, bowed their willowy necks, and swelled the general chorus of the universal prayer. Then, spreading out their wings, scudded before the wind like ships, and disappeared into the wastes of sand. Far in the middle-mere of Patagonian and Pampean grass the rhea and huanaco, to-day most silent of all beasts, stood ranged in troops, and as the north-east wind blew rigging of white filaments between the grass stems, and on the tops of reeds, they looked across the sea of green in which they lived, then out upon the ocean and the sands of Africa, towards the Kiblah to which upon that day men and the animals all for the last time gazed and adored as one.

Then, satisfied that they had done all that lay in their power, wheeled and dashed off across the plains, snorting and stretching out their wings, passing like thunderbolts before the villages, where at their holes biscachas sat and poured out their hearts, whilst on the mounds grave little owls twisted their solemn heads towards the east, and prayed as solemnly as if they were ordained and duly made the Levites of the beasts.

The serpents and the snakes, who in their efforts to escape the primal curse, which has exposed them to the folly and malignancy of man, made greater use of speech than all the other animals combined, were strenuous in prayer, and reared their heads in ecstasy of praise.

. . . . . .

The day drew on, and the long shadows falling on the deep and lane-like streets, in which the white-clad people moved noiselessly about (like souls in limbo, or like fish in an aquarium), in a light cloud of dust, lit up the mosque towers in a glow of pink, and slanted through the orange trees, making kaleidoscopic patterns on tiled patio floors, showed that the sands were running through the glass, and that the time appointed by Allah, the capricious one, was drawing nigh.

A hush fell on the world and on the animals, a sort of shadow of the cross which, from that evening, all of them must bear, crept over them, making them melancholy, and yet resigned, with the sublimeness of their patience, which leaves man's faith, his reason, and the whole gamut of his moral qualities thousands of miles behind.

At last the hour of the mogréb drew near, and all our fellow-creatures for the last time prepared for the evening prayer. Long did the cry ring out, rising, and falling and prolonged almost beyond the force of human lungs. Far did it carry and resound, bringing with its long trills and quavers the decree of dumbness to the myriads of

those who hitherto had, like ourselves, rejoiced to thank Allah in the same tongue as man. At last it ceased, and the cool evening chill fell on the heated world, bringing fresh life, and planting in each breast desire to thank Him who made day and night, bridled the sea, and set the stars to run for ever in their courses, made moon and sun give light, and caused the unceasing miracle of the seasons' round to glorify His name.

When from the alminâres of the mosques which dot the world from China to the sand of far Shingiet, the last long-drawn-out 'Allah Ackbar' had blended with the air, a mighty host of animals, each in their kind, and after their degree, stood forth for the last time to pray. Turning towards the city in the sands, they first stood silently, and gazed towards the east. Then, lifting up their heads, a roar as of the sea which breaks upon the outer islands of the Hebrides, filled the air, as they all testified to the one God, the Great, the Merciful, Compassionate, who giveth victory to those who call on Him, and to His Prophet, the careful camel-driver, he whom Kadijah loved, and of her said, 'By Allah, she shall sit at my right hand in Paradise, for, when all men shot out their lips in scorn, she, she only believed, and comforted.'

They ceased, and, as the guttural Arabic died on their lips, the power of speech was gone. Tears stood on hairy lids, dropped from great limpid eyes, and fell on desert sand, were showered like raindrops on Pampean grass, rendered the sea more salt, and splashed on house-roofs, as the dumb birds flew each to its sleeping-place.

But whilst the animal creation had for the last time registered its praise, one little lizard, sporting in the sun, had let the hours slip past. Running, back downwards, on the ceilings of the mosques, all day it chased the flies, basked in the heat, flattening itself against the white-washed walls, its feet expanding flat, like paddles, and its

slim tail acting upon the air to steer it as it whisked through horseshoe arches, and shot out upon the vine leaves which grew up outside the holy place. Chasing its fellows in the sun, and catching flies, the sand ran through the glass, and, at the mogréb, when the last quavering 'Allah' died away, only the lizard, in its joy of life, did not give thanks to God.

Despair fell on it, and its tiny grief shook its prismatic sides, whilst little tears stood in its beady eyes. Its tail hung quivering, and its head bowed miserably, as it stood silently and without power to glorify the Lord. Then, darting to the mosque, it flittered up the walls, its little feet showering down lime upon the worshippers. Just over the mihráb it stopped, and, as the faithful in the mosque below looked up at it, scratched 'Allah Ackbar' with its claw upon the roof, and, scurrying back, was lost beneath the eaves.

'So,' said the Angeri, 'it saved itself from Allah's wrath, and showed its faith; and from that time we know it as *Khattaia-es-salaa*, that is, the prayer-scratcher; praise to His Holy Name.'

From 'Progress.'

KENNETH GRAHAME

THE ARGONAUTS

I had been engaged in chasing Farmer Larkin's calves —his special pride—round the field, just to show the man we hadn't forgotten him, and was returning through the kitchen-garden with a conscience at peace with all men, when I happened upon Edward, grubbing for worms in the dung-heap. Edward put his worms into his hat, and we strolled along together, discussing high matters of state. As we reached the tool-shed, strange noises arrested our steps; looking in, we perceived

Harold, alone, rapt, absorbed, immersed in the special game of the moment. He was squatting in an old pig-trough that had been brought in to be tinkered; and as he rhapsodised, anon he waved a shovel over his head, anon dug it into the ground with the action of those who would urge Canadian canoes. Edward strode in upon him.

'What rot are you playing at now?' he demanded sternly.

Harold flushed up, but stuck to his pig-trough like a man. 'I'm Jason,' he replied defiantly; 'and this is the *Argo*. The other fellows are here too, only you can't see them; and we're just going through the Hellespont, so don't you come bothering.' And once more he plied the wine-dark sea.

Edward kicked the pig-trough contemptuously. 'Pretty sort of *Argo* you've got!' said he.

Harold began to get annoyed. 'I can't help it,' he retorted. 'It's the best sort of *Argo* I can manage, and it's all right if you only pretend enough. But *you* never could pretend one bit.'

Edward reflected. 'Look here,' he said presently. 'Why shouldn't we get hold of Farmer Larkin's boat, and go right away up the river in a real *Argo*, and look for Medea, and the Golden Fleece, and everything? And I'll tell you what, I don't mind your being Jason, as you thought of it first.'

Harold tumbled out of the trough in the excess of his emotion. 'But we aren't allowed to go on the water by ourselves,' he cried.

'No,' said Edward, with fine scorn: 'we aren't allowed; and Jason wasn't allowed either, I daresay—but he *went*!'

Harold's protest had been merely conventional: he only wanted to be convinced by sound argument. The next question was, How about the girls? Selina was

distinctly handy in a boat: the difficulty about her was, that if she disapproved of the expedition—and, morally considered, it was not exactly a Pilgrim's Progress—she might go and tell; she having just reached that disagreeable age when one begins to develop a conscience. Charlotte, for her part, had a habit of day-dreams, and was as likely as not to fall overboard in one of her rapt musings. To be sure, she would dissolve in tears when she found herself left out; but even that was better than a watery tomb. In fine, the public voice—and rightly, perhaps—was against the admission of the skirted animal: despite the precedent of Atalanta, who was one of the original crew.

'And now,' said Edward, 'who's to ask Farmer Larkin? *I* can't; last time I saw him he said when he caught me again he'd smack my head. *You'll* have to.'

I hesitated, for good reasons. 'You know those precious calves of his?' I began.

Edward understood at once. 'All right,' he said: 'then we won't ask him at all. It doesn't much matter. He'd only be annoyed, and that would be a pity. Now let's set off.'

We made our way down to the stream, and captured the farmer's boat without let or hindrance, the enemy being engaged in the hayfields. This 'river,' so called, could never be discovered by us in any atlas; indeed our *Argo* could hardly turn in it without risk of shipwreck. But to us 'twas Orinoco, and the cities of the world dotted its shores. We put the *Argo's* head upstream, since that led away from the Larkin province; Harold was faithfully permitted to be Jason, and we shared the rest of the heroes among us. Then, quitting Thessaly, we threaded the Hellespont with shouts, breathlessly dodged the Clashing Rocks, and coasted under the lee of the Siren-haunted isles. Lemnos was fringed with meadow-sweet, dog-roses dotted the

Mysian shore, and the cheery call of the haymaking folk sounded along the coast of Thrace.

. . . . . .

Edward was so full of his personal injuries that there was no interesting him in Medea at all. Moreover, the evening was closing in, and it was evident that this cutting-out expedition must be kept for another day. As we neared home, it gradually occurred to us that perhaps the greatest danger was yet to come : for the farmer must have missed his boat ere now, and would probably be lying in wait for us near the landing-place. There was no other spot admitting of debarcation on the home side ; if we got out on the other, and made for the bridge, we should certainly be seen and cut off. Then it was that I blessed my stars that our elder brother was with us that day. He might be little good at pretending, but in grappling with the stern facts of life he had no equal. Enjoining silence, he waited till we were but a little way from the fated landing-place, and then brought us in to the opposite bank. We scrambled out noiselessly, and—the gathering darkness favouring us—crouched behind a willow, while Edward pushed off the empty boat with his foot. The old *Argo*, borne down by the gentle current, slid and grazed along the rushy bank ; and when she came opposite the suspected ambush, a stream of imprecation told us that our precaution had not been wasted. We wondered, as we listened, where Farmer Larkin, who was bucolically bred and reared, had acquired such range and wealth of vocabulary. Fully realising at last that his boat was derelict, abandoned, at the mercy of wind and wave—as well as out of his reach—he strode away to the bridge, about a quarter of a mile further down ; and as soon as we heard his boots clumping on the planks we nipped out, recovered the craft, pulled across, and made the faithful vessel fast to her

proper moorings. Edward was anxious to wait and exchange courtesies and compliments with the disappointed farmer, when he should confront us on the opposite bank; but wiser counsels prevailed. It was possible that the piracy was not yet laid at our particular door: Ulysses, I reminded him, had reason to regret a similar act of bravado, and—were he here—would certainly advise a timely retreat. Edward held but a low opinion of me as a counsellor; but he had a very solid respect for Ulysses.

From 'The Golden Age.'

ISABELLA AUGUSTA GREGORY

RAFTERY

His knowledge and his poetic gift are often supposed to have been given to him by the invisible powers, who grow visible to those who have lost their earthly sight. An old woman who had often danced to his music, said: 'When he went to his rest at night, it's then he'd make the songs in the turn of a hand, and you would wonder in the morning where he got them.' And a man who 'was too much taken up with sport and hurling when he was a boy to think much about him,' says: 'He got the gift. It's said he was asked which would he choose, music or the talk. If he chose music, he would have been the greatest musician in the world; but he chose the talk, and so he was a great poet. Where could he have found all the words he put in his songs if it wasn't for that?' An old woman, who is more orthodox, says: 'I often used to see him when I was a little child, in my father's house at Corker. He'd often come in there, and here to Coole House he used to come as well. He couldn't see a stim, and that is why he had such great knowledge. God gave it to him. And his songs have

gone all through the world ; and he had a voice that was like the wind.'

Legends are already growing up about his death. It has been said that ' he knew the very day his time would be up ; and he went to Galway, and brought a plank to the house he was stopping at, and he put it in the loft ; and he told the people of the house his time was come, and bid them make a coffin for him with the plank—and he was dead before morning.' And another story says he died alone in an empty house, and that flames were seen about the house all night ; and ' the flames were the angels waking him.' But many told me he had died in the house of a man near Craughwell ; and one autumn day I went there to look for it, and the first person I asked was able to tell me that the house where Raftery had died was the other side of Craughwell, a mile and a half away. It was a warm, hazy day ; and as I walked along the flat, deserted road that Raftery had often walked, I could see few landmarks—only a few more grey rocks, or a few more stunted hazel bushes in one stone-walled field than in another. At last I came to a thatched cottage ; and when I saw an old man sitting outside it, with hat and coat of the old fashion, I felt sure it was he who had been with Raftery at the last. He was ready to talk about him, and told me how he had come there to die. ' I was a young chap at that time. It must have been in the year 1835, for my father died in '36, and I think it was a year before him that Raftery died. What did he die of ? Of weakness. He had been bet up in Galway with some fit of sickness he had ; and then he came to gather a little money about the country, and when he got here he was bet up again. He wasn't an old man—only about seventy years. He was in the bed for about a fortnight. When he got bad, my father said it was best get a priest for him ; but the parish priest was away. But we saw Father

Nagle passing the road, and I went out and brought him in, and he gave him absolution, and anointed him. He had no pain; only his feet were cold, and the boys used to be warming a stone in the fire and putting it to them in the bed. My mother wanted to send to Galway, where his wife and his daughter and his son were stopping, so that they would come and care for him; but he wouldn't have them. Someway he didn't think they treated him well.'

I had been told that the priest had refused him absolution when he was dying, until he forgave some enemy; and that he had said afterwards, 'If I forgave him with my mouth, I didn't with my heart'; but this was not true. 'Father Nagle made no delay in anointing him; but there was a carpenter down the road there he said too much to, and annoyed him one time; and the carpenter had a touch of the poet too, and was a great singer, and he came out and beat him, and broke his fiddle; and I remember when he was dying, the priest bringing in the carpenter, and making them forgive one another, and shake hands; and the carpenter said: "If two brothers were to have a falling out, they'd forgive one another—and why shouldn't we?" He was buried in Killeenan; it wasn't a very big funeral, but all the people of the village came to it. He used often to come and stop with us. . . . It was of a Christmas Eve he died; and he had always said that, if God had a hand in it, it was of a Christmas Day he'd die.'

From 'Poets and Dreamers.'

EDWARD GREY

KING EDWARD

What, then, were the qualities that made him so important to the country? They are not easy to describe,

because they were the intangible qualities of a personality peculiar to himself. Let the more commonplace be considered first. He had in a very high degree the gift, proper and valuable in a Sovereign, for ceremonial. No one knew so well as he how ceremony should be arranged, ordered, and carried through in the manner most effective and impressive. By his own person, and by the part he took in it, he added dignity to it. In all this he performed to perfection the function that only the Sovereign can perform for the British Empire. This, however, is expected of the Sovereign, and, however well it is performed, unless there be something else, people are left satisfied but cold; they may even come to resent the pomp and the display. King Edward had a rare, if not a unique, power of combining bonhomie and dignity. The bonhomie was warm and spontaneous, but it never impaired the dignity. His bearing was a perfect example of tact, ease, and dignity, and to this were added good sense and judgement that not only avoided mistakes, but perceived the thing that should be said to suit the occasion or please an individual. These gifts, valuable in any Sovereign, were particularly so in one who was the living centre of an Empire that included the self-governing Dominions and India.

There was, however, something more that gave a spirit and aspect to it all, and this was due to his individual personality. Warm human kindness was of the very substance of the man. The misfortune or unhappiness of anyone he knew caused him real discomfort; and he would do anything in his power to relieve it. The success or good fortune of a friend gave him lively pleasure and satisfaction. He had a capacity for enjoying life, which is always attractive, but which is peculiarly so when it is combined with a positive and strong desire that everyone else should enjoy life too. These, it may be thought, are not very uncommon qualities, but King

Edward had a peculiar power of making them felt. The crowd knew and recognised them. I imagine, for instance, that the humblest devotees of horse-racing in a Derby-day crowd knew that King Edward was there to enjoy the national festival in precisely the same spirit as themselves, that he wished them to enjoy it too; that their enjoyment was part of his own. There was, in fact, real sympathy and community of feeling between himself and his people. It was the same wherever he went. I was told it was perceptible even in the short time of his visit to Berlin, though there was no political Entente to predispose to popularity.

The effect was due, no doubt, to the genuineness of his own feeling; but, when all has been said, something is required in the nature of genius to account for this remarkable power of projecting his personality over a crowd.

He became intensely and increasingly popular, and, when he died, the unprecedented, long-drawn-out procession, to pass the bier of state in Westminster Hall, was a manifestation of genuine and personal sorrow as well as of national mourning.

Popularity such as this centred in a constitutional Sovereign was an immense advantage to the State. The position is one that cannot be combined with responsibility for policy. Any association, past or present, of the Sovereign with political controversy would be fatal to it. The manner in which it was filled by King Edward, and his great popularity, made him a real asset of national stability; and this, in a time of crisis or upheaval, would have been of inestimable value. His death was felt as a national loss, especially by his Ministers, who were in the exposed position of responsibility for the conduct of the nation's affairs.

From 'Twenty-five Years.'

WILLIAM HENRY HADOW

'FUGUE AND SONATA'

If you consider almost any one of the shorter Psalms you will note how its construction is designed to emphasise and drive home one particular theme: the prosperity of the righteous, or the Majesty of God, or the joy of Sion when the Lord turned away her captivity. The subject appears in different lights, and as it were with different accompanying figures, it is illustrated with differences of metaphor and episode, but it persists all through. The forty-sixth Psalm, for instance, is held together by the reiterated assurance that God is our hope and strength, that He shall help His holy city, that He is with us in the midst of our enemies, that He is our refuge. That is, very roughly, the principle of the fugue: a single reiterated theme woven through and through the texture, reappearing in different keys and with different 'counter-subjects,' yet virtually or actually animating the entire composition. And the beauty of a fugue consists partly of the significance of its theme, partly of the closeness of its texture, partly of the living and harmonious intertwine of its constituent voices.

Now take the ground plan on which are constructed many familiar examples of romance and drama. At the outset we are confronted with two competing issues: the conflict between ambition and conscience as in *Macbeth*, between loyalty and indecision as in *Hamlet*, between love and strife as in *Romeo*. As the plot proceeds it intensifies or develops their respective themes, it shows them in fresh circumstances and new relations, now it emphasises one aspect of them, now another, carrying our interest forward as it increases in complexity and challenging us to foresee and estimate

its upshot. Finally the two main issues are brought together, absorbed or unified; in Tragedy often by death, in Comedy often by marriage or reconciliation, and the hand of the master is shown in the magic by which he can show us that the whole work, for all its variety, is a coherent organism and that the end to which it leads is inevitable. Here again, of course, supreme beauty implies the invention of significant melodies as well as richness and appropriateness in their treatment; but the whole conception is larger, more flexible, more dramatic than that of the fugue. It is no doubt possible in some manner to combine or alternate their respective qualities:—Beethoven in his later life endeavoured to do so;—none the less we may agree that they approach the problem of construction from different standpoints.

From 'Music.'

THOMAS HARDY

THE CHAT

'And he's the fearfullest man, bain't ye, Joseph? Ay, another time ye were lost by Lambing-Down Gate, weren't ye, Joseph?'

'I was,' replied Poorgrass, as if there were some conditions too serious even for modesty to remember itself under, this being one.

'Yes; that were the middle of the night, too. The gate would not open, try how he would, and knowing there was the Devil's hand in it, he kneeled down.'

'Ay,' said Joseph, acquiring confidence from the warmth of the fire, the cider, and a perception of the narrative capabilities of the experience alluded to. 'My heart died within me, that time; but I kneeled down and said the Lord's Prayer, and then the Belief right through,

and then the Ten Commandments, in earnest prayer. But no, the gate wouldn't open ; and then I went on with Dearly Beloved Brethren, and, thinks I, this makes four, and 'tis all I know out of book, and if this don't do it nothing will, and I'm a lost man. Well, when I got to Saying After Me, I rose from my knees and found the gate would open—yes, neighbours, the gate opened the same as ever.'

. . . . . .

'What sort of a place is this to live at, and what sort of a mis'ess is she to work under?' Gabriel's bosom thrilled gently as he thus slipped under the notice of the assembly the innermost subject of his heart.

'We d' know little of her—nothing. She only showed herself a few days ago. Her uncle was took bad, and the doctor was called with his world-wide skill; but he couldn't save the man. As I take it, she's going to keep on the farm.'

'That's about the shape o't, 'a b'lieve,' said Jan Coggan. 'Ay, 'tis a very good family. I'd as soon be under 'em as under one here and there. Her uncle was a very fair sort of man. Did ye know en, shepherd—a bachelor-man?'

'Not at all.'

'I used to go to his house a-courting my first wife, Charlotte, who was his dairymaid. Well, a very good-hearted man were Farmer Everdene, and I being a respectable young fellow was allowed to call and see her and drink as much ale as I liked, but not to carry away any—outside my skin, I mane, of course.'

'Ay, ay, Jan Coggan; we know yer maning.'

'And so you see 'twas beautiful ale, and I wished to value his kindness as much as I could, and not to be so ill-mannered as to drink only a thimbleful, which would have been insulting the man's generosity——'

'True, Master Coggan, 'twould so,' corroborated Mark Clark.

'—And so I used to eat a lot of salt fish afore going, and then by the time I got there I were as dry as a lime-basket—so thorough dry that that ale would slip down—ah, 'twould slip down sweet! Happy times! heavenly times! Such lovely drunks as I used to have at that house! You can mind, Jacob? You used to go wi' me sometimes.'

'I can—I can,' said Jacob. 'That one, too, that we had at Buck's Head on a White Monday was a pretty tipple.'

''Twas. But for a drunk of really a noble class that brought you no nearer to the dark man than you were afore you begun, there was none like those in Farmer Everdene's kitchen. Not a single damn allowed; no, not a bare poor one, even at the most cheerful moment when all were blindest, though the good old word of sin thrown in here and there at such times is a great relief to a merry soul.'

'True,' said the maltster. 'Nater requires her swearing at the regular times, or she's not herself; and unholy exclamations is a necessity of life.'

'But Charlotte,' continued Coggan—'not a word of the sort would Charlotte allow, nor the smallest item of taking in vain. . . . Ay, poor Charlotte, I wonder if she had the good fortune to get into Heaven when 'a died! But 'a was never much in luck's way, and perhaps 'a went downwards after all, poor soul.'

'And did any of you know Miss Everdene's father and mother?' inquired the shepherd, who found some difficulty in keeping the conversation in the desired channel.

'I knew them a little,' said Jacob Smallbury; 'but they were townsfolk, and didn't live here. They've

been dead for years. Father, what sort of people were mis'ess' father and mother?'

'Well,' said the maltster, 'he wasn't much to look at; but she was a lovely woman. He was fond enough of her as his sweetheart.'

'Used to kiss her in scores and long-hundreds, so 'twas said here and there,' observed Coggan.

'He was very proud of her, too, when they were married, as I've been told,' said the maltster.

'Ay,' said Coggan. 'He admired her so much that he used to light the candle three times a night to look at her.'

'Boundless love; I shouldn't have supposed it in the world's universe!' murmured Joseph Poorgrass, who habitually spoke on a large scale in his moral reflections.

'Well to be sure,' said Gabriel.

'Oh, 'tis true enough. I knowed the man and woman both well. Levi Everdene—that was the man's name, sure enough. "Man," saith I in my hurry, but he were of a higher circle of life than that—'a was a gentleman-tailor really, worth scores of pounds. And he became a very celebrated bankrupt two or three times.'

'Oh, I thought he was quite a common man!' said Joseph.

'Oh, no, no! That man failed for heaps of money; hundreds in gold and silver.'

The maltster being rather short of breath, Mr. Coggan, after absently scrutinising a coal which had fallen among the ashes, took up the narrative, with a private twirl of his eye:

'Well, now, you'd hardly believe it, but that man—our Miss Everdene's father—was one of the ficklest husbands alive, after a while. Understand, 'a didn't want to be fickle, but he couldn't help it. The pore feller were faithful and true enough to her in his wish, but his heart would rove, do what he would. Ay, 'a spoke to me in real tribulation about it once. "Coggan,"

he said, "I could never wish for a handsomer woman than I've got, but feeling she's ticketed as my lawful wife, I can't help my wicked heart wandering, do what I will." But at last I believe he cured it by making her take off her wedding-ring and calling her by her maiden name as they sat together after the shop was shut, and so 'a would get to fancy she was only his sweetheart, and not married to him at all. And as soon as he could thoroughly fancy he was doing wrong and committing the seventh, 'a got to like her as well as ever, and they lived on a perfect picture of mutel love.'

'Well, 'twas a most ungodly remedy,' murmured Joseph Poorgrass; 'but we ought to feel deep cheerfulness, as I may say, that a happy Providence kept it from being any worse. You see, he might have gone the bad road and given his eyes to unlawfulness entirely—yes, gross unlawfulness, so to say it.'

'You see,' said Billy Smallbury, 'the man's will was to do right, sure enough, but his heart didn't chime in.'

'He got so much better, that he was quite religious in his later years, wasn't he, Jan?' said Joseph Poorgrass. 'He got himself confirmed over again in a more serious way, and took to saying "Amen" almost as loud as a clerk, and he liked to copy comforting verses from the tombstones. He used, too, to hold the money-plate at Let Your Light So Shine, and stand godfather to poor little come-by-chance children; and he kept a missionary box upon his table to nab folks unawares when they called; yes, and he would box the charity-boys' ears, if they laughed in church, till they could hardly stand upright, and do other deeds of piety natural to the saintly inclined.'

'Ay, at that time he thought of nothing but such things,' said Billy Smallbury. 'One day Parson Thirdly met him and said, "Good-morning, Mister Everdene; 'tis a fine day!" "Amen," said Everdene, quite absent-

like, thinking only of religion when he seed a parson. Yes, he was a very Christian man.'

From 'Far From the Madding Crowd.'

THOMAS HARDY

THE PLANTING OF THE TREES

'Why didn't you come, Mr. Winterborne?' she said; 'I've been waiting there hours and hours, and at last I thought I must try to find you!'

'Bless my soul, I'd quite forgot!' said Giles.

What he had forgotten was that there were a thousand young fir trees to be planted in a neighbouring spot which had been cleared by the woodcutters, and that he had arranged to plant them with his own hands. He had a marvellous power of making trees grow. Although he would seem to shovel in the earth quite carelessly there was a sort of sympathy between himself and the fir, oak, or beech that he was operating on; so that the roots took hold of the soil in a few days. When, on the other hand, any of the journeymen planted, although they seemed to go through an identically similar process, one quarter of the trees would die away during the ensuing August.

Hence Winterborne found delight in the work even when, as at present, he contracted to do it on portions of the woodland in which he had no personal interest. Marty, who turned her hand to anything, was usually the one who performed the part of keeping the trees in a perpendicular position whilst he threw in the mould.

He accompanied her towards the spot, being stimulated yet further to proceed with the work by the knowledge that the ground was close to the roadside along which Grace must pass on her way from Hintock House.

'You've a cold in the head, Marty,' he said as they walked. 'That comes of cutting off your hair.'

'I suppose it do. Yes; I've three headaches going on in my head at the same time.'

'Three headaches!'

'Yes, Mr. Winterborne: a rheumatic headache in my poll, a sick headache over my eyes, and a misery headache in the middle of my brain. However, I came out, for I thought you might be waiting and grumbling like anything if I was not there.'

The holes were already dug, and they set to work. Winterborne's fingers were endowed with a gentle conjurer's touch in spreading the roots of each little tree, resulting in a sort of caress under which the delicate fibres all laid themselves out in their proper directions for growth. He put most of these roots towards the south-west; for, he said, in forty years' time, when some great gale is blowing from that quarter, the trees will require the strongest holdfast on that side to stand against it and not fall.

'How they sigh directly we put 'em upright, though while they are lying down they don't sigh at all,' said Marty.

'Do they?' said Giles. 'I've never noticed it.'

She erected one of the young pines into its hole, and held up her finger; the soft musical breathing instantly set in which was not to cease night or day till the grown tree should be felled—probably long after the two planters had been felled themselves.

'It seems to me,' the girl continued, 'as if they sigh because they are very sorry to begin life in earnest—just as we be.'

'Just as we be?' He looked critically at her. 'You ought not to feel like that, Marty.'

Her only reply was turning to take up the next tree; and they planted on through a great part of the day, almost without another word.

From 'The Woodlanders.'

MAURICE HEWLETT

CATS

There was once a man in Italy—so the story runs—who said that animals were sacred because God had made them. People didn't believe him for a long time; they came, you see, of a race which had found it amusing to kill such things, and killed a great many of them too, until it struck them one fine day that killing men was better sport still, and watching men kill each other the best sport of all because it was the least trouble. Animals! said they, why, how can they be sacred; things that you call beef and mutton when they have left off being oxen and sheep, and sell for so much a pound? They scoffed at this mad neighbour, looked at each other waggishly and shrugged their shoulders as he passed along the street. Well! then, all of a sudden, as you may say, one morning he walked into the town—Gubbio it was—with a wolf pacing at his heels—a certain wolf which had been the terror of the country-side and eaten I don't know how many children and goats. He walked up the main street till he got to the open Piazza in front of the great church. And the long grey wolf padded beside him with a limp tongue lolling out between the ragged palings which stood him for teeth. In the middle of the Piazza was a fountain, and above the fountain a tall stone crucifix. Our friend mounted the steps of the cross in the alert way he had (like a little bird, the story says), and the wolf, after lapping apologetically in the basin, followed him up three steps at a time. Then with one arm round the shaft to steady himself he made a fine sermon to the neighbours crowding in the Square, and the wolf stood with his fore-paws on the edge of the fountain and helped him. The sermon was all about wolves (naturally) and the best way of treating them.

I fancy the people came to agree with it in time ; anyhow, when the man died they made a saint of him and built three churches, one over another, to contain his body. And I believe it is entirely his fault that there are a hundred-and-three cats in the convent-garden of San Lorenzo in Florence. For what are you to do ? Animals are sacred, says Saint Francis. Animals are sacred, but cats have kittens ; and so it comes about that the people who agree with Saint Francis have to suffer for the people who don't.

The Canons of San Lorenzo agree with Saint Francis, and it seems to me that they must suffer a good deal. The convent is large ; it has a great mildewed cloister with a covered-in walk all round it built on arches. In the middle is a green garth with cypresses and yews dotted about ; and when you look up you see the blue sky cut square, and the hot tiles of a huge dome staring up into it. Round the cloister walk are discreet brown doors, and by the side of each door a brass plate tells you the name and titles of the Canon who lives behind it. It is on the principle of Dean's Yard at Westminster ; only here there are more Canons—and more cats.

The Canons live under the cloister ; the cats live on the green garth, and sometimes die there. I did not see much of the Canons ; but the cats seemed to me very sad —depressed, nostalgic even, might describe them, if there had not been something more languid, something faded and spiritless about their habit. It was not that they quarrelled. I heard none of those long-drawn wails, gloomy yet mellow soliloquies, with which our cats usher in the crescent moon or hymn her when she swims at the full : there lacked even that comely resignation we may see on any sunny window-ledge at home ;—the rounded back and neatly ordered tail, the immaculate fore-paws peering sedately below the snowy chest, the squeezed-up eyes which so resolutely shut off a bleak and (so to

say) unenlightened world. That is pensiveness, sedate chastened melancholy; but it is soothing; it speaks a philosophy, and a certain balancing of pleasures and pains. In San Lorenzo cloister, when I looked in one hot noon seeking a refuge from the glare and white dust of the city, I was conscious of a something sinister that forbade such an even existence for the smoothest tempered cat. There were too many of them for companionship and perhaps too few for the humour of the thing to strike them: in and out the chilly shades they stalked gloomily, hither and thither like lank and unquiet ghosts of starved cats. They were of all colours—gay orange-tawny, tortoise-shell with the becoming white patch over one eye, delicate tints of grey and fawn and lavender, brindle, glossy sable; and yet the gloom and dampness of the place seemed to mildew them all so that their brightness was glaring and their softest gradations took on a shade as of rusty mourning. No cat could be expected to do herself justice.

To and fro they paced, balancing sometimes with hysterical precision on the ledge of the parapet, passing each other at whisker's length, but *cutting each other dead!* Not a cat had a look or a sniff for his fellows; not a cat so much as guessed at another's existence. Among those hundred-and-three restless spirits there was not a cat but did not affect to believe that a hundred-and-two were away! It was horrible, the *inhumanity* of it. Here were these shreds and waifs, these 'unnecessary litters' of Florentine households, herded together in the only asylum (short of the Arno) open to them, driven in like dead leaves in November, flitting dismally round and round for a span, and watching each other die without a mew or a lick! Saint Francis was not the wise man I had thought him.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon. I had watched these beasts at their feverish exercises for nearly an hour before I perceived that they were gradually

hemming me in. They seemed to be forming up, in ranks, on the garth. Only a ditch separated us—I was in the cloister-walk, a hundred-and-three gaunt, expectant, desperate cats facing me. Their famished pale eyes pierced me through and through; and two-hundred-and-two hungry eyes (four cats supported life on one apiece) is more than I can stand, though I am a married man with a family. These brutes thought I was going to feed them! I was preparing weakly for flight when I heard steps in the gateway; a woman came in with a black bag. She must be going to deposit a cat on Jean-Jacques' ingenious plan of avoiding domestic trouble; it was surely impossible she wanted to borrow one! Neither: she came confidently in, beaming on our mad fellowship with a pleasant smile of preparation. The cats knew her better than I did. Their suspense was really shocking to witness. While she was rolling her sleeves up and tying on her apron—she was poor evidently, but very neat and wholesome in her black dress and the decent cap which crowned her grey hair—while she unpacked the contents of the bag—two newspaper parcels full of rather distressing viands, scissors, and a pair of gloves which had done duty more than once—while all these preparations were soberly fulfilling, the agitation of the hundred-and-three was desperate indeed. The air grew thick, it quivered with the lashing of tails; hoarse mews echoed along the stone walls, paws were raised and let fall with the rhythmical patter of raindrops. A furtive beast played the thief: he was one of the one-eyed fraternity, red with mange. Somehow he slipped in between us; we discovered him crouched by the newspaper raking over the contents. This was no time for ceremony; he got a prompt cuff over the head and slunk away shivering and shaking his ears. And then the distribution began. Now, your cat, at the best of times, is squeamish about his food; he stands no

tricks. He is a slow eater, though he can secure his dinner with the best of us. A vicious snatch, like a snake, and he has it. Then he spreads himself out to dispose of the prey—feet tucked well in, head low, tail laid close along, eyes shut fast. That is how a cat of breeding loves to dine. Alas! many a day of intolerable prowling, many a black vigil, had taken the polish off the hundred-and-three. As a matter of fact they behaved abominably: they leaped at the scraps, they clawed at them in the air, they bolted them whole with starting eyes and portentous gulpings, they growled all the while with the smothered ferocity of thunder in the hills. No waiting of turns, no licking of lips and moustaches to get the lingering flavours, no dalliance. They were as restless and suspicious here as everywhere; their feast was the horrid orgy of ghouls in a churchyard.

From 'Earthwork out of Tuscany.'

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON

AN ORPHANED BLACKBIRD

The bad weather brought to our little plot of ground a young blackbird, who had evidently been thrown upon the world too early in life. A good number of blackbird broods had been brought off in the bushes about us, and in the rough and tumble of those tempestuous days some of the young had no doubt got scattered and lost; this at all events was one that had called and called to be fed and warmed and comforted in vain—we had heard him calling for days—and who had now grown prematurely silent, and had soberly set himself to find his own living as best he could. Between the lawn and the small sweetbriar hedge there was a strip of loose mould where roses had been planted, and here the bird had discovered that by turning over the dead

leaves and loose earth a few small morsels were to be found. During those cold, windy, wet days we observed him there diligently searching in his poor, slow little way. He would strike his beak into the loose ground, making a little hop forward at the same time to give force to the stroke, and throw up about as much earth as would cover a shilling-piece; then he would gaze attentively at the spot, and after a couple of seconds hop and strike again; and finally, if he could see nothing to eat, he would move on a few inches and begin again in another place. That was all his art—his one poor little way of getting a living; and it was plain to see from his bedraggled appearance and feeble motions, that he was going the way of most young orphaned birds.

Now, I hate playing at providence among the creatures, but we cannot be rid of pity; and there are exceptional cases in which one feels justified in putting out a helping hand. Nature herself is not always careless of the individual life: or perhaps it would be better to say with Thoreau, 'We are not wholly involved in Nature.' And anxious to give the poor bird a chance by putting him in a sheltered place, and feeding him up, as Ruskin once did in a like case, I set about catching him, but could not lay hands on him, for he was still able to fly a little, and always managed to escape pursuit among the brambles or else in the sedges by the waterside. Half an hour after being hunted, he would be back on the edge of the lawn prodding the ground in the old feeble, futile way. And the scraps of food I cunningly placed for him he disregarded, not knowing in his ignorance what was good for him. Then I got a supply of small earthworms, and, stalking him, tossed them so as to cause them to fall near him, and he saw and knew what they were, and swallowed them hungrily; and he saw, too, that they were thrown to him by a hand, and that the hand was part of that same huge grey-clad monster

that had a little while back so furiously hunted him; and at once he seemed to understand the meaning of it all, and instead of flying from he ran to meet us, and recovering his voice, called to be fed. The experience of one day made him a tame bird; on the second day he knew that bread and milk, stewed plums, pie-crust, and, in fact, anything we had to give, was good for him; and in the course of the next two or three days he acquired a useful knowledge of our habits. Thus, at half-past three in the morning he would begin calling to be fed at the bedroom window. If no notice was taken of him he would go away to try and find something for himself, and return at five o'clock when breakfast was in preparation, and place himself before the kitchen door. Usually he got a small snack then; and at the breakfast hour (six o'clock) he would turn up at the dining-room window and get a substantial meal. Dinner and teatime—twelve and half-past three o'clock—found him at the same spot; but he was often hungry between meals, and he would then sit before one door or window and call, then move to the next door, and so on until he had been all round the cottage. It was most amusing to see him when, on our return from a long walk or a day out, he would come to meet us, screaming excitedly, bounding over the lawn with long hops, looking like a miniature very dark-coloured kangaroo.

One day I came back alone to the cottage, and sat down on the lawn in a canvas chair, to wait for my companion who had the key. The blackbird had seen, and came flying to me, and pitching close to my feet began crying to be fed, shaking his wings, and dancing about in a most excited state, for he had been left a good many hours without food, and was very hungry. As I moved not in my chair he presently ran round and began screaming and fluttering on the other side of it, thinking, I suppose, that he had gone to the wrong place, and that by

addressing himself to the back of my head he would quickly get an answer.

The action of this bird in coming to be fed naturally attracted a good deal of attention among the feathered people about us; they would look on at a distance, evidently astonished and much puzzled at our bird's boldness in coming to our feet. But nothing dreadful happened to him, and little by little they began to lose their suspicion; and first a robin—the robin is always first—then other blackbirds to the number of seven, then chaffinches and dunnocks, all began to grow tame and to attend regularly at meal-time to have a share in anything that was going. The most lively, active, and quarrelsome member of this company was our now glossy foundling; and it troubled us to think that in feeding him we were but staving off the evil day when he would once more have to fend for himself. Certainly we were teaching him nothing. But our fears were idle. The seven wild blackbirds that had formed a habit of coming to share his food were all young birds, and as time went on and the hedge fruit began to ripen, we noticed that they kept more and more together. Whenever one was observed to fly straight away to some distance, in a few moments another would follow, then another; and presently it would be seen that they were all making their way to some spot in the valley, or to the woods on the other side. After several hours' absence they would all reappear on the lawn, or near it, at the same time, showing that they had been together throughout the day and had returned in company. After observing them in their comings and goings for several weeks I felt convinced that this species has in it the remains of a gregarious instinct which affects the young birds.

Our bird, as a member of this little company, must have quickly picked up from the others all that it was necessary for him to know, and at last it was plain to us

from his behaviour at the cottage that he was doing very well for himself. He was often absent most of the day with the others, and on his return late in the afternoon he would pick over the good things placed for him in a leisurely way, selecting a morsel here and there, and eating more out of compliment to us, as it seemed, than because he was hungry. But up to the very last, when he had grown as hardy and strong on the wing as any of his wild companions, he kept up his acquaintance with and confidence in us; and even at night when I would go out to where most of our wild birds roosted, in the trees and bushes growing in a vast old chalk-pit close to the cottage, and called 'Blackie,' instantly there would be a response—a softly chuckled note, like a sleepy 'Good-night,' thrown back to me out of the darkness.

From 'Hampshire Days.'

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON

WIND, WAVE AND SPIRIT

The change in the weather was not sudden; the furious winds dropped gradually; the clouds floated higher in the heavens, and were of a lighter grey; there were wider breaks in them, showing the lucid blue beyond; and the sea grew quieter. It had raved and roared too long, beating against the iron walls that held it back, and was now spent and fallen into an uneasy sleep, but still moved uneasily and moaned a little. Then all at once summer returned, coming like a thief in the night, for when it was morning the sun rose in splendour and power in a sky without a cloud on its vast azure expanse, on a calm sea with no motion but that scarcely perceptible rise and fall as of one that sleeps. As the sun rose higher the air grew warmer until it was full summer heat, but although a 'visible heat,' it was never

oppressive; for all that day we were abroad, and as the tide ebbed a new country that was neither earth nor sea was disclosed, an infinite expanse of pale yellow sand stretching away on either side, and further and further out until it mingled and melted into the sparkling water and faintly seen line of foam on the horizon.

And over all—the distant sea, the ridge of low dunes marking where the earth ended, and the flat yellow expanse between—there brooded a soft bluish silvery haze. A haze that blotted nothing out, but blended and interfused them all until earth and air and sea and sands were scarcely distinguishable. The effect, delicate, mysterious, unearthly, cannot be described.

> Ethereal gauze . . .
> Visible heat, and water, and dry sea,
> Last conquest of the eye . . .
> Sun-dust,
> Aerial surf upon the shores of earth,
> Ethereal estuary, frith of light . . .
> Bird of the sun, transparent-winged.

Do we not see that words fail as pigments do—that the effect is too coarse, since in describing it we put it before the mental eye as something distinctly visible, a thing of itself and separate. But it is not so in nature; the effect is of something almost invisible and is yet a part of all and makes all things—sky and sea and land—as unsubstantial as itself. Even living, moving things had that aspect. Far out on the lowest furthest strip of sand, which appeared to be on a level with the sea, gulls were seen standing in twos and threes and small groups and in rows; but they did not look like gulls—familiar birds, gull-shaped with grey and white plumage. They appeared twice as big as gulls and were of a dazzling whiteness and of no definite shape; though standing still they had motion, an effect of the quivering dancing air,

the 'visible heat'; at rest, they were seen now as separate objects; then as one with the silver sparkle of the sea; and when they rose and floated away they were no longer shining and white, but like pale shadows of winged forms faintly visible in the haze.

They were not birds but spirits—beings that lived in or were passing through the world and now, like the heat, made visible; and I, standing far out on the sparkling sands, with the sparkling sea on one side and the line of dunes, indistinctly seen as land, on the other, was one of them; and if any person had looked at me from a distance he would have seen me as a formless shining white being standing by the sea, and then perhaps as a winged shadow floating in the haze. It was only necessary to put out one's arms to float. That was the effect on my mind: this natural world was changed to a supernatural, and there was no more matter nor force in sea or land nor in the heavens above, but only spirit.

From 'Afoot in England.'

WILLIAM RALPH INGE

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

The spiritual life is a grand experiment which ends in an experience; but it is not merely a leap in the dark; throughout its whole course there is a progressive verification of its fundamental hypothesis, which makes us quite sure that we are on the right road. It is much like climbing a mountain. We are too much occupied with finding our way and securing footholds to think much about the elevation which we have reached; but from time to time we observe that we are nearer the summit, by the larger prospect which has opened around us. For the fuller revelation we look forward. Our

world is still in the making, and we are in the making too. We look forward to the '*Christus futurus*' to interpret the Christ of past history, and to the *homo futurus* to show us what is the meaning of human personality.

The testimony of experience is not merely individual. We have the great cloud of witnesses, the utterances and biographies of God's saints. Many religious books and many biographies are worthless, because insincere; but there is a considerable body of perfectly trustworthy material, which is of inestimable value in illuminating the dark corners of the inner life. In addressing teachers of my own and a younger generation, I am sure I need not expatiate on the immense importance of a knowledge of religious psychology. It will soon, I hope, be a commonplace to say that a religious teacher cannot mediate between a hungering soul and its better, future self, or between man and God, who does not know something of the laws of spiritual evolution. The study of normal (rather than abnormal) psychology, and of good biography, will be of the greatest service to us both in dealing with our own characters and those of our pupils.

And yet there is a sense in which such intuitions are not transferable. St. Bernard's motto, 'My secret to myself,' is true, not because the saint will not communicate the very best that God has shown to him, but because he cannot. Originality—uniqueness—is the characteristic of all religious experience. 'No man may deliver his brother'; he can only assure him that he has seen what he has seen, and point out the way up the holy mount. It is instructive to find, not once only, in the middle of Plotinus' difficult and closely reasoned dialectic, a sudden appeal to direct experience. 'He who has seen it knows what I mean.' He can set us on the right road, as he says, but we must climb it for ourselves. William Blake tells us the same in his cryptic language :—

I give you the end of a golden string;
Only wind it into a ball;
It will lead you in at heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem's wall.

What, I think, we have to realise, as a certain and most important truth, is that the soul of man is a microcosm, having affinities with all grades of being from the highest to the lowest; and that the rank of the individual soul, of our own self, our personality, is determined by the things we are interested in, by the things we love. What we love, that we see; and what we see, that we are. There is no escape from this law. Where our treasure is, there will our heart be also. It is of no use to fill our days with work which we consider useful, if the moment that the tension is relaxed our minds fly spontaneously to thoughts of money, ambition, self-indulgence, or some favourite frivolity. The mind is dyed the colour of its thoughts, its leisure thoughts; as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. St. Paul's hymn in praise of the love without which faith and hope are vain gets a new meaning when we think of it in connection with this law. It goes very much deeper than injunctions to kindliness, charity, and benevolence. What is that we *love*? In what sphere are we really at home? Do all our actions, words, and thoughts spring from one steady central interest, which warms our faith and illuminates our hope? It is no accident that in the Sermon on the Mount the words 'where your treasure is, there will your heart be also' are followed immediately by 'The light of the body is the eye. If your eye be single, your whole body shall be full of light.' We need above all things to simplify our religion and our inner life generally. Christianity has become too complex a thing, too much encumbered with alien accretions, some of which belong by rights to the lower religions, and some do not belong to religion at all. We want

to separate the essential from the non-essential, to concentrate our faith upon the pure God-consciousness, the eternal world which to Christ was so much nearer and more real than the world of external objects. And we want to simplify our own inner life, concentrating all our faculties on the things that really matter. When the soul loses itself, it is because it is immersed in a multiplicity of petty and discordant interests, which have their centre in the life of the moment. Do not misunderstand me. I am not advocating that pitiful impoverishment of experience by which some have sought to gain simplicity. The opposite, the contradiction of simplicity, is not richness and variety of content, but incoherence and discord. It is at best a *pis aller* when we have to amputate, to cast away from us, some innocent interest which we are unable to assimilate and co-ordinate. And yet—when we are tempted to talk glibly about the mistake of asceticism—is not the popular language about 'inner detachment' a great snare? We are not very ready to credit our neighbours with being 'inwardly detached' from the good things of this world which they appear to us to have schemed to obtain, and to enjoy now that they have obtained them. It is my own conviction that a deliberate simplification of our outward life is often a very great help towards that inner simplification of which it may be a kind of symbol. Not every one can warm both hands before the fire of life without scorching himself in the process. I am speaking now of avoidable complications, of the μέριμναι βιωτικαὶ which to some extent we can multiply or reduce as we choose. As runners, we wish to lay aside every *weight*. Do our superfluities invigorate us in body and mind, or do they clog and impede us?

Simplicity redeems from waste not only money but time, some of our own and more of other people's. It is not a comfortable thought that we often use up the

product of a long day's work in an hour, and on something which does us no real good at all!

From 'Speculum Animae.'

WILLIAM PATON KER

STURLA AND JOINVILLE

The thirteenth century, the century of Snorri Sturluson and of Sturla his nephew, is also the age of Villehardouin and Joinville. That is to say, the finished historical work of the Icelandic School is contemporary with the splendid improvisations and first essays of French historical prose. The fates of the two languages are an instance of 'the way that things are shared' in this world, and may raise some grudges against the dispensing fortune that has ordered the *Life of St. Louis* to be praised, not beyond its deserts, by century after century, while the Northern masterpieces are left pretty much to their own island and to the antiquarian students of the Northern tongues. This, however, is a consideration which does not touch the merits of either side. It is part of the fate of Icelandic literature that it should not be influential in the great world, that it should fall out of time, and be neglected, in the march of the great nations. It is in this seclusion that its perfection is acquired, and there is nothing to complain of.

A comparison of the two contemporaries, Sturla and Joinville, brings out the difference between two admirable varieties of history, dealing with like subjects. The scenery of the *Life of St. Louis* is different from that of *Sturlunga*, but there is some resemblance in parts of their themes, in so far as both narrate the adventures of brave men in difficult places, and both are told by authors who were on the spot themselves, and saw with their own eyes, or heard directly from those who had seen.

As a subject for literature there is not much to choose between St. Louis in Egypt in 1250 and the burning of Flugumyri three years later, though the one adventure had all the eyes of the world upon it, and the other was of no more practical interest to the world than floods or landslips or the grinding of rocks and stones in an undiscovered valley. Nor is there much to choose between the results of the two methods; neither Sturla nor Joinville has anything to fear from a comparison between them.

Sometimes, in details, there is a very close approximation of the French and the Icelandic methods. Joinville's story, for example, of the moonlight adventure of the clerk of Paris and the three robbers might go straight into Icelandic. Only, the seneschal's opening of the story is too personal, and does not agree with the Icelandic method of telling a story :—

'As I went along I met with a wagon carrying three dead men that a clerk had slain, and I was told they were being brought for the king to see. When I heard this I sent my squire after them, to know how it had fallen out.'

The difference between the two kinds is that Joinville, being mainly experimental and without much regard for the older precedents and models of historical writing, tells his story in his own way, as memoirs, in the order of events as they come within his view, revealing his own sentiments and policy, and keeping a distinction between the things he himself saw and the things he did not see. Whereas Sturla goes on the lines that had been laid down before him, and does not require to invent his own narrative scheme; and further, the scheme he receives from his masters is the opposite of Joinville's personal memories. Though Sturla in great part of his work is as near the reality as Joinville, he is obliged by the Icelandic custom to keep himself out of the story, except when he is necessary; and then he only appears in the third person on the same terms as the other actors, with

nothing except perhaps a greater particularity in description to show that the author is there himself in the thick of it. To let the story take care of itself is the first rule of the Icelandic authors. If they have any emotion or sentiment of their own, it must go into the story impersonally; it must inform or enliven the characters and their speeches; it must quicken the style unobtrusively, or else it must be suppressed. The parts of the Sagas that are most touching, such as the death of Njal, and the parting of Grettir and his mother, though they give evidence of the author's sensibility, never allow him a word for himself. The method is the method of Homer—δόλῳ δ' ὅ γε δάκρυα κεῦθεν—'he would not confess that he wept.' In Joinville, on the contrary, all the epic matter of the story is surveyed and represented not as a drama for any one to come and look at, and make his own judgment about it, but as the life of himself, the Sire de Joinville, Seneschal of Champagne, known and interpreted to himself first of all. It is barely possible to conceive the *Life of St. Louis* transposed into the mood of the *Odyssey* or of *Njála*. It is hard to see who would be a gainer thereby—certainly not St. Louis himself. He would be deprived, for instance, of what is at once the most heroic and the most trifling of all the passages in his story, which belongs altogether to Joinville, and is worth nothing except as he tells it, and because he tells it. The story of Joinville's misunderstanding of the king, and the king's way of taking it, on occasion of the Council at Acre and the question whether to return or to stay and recover the prisoners from the Saracens, is not only the whole *Life of St. Louis* summed up and put into one chapter, but it is also one of those rarest passages of true history in which a character whom we thought we knew is presented with all his qualities intensified in a momentary act or speech. It is as if the dulness of custom were

magically broken, and the familiar character stood out, not different from himself, but with a new expression. In this great scene the Barons were for returning home, and put forward Guy Malvoisin their foreman to state their opinion. Joinville took the other side, remembering the warning of a kinsman of his own not to return in a hurry and forget the Lord's poor servants (*le peuple menu Nostre Signour*). There was no one there but had friends in prison among the Saracens, 'so they did not rebuke me,' says Joinville; but only two ventured to speak on his side, and one of these was shouted at (*mout felonessement*) by his uncle, the good knight Sir Jehan de Beaumont, for so doing. The king adjourned the Council for a week. What follows is a kind of narrative impossible under the Homeric or the Icelandic conditions—no impersonal story, but a record of Joinville's own changes of mind as he was played upon by the mind of the king; an heroic incident, but represented in a way quite different from any epic manner. Joinville describes the breaking up of the Council, and how he was baited by them all: 'The king is a fool, Sire de Joinville, if he does not take your advice against all the council of the realm of France'; how he sat beside the king at dinner, but the king did not speak to him; how he, Joinville, thought the king was displeased; and how he got up when the king was hearing grace, and went to a window in a recess and stuck his arms out through the bars, and leant there gazing out and brooding over the whole matter, making up his mind to stay, whatever happened to all the rest; till some one came behind him and put his hands on his head at the window and held him there, and Joinville thought it was one of the other side beginning to bother him again (*et je cuidai que ce fust mes Sires Phelippes d'Anemos, qui trop d'ennui m'avoit fait le jour pour le consoil que je li avoie donnei*), till as he was trying to get free he saw, by a ring on the

hand, that it was the king. Then the king asked him how it was that he, a young man, had been bold enough to set his opinion against all the wisdom of France; and before their talk ended, let him see that he was of the same mind as Joinville.

This personal kind of story, in which an heroic scene is rendered through its effect on one particular mind, is quite contrary to the principles of the Icelandic history, except that both kinds are heroic, and both are alive.

Joinville gives the succession of his own emotions; the Icelandic narrators give the succession of events, either as they might appear to an impartial spectator, or (on occasion) as they are viewed by some one in the story, but never as they merely affect the writer himself, though he may be as important a personage as Sturla was in the events of which he wrote the Chronicle. The subject-matter of the Icelandic historian (whether his own experience or not) is displayed as something in which he is not more nearly concerned than other people; his business is to render the successive moments of the history so that any one may form a judgment about them such as he might have formed if he had been there. Joinville, while giving his own changes of mind very clearly, is not as careful as the Icelandic writers are about the proper order of events. Thus an Icelander would not have written, as Joinville does, 'the king came and put his hands on my head'; he would have said, 'John found that his head was being held'; and the discovery by means of the ring would have been the first direct intimation who it was. The story, as told by Joinville, though it is so much more intimate than any of the Sagas, is not as true to the natural order of impressions. He follows out his own train of sentiment; he is less careful of the order of perception, which the Icelanders generally observe, and sometimes with extraordinary effect.

Joinville's history is not one of a class, and there is nothing equal to it; but some of the qualities of his history are characteristic of the second medieval period, the age of romance. His prose, as compared with that of Iceland, is unstudied and simple, an apparently unreserved confession. The Icelandic prose, with its richness of contents and its capability of different moods, is by comparison resolute, secure and impartial; its authors are among those who do not give their own opinion about their stories. Joinville, for all his exceptional genius in narrative, is yet like all the host of medieval writers except the Icelandic School, in his readiness to give his opinion, to improve the occasion, and to add to his plain story something like the intonation of the preacher. Inimitable as he is, to come from the Icelandic books to Joinville is to discover that he is 'medieval' in a sense that does not apply to those; that his work, with all its sobriety and solidity, has also the incalculable and elusive touch of fantasy, of exaltation, that seems to claim in a special way the name of Romance.

From 'Epic and Romance.'

DAVID HERBERT LAWRENCE

A SICILIAN TRAIN JOURNEY

Humanity is, externally, too much alike. Internally there are insuperable differences. So one sits and thinks, watching the people on the station: like a line of caricatures between oneself and the naked sea and the uneasy, clouding dawn.

You would look in vain this morning for the swarthy feline southerner of romance. It might, as far as features are concerned, be an early morning crowd waiting for the train on a north London suburb station. As far as features go. For some are fair and some colourless and

none really typical. The only one that is absolutely like a rare caricature is a tall stout elderly fellow with spectacles and a short nose and a bristling moustache, and he is the German of the comic papers of twenty years ago. But he is pure Sicilian.

They are mostly young fellows going up the line to Messina to their job: not artizans, lower middle class. And externally, so like any other clerks and shopmen, only rather more shabby, much less *socially* self-conscious. They are lively, they throw their arms round one another's necks, they all but kiss. One poor chap has had earache, so a black kerchief is tied round his face, and his black hat is perched above, and a comic sight he looks. No one seems to think so, however. Yet they view my arrival with a knapsack on my back with cold disapprobation, as unseemly as if I had arrived riding on a pig. I ought to be in a carriage, and the knapsack ought to be a new suitcase. I know it, but am inflexible.

That is how they are. Each one thinks he is as handsome as Adonis, and as 'fetching' as Don Juan. Extraordinary! At the same time, all flesh is grass, and if a few trouser-buttons are missing, or if a black hat perches above a thick black muffler and a long excruciated face, it is all in the course of nature. They seize the black-edged one by the arm, and in profound commiseration: 'Do you suffer? Are you suffering?' they ask.

And that also is how they are. So terribly physically all over one another. They pour themselves one over the other like so much melted butter over parsnips. They catch each other under the chin, with a tender caress of the hand, and they smile with sunny melting tenderness into each other's face. Never in the world have I seen such melting gay tenderness as between casual Sicilians on railway platforms, whether they be young lean-cheeked Sicilians or huge stout Sicilians.

There must be something curious about the proximity

of a volcano. Naples and Catania alike, the men are hugely fat, with great macaroni paunches, they are expansive and in a perfect drip of casual affection and love. But the Sicilians are even more wildly exuberant and fat and all over one another than the Neapolitans. They never leave off being amorously friendly with almost everybody, emitting a relentless physical familiarity that is quite bewildering to one not brought up near a volcano.

This is more true of the middle classes than of the lower. The working men are perforce thinner and less exuberant. But they hang together in clusters, and can never be physically near enough.

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It is raining—dismally, dismally raining. And this is Messina coming. Oh horrible Messina, earthquake-shattered and renewing your youth like a vast mining settlement, with rows and streets and miles of concrete shanties, squalor and a big street with shops and gaps and broken houses still, just behind the tram-lines, and a dreary squalid earthquake-hopeless port in a lovely harbour. People don't forget and don't recover. The people of Messina seem to be to-day what they were nearly twenty years ago, after the earthquake: people who have had a terrible shock, and for whom all life's institutions are really nothing, neither civilisation nor purposes. The meaning of everything all came down with a smash in that shuddering earthquake, and nothing remains but money and the throes of some sort of sensation. Messina between the volcanoes, Etna and Stromboli, having known the death-agony's terror. I always dread coming near the awful place, yet I have found the people kind, almost feverishly so, as if they knew the awful need for kindness.

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What a lot of officials! You know them by their

caps. Elegant tubby little officials in kid-and-patent boots and gold-laced caps, tall long-nosed ones in more gold-laced caps, like angels in and out of the gates of heaven they thread in and out of the various doors. As far as I can see, there are three scarlet station-masters, five black-and-gold substation-masters, and a countless number of principalities and powers in more or less broken boots and official caps. They are like bees round a hive, humming in an important *conversazione*, and occasionally looking at some paper or other, and extracting a little official honey. But the *conversazione* is the affair of affairs. To an Italian official, life seems to be one long and animated conversation—the Italian word is better—interrupted by casual trains and telephones. And besides the angels of heaven's gates, there are the mere ministers, porters, lamp-cleaners, etc. These stand in groups and talk socialism. A lamp-man slashes along, swinging a couple of lamps. Bashes one against a barrow. Smash goes the glass. Looks down as if to say, What do you mean by it? Glances over his shoulder to see if any member of the higher hierarchies is looking. Seven members of the higher hierarchies are assiduously not looking. On goes the minister with the lamp, blithely. Another pane or two gone. *Vogue la galère.*

Passengers have gathered again, some in hoods, some in nothing. Youths in thin, paltry clothes stand out in the pouring rain as if they did not know it was raining. One sees their coat-shoulders soaked. And yet they do not trouble to keep under shelter. Two large station dogs run about and trot through the standing trains, just like officials. They climb up the footboard, hop into a train and hop out casually when they feel like it. Two or three port-porters, in canvas hats as big as umbrellas, literally, spreading like huge fans over their shoulders, are looking into more empty trains. More and more official caps stand about. It rains and rains.

The train for Palermo and the train for Syracuse are both an hour late already, coming from the port. Flea-bite. Through these are the great connections from Rome.

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But there, why grumble. *Noi Italiani siamo cosi buoni.* Take it from their own mouth.

Ecco! Finalmente! The crowd is quite joyful as the two express trains surge proudly in, after their half-a-mile creep. Plenty of room, for once. Though the carriage floor is a puddle, and the roof leaks. This is second class.

Slowly, with two engines, we grunt and chuff and twist to get over the break-neck heights that shut Messina in from the north coast. The windows are opaque with steam and drops of rain. No matter—tea from the thermos flask, to the great interest of the other two passengers, who had nervously contemplated the unknown object.

'Ha!' says he with joy, seeing the hot tea come out. 'It has the appearance of a bomb.'

'Beautiful hot!' says she, with real admiration. All apprehension at once dissipated, peace reigns in the wet, mist-hidden compartment.

From 'Sea and Sardinia.'

VERNON LEE

LEARNING TO WRITE

A quarter of a century and more ago, as I had ended a lecture upon Literary Construction, there came up from among my audience a young and intelligent lady, who, after the compliments suitable to the occasion, asked me to tell her *where she could learn the value of words.*

Some poet, I forget which, would have answered, as

he did on a similar occasion, that such knowledge must be looked for in her heart. My own answer was quite in that style, with the addition (only not spoken out loud) of calling, as the poet had called his interviewer, a fool. And then I went on through the years—and the fool was myself—imagining that had settled the question.

The fact is that the increasing, and by this time inveterate, habit of looking at such matters from the psychological rather than the biographical point of view, led to my forgetting how I myself learned to write, nay to my almost taking for granted that the individual writer teaches himself in the course of his practice; or at the utmost finds whatever can be taught embodied in the practice of other writers. I recognize having thought so much about the relation between Writers and Readers as to overlook the relations between teachers and pupils, and tacitly almost to deny their importance. Now that is absurd.

There is no reason why, instead of being left to find it all out for himself, a writer should not be taught (though, alas! there are often concrete reasons why he should never learn) that sundry literary proceedings, whereunto the natural creature is evidently propense, are far better avoided.

All education, all progress, we are told, is carried on by such forestalling of individual experience and consequent setting free of human effort for something new. Neither is it sufficient to be set imitating good models, since no model is good all through, just as no saint is entirely saintly, and it is just as well to be told 'Do this but don't do that.' Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it is the case for 'Don't do that.' Not because our hearts and our taste are originally bad, but because (at least so I incline to think), whether in dealing with *bona fide* children or with the metaphorical undying Child called *Man*, inculcation of virtue and wisdom is unimportant

by the side of dissuasion from evil courses; nay, I suspect that our indulgence in such conduct as jeopardizes self, neighbours and whole nations, is often proportionate to the admonitions we receive to become heroes, sages and saints. As regards Literature, at all events, what beginners require are not treatises on the Sublime and Beautiful, but rules of thumb against such practices as they would naturally fall into with self-complacency.

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All of which comes to saying that I withdraw any remarks which might imply that you cannot be taught by other persons how to write, and especially how *not to write*. Only adding the proviso: that you must be a writer-born before you can learn these things to any purpose.

So, taking for granted (as all who write must do) that I too was a 'born writer,' let me stretch out across the dark solid years since anybody taught me anything, and lay hold of a few reminiscences of how and by whom I was made a writer after having been duly born one.

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I was taught most of that negative part of writing which, after all, is merely the application to literature of common sense and good manners, by my Mother. She was, almost in proportion as many of her views and ways would have been called 'advanced,' decidedly old-fashioned, as belonging to a West Indian family and brought up in a remote district of Wales. Thus she clung, even in the seventies, to certain eighteenth-century words and pronunciations, and to heresies which I later identified as Voltairian, or derived from Rousseau and Tom Paine; and her politics were those of Charles James Fox. She had never heard of Browning, who was her

exact contemporary, nor of George Eliot; nor apparently of Darwin, though when his views were brought to her notice she spoke as if all reasonable persons must have held them. I remember her speaking of Shelley, whose 'subversive' notions were quite according to her heart, as 'rather morbid, my dear'; and would have added, had she not deprecated applying such a word to poetry, decidedly new-fangled. Like our latter-day lovers of French literature, she had read little of Racine, but liked him only the better. She was very strong on grammar; acquired an exhaustive (and to my childish mind exhausting) knowledge of the fourteen cases (including *avec le peu*) of the French past participle. Also she had great faith in Euclid, of whom she had mastered up to and inclusive of the fifth proposition of the first book, besides the *definitions* and *postulates*, all of which she endeavoured to convey to me during our walks, always by word of mouth, and without allowing me to glance at a diagram or even to draw one furtively in the road's dust.

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This mathematical education of herself and of me pursued, like her study of pianoforte and guitar fingering, with indomitable application and on self-devised methods, was interrupted after a couple of years by the urgent need for guiding and curbing my literary dispositions, which were characterized by more natural bad taste than the visible configuration of my brain had led her to expect. Besides, of course, a more philosophical training in the works of George Coombe and of that remarkable young philosopher called Buckle, she taught me how to write out of two excellent books, Blair's *Rhetoric* and Cobbett's *Grammar*, supplementing them with elaborate and admirably written commentaries of her own, and with horribly painful object-lessons in *corpore vili* of my adolescent works. These she criticized entirely from the

point of view of good sense and good manners, although 'ideality' and 'poetic feeling' were what she praised most in literature. She was, in truth, at once intensely poetical and excessively prosaic; permeated with cynicism yet beyond description sentimental and idealizing; philosophically abstract and passionately personal in all her judgments; more logical than all the *Encyclopédistes* rolled into one, and childishly unreasonable and credulous whenever herself and her belongings were concerned.

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She was, briefly, a mass of contradictions; but these were all grown into each other, made organic and inevitable by her passionate and unmistakable individuality which recognized no law but its own, and, while unceasingly influenced by others, was never once checked or interfered with. She was tyrannical and self-immolating more than any of us are or can imagine in these days; over-flowing with sympathy and ruthlessly unforgiving; dreadfully easily wounded and quite callous of wounding others; she was deliciously tender, exquisitely humorous, extraordinarily grim and at moments terrifying; always difficult to live with and absolutely adorable. She had a high notion of the dignity of literature, and of the divine quality of genius, which she took for granted in all her belongings. While my father thought poorly of writing, describing it (I now think not quite unjustly) as a 'gift of the gab,' my mother had made up her mind that I had to become, at the very least, another De Staël. I disagreed with all her criticisms, trembled before them; smarted and secretly rebelled under her teaching; and in my heart adored it, like her. And when I now look into my literary preferences I find that I care for a good deal of what I have read, and even for some of what I myself have

written, because in some indirect manner it is associated with her indescribable, incomparable person.

From 'The Handling of Words.'

PERCY LUBBOCK

MISS GILPIN

There now, however, when we had quite given up expecting her, arrived Miss Gilpin. She appeared in the doorway and she stopped on the threshold for a moment, collecting the eyes of the company before she made her advance. She was a trim little woman, not very young, but with an extremely pretty head of fox-brown hair; and with a graceful gesture of both hands she sang out a greeting to us all, at a distance, in a small tuneful voice, standing where the light fell upon the bright coils of her hair; and with her arms still wide she tripped along the floor to join our party, giving a hand here and a smile there in a sort of dance-figure of sweetness and amiability—pausing finally, before me the stranger, with a kind little questioning smile, while she waited and looked to Erda for an introduction. You haven't forgotten, perhaps, that Miss Gilpin had a certain reputation of pride; and indeed she was a public celebrity, for she was the authoress of books, of several books, though she didn't rely upon these for her effect on entering a room. Her mazy motion and her hair and her gracious ways were enough for a beginning, let alone the flattering charm of her inclination when I was duly presented. She pressed my hand as though to say that already she marked me off from the rest of the company—whose second-rate mixture we could both appreciate, she and I; but for her part she didn't mean to be wanting in civility to the good souls, and so—'Cara mia!—che piacere!—dopo tanto!'—she warbled

her cries and beamed and inclined her head in a manner to make everybody feel exceedingly plain and coarse.

The finest instrument of her superiority, could the rest of the company perceive it, was her Italian accent. It was probably lost on them, but it did all its execution on me. She continued to talk Italian, though Teresa plumped out her rich-vowelled English in return, and though Erda disdained the use of any speech but her elemental Gothic. Miss Gilpin's Italian, you see, was remarkably perfect; her intonation had the real right ringing edge to it, which you don't often hear upon English lips. She pounced upon the stresses and bit off the consonants and lingered slidingly upon the long vowels—but I needn't describe it, you easily recall the effect; and the point of it was that she had acquired it all by her taste, by her tact, by her talent—not merely because she couldn't help it, rubbing against the language all the time (like Olga or Teresa) in the middle-class tagrag of the town. To me at least the distinction was very clear. Poor old Teresa, with her English airs, betrayed herself by the genuine slipshod of her swift Roman interjections, now and then, aside to her niece or to Emilio; she would mumble or hiss out a word or two in which there was no mistaking the carelessness of the native. Miss Gilpin, exquisitely intoning her lovely syllables, had none of the smirch of professionalism; she seemed to bring the language of Dante into the drawing-room of a princess—and yet she was just a clever little English lady, smart and pretty and well-bred, and you couldn't for a moment suppose she was anything else.

She was the authoress of several cultivated and charming works, so I have always understood, in which Italian history and Italian landscape were artfully blended—her art showing peculiarly in this, that her gush of romance (over the landscape) was redeemed from weak femininity

by her scholarship, while her severity and soundness (over the history) was humanized by her descriptions of peasant life, village humours, parochial ceremonies ; and so you learned about the popes and the great ladies of the Renaissance, and at the same time you slipped unawares into the very heart of the old unspoilt enchanting country, the real Italy—or perhaps I should put it the other way round, the vintage and the white oxen and the kindly old village-priest coming first, leading you easily onward and upward to the very heart of the Renaissance. Anyhow Miss Gilpin had her note, and I believe she struck it to considerable applause. But she didn't assume the style of a woman of letters—in this matter too there was nothing professional about her. She was still the Englishwoman of good connexions, who happened to be related by marriage or even friendship to two or three of the most splendid houses of Rome—but who wore this accidental embellishment very simply, just as a matter of course, needing no words—and who lived by herself, lived daintily on small means, lived in Italy because she loved the dear villagers and the white oxen ; and when you had taken in all this, she had still in reserve the telling fact that she wrote these remarkable books, the kind of books you wouldn't expect from an elegant little Englishwoman of the Alban hills—or indeed from a woman at all, considering their scholarly and manly style ; so that she beats the professional literary hack upon his own ground without making a parade of it—showing up his assumptions and pretensions rather cleverly, don't you agree ? There were plenty of people who *did* agree, and who told her so ; and altogether Miss Gilpin, living amusingly and unconventionally in the Alban hills, might be thought to enjoy a happy and original position in her world. Erda was one of the quaint impossible friends that dear little Nora Gilpin always managed to unearth, with her talent

for discovering interest where other people would fail to notice it.

From 'Roman Pictures.'

EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

THE SWEEP

It used to be a favourite device of humorous artists—I think there are several examples in Leech's work—to make drawings of chimney-sweeps in close conjunction with persons of superior cleanliness and fastidious attire. Indeed, it is probably still done, for a belief in reincarnation is tenaciously held among jokes.

But the odd thing is that, though I have seen sweeps all my life—and a very early recollection is of running out into the garden to watch the brush emerge from a chimney—they have either been on foot pushing their barrows, or driving little carts, or about to begin their task in the sheeted room itself. Not till last week did I ever see a sweep sitting in a railway carriage next to a person of superior cleanliness and more or less fastidious attire. But I saw it then, and I remember the incident with some clearness, because the person beside him was myself.

He was a sweep of the old school. What the sweeps of the new school are like I have no notion; but I suppose that they are as revolutionary as their contemporaries in other branches of art. Their rods, I should guess, are no longer straight but resemble corkscrews, their brushes are no longer round, and they probably maintain that soot is white. But my sweep belonged to the past, and in our conversation he lamented the changes that have come upon the world, not so much in the matter of sweeping as in the attitude of people towards those who perform that necessary task.

'I hope,' he said, 'that whenever you meet a sweep in the street, you throw a kiss to him.'

'Certainly not,' I replied.

He sighed. 'Just as I expected,' he said. 'And there are very few left that do. But when I began, it was still quite a common habit. I walked about having kisses thrown to me on all sides.'

'But why?' I asked.

'Because it's lucky,' he said. 'Didn't you know that? Whenever you meet a sweep you should throw him a kiss, and then you have good luck. Don't you want good luck?'

'Want it!' I exclaimed, 'want it!'

'Well,' he said, 'that's a way to get it. But people don't seem to know it any more. I suppose it's because it's only the rules for bad luck that are talked about. Mothers tell their children all about spilling salt, and walking under ladders, and going to sea on Friday, and crossing on the stairs: all the things that bring bad luck; but they don't tell them about the lucky ones. At least, only a few. They tell them about picking up pins, but they don't tell them about chimney-sweeps.'

'Do you share in the good luck that you produce?' I asked.

'Not us,' he replied.

'But surely that's very unfair,' I said. 'Surely it's wrong that sweeps should be the means of spreading good fortune, but should have no one themselves to throw kisses to? Isn't there anyone that would do for you? Soap-boilers?'

'Not that I've heard of,' he said. 'No, we just make good luck for others.'

'But do you really make it for others?' I asked. 'Have you any proof?'

'Proof!' he cried. 'The stories I could tell you! Well, here's one. I remember one morning, years and

years ago, I was going along Knightsbridge way a little after seven o'clock—we begin betimes, you know—and at William Street a lady on horseback was crossing the road to get into the Row. She saw me and blew me a kiss. A pretty lady she was too; a most beautiful lady. Well, I thought no more about it, and I dare say as many as three years passed when, one day as I was pushing my barrow down Park Lane, I was stopped by a lady walking beside a nurse who was wheeling a perambulator, with the sweetest baby you ever saw inside it.

'The lady looked at me very hard and then she stopped me. "I do believe you're my sweep," she said. "Kate," she said to the nurse, "I do believe this is my sweep. Do you remember," she said to me, "my kissing my hand to you just by Albert Gate one morning early about three years ago?"

'I said I did. And it was true. There was something about her that had stuck in my mind all that while.

'"Well," she said, "I've been looking for you ever since. You brought me luck." And she gave me a sovereign; for those were the days when there still was some gold about.

'"And might I ask," I said, "if the luck is in any way connected with this little angel here?" pointing to the baby. And she laughed and said "Yes."

'Well,' he went on, 'that's only one case. I could tell you plenty more. The gents who have backed winners after meeting me and have given me something for myself! Because there is some gratitude in the world, after all; or at any rate, there was. I used to know more than one gent who said that he never had a bet except on the days when he had met a sweep.'

'But suppose he lived opposite one,' I said, 'and couldn't help seeing him, would that count?'

'No,' said the sweep thoughtfully. 'I think it ought

to be more accidental than that. Besides, gents don't live opposite sweeps. No, of course it must be accidental, because there's my missis—and no one could call her lucky. Rheumatoid arthritis isn't lucky, and she's doubled up with it. And she sees me often enough. No, I think it has got to be accidental,' he repeated.

He began to collect his implements.

'Well, good morning,' he said at Victoria. 'I get out here. I live in the Vauxhall Bridge Road.'

And he left.

Glancing round furtively to make sure that I was unobserved, I threw him a kiss.

From 'Encounters and Diversions.'

JOHN WILLIAM MACKAIL

LUCRETIUS

The joy and glory of his art come second in his mind to his passionate love of truth, and the deep moral purport of what he believes to be the one true message for mankind. The human race lies fettered by superstition and ignorance; his mission is to dispel their darkness by that light of truth which is 'clearer than the beams of the sun or the shining shafts of day.' Spinoza has been called, in a bold figure, 'a man drunk with God'; the contemplation of the 'nature of things,' the physical structure of the universe, and the living and all but impersonate law which forms and sustains it, has the same intoxicating influence over Lucretius. God and man are alike to him bubbles on the ceaseless stream of existence; yet they do not therefore, as they have so often done in other philosophies, fade away to a spectral thinness. His contemplation of existence is no brooding over abstractions; Nature is not in his view the majestic and silent figure before whose unchanging eyes the

shifting shadow-shapes go and come; but an essential life, manifesting itself in a million workings, *creatrix*, *gubernans*, *daedala rerum*. The universe is filled through all its illimitable spaces by the roar of her working, the ceaseless unexhausted energy with which she alternates life and death.

To our own age the Epicurean philosophy has a double interest. Not only was it a philosophy of life and conduct, but, in the effort to place life and conduct under ascertainable physical laws, it was led to frame an extremely detailed and ingenious body of natural philosophy, which, partly from being based on really sound postulates, partly from a happy instinct in connecting phenomena, still remains interesting and valuable. To the Epicureans, indeed, as to all ancient thinkers, the scientific method as it is now understood was unknown; and a series of unverified generalisations, however brilliant and acute, is not the true way towards knowledge. But it still remains an astonishing fact that many of the most important physical discoveries of modern times are hinted at or even expressly stated by Lucretius. The general outlines of the atomic doctrine have long been accepted as in the main true; in all important features it is superior to any other physical theory of the universe which existed up to the seventeenth century. In his theory of light Lucretius was in advance of Newton. In his theory of chemical affinities (for he describes the thing though the nomenclature was unknown to him) he was in advance of Lavoisier. In his theory of the ultimate constitution of the atom he is in striking agreement with the views of the ablest living physicists. The essential function of science—to reduce apparently disparate phenomena to the expressions of a single law—is not with him the object of a moment's doubt or uncertainty.

Towards real progress in knowledge two things are

alike indispensable: a true scientific method, and imaginative insight. The former is, in the main, a creation of the modern world, nor was Lucretius here in advance of his age. But in the latter quality he is unsurpassed, if not unequalled. Perhaps this is even clearer in another field of science, that which has within the last generation risen to such immense proportions under the name of anthropology. Thirty years ago it was the first and second books of the *De Rerum Natura* which excited the greatest enthusiasm in the scientific world. Now that the atomic theory has passed into the rank of received doctrines, the brilliant sketch, given in the fifth book, of the beginnings of life upon the earth, the evolution of man and the progress of human society, is the portion of the poem in which his scientific imagination is displayed most astonishingly. A Roman aristocrat, living among a highly cultivated society, Lucretius had been yet endowed by nature with the primitive instincts of the savage. He sees the ordinary processes of everyday life—weaving, carpentry, metal-working, even such specialised forms of manual art as the polishing of the surface of marble—with the fresh eye of one who sees them all for the first time. Nothing is to him indistinct through familiarity. In virtue of this absolute clearness of vision it costs him no effort to throw himself back into prehistoric conditions and the wild life of the earliest men. Even further than this he can pierce the dim recesses of the past. Before his imagination the earth rises swathed in tropical forests, and all strange forms of life issuing and jostling one another for existence in the steaming warmth of perpetual summer. Among a thousand types that flowered and fell, the feeble form of primitive man is distinguished, without fire, without clothing, without articulate speech. Through the midnight of the woods, shivering at the cries of the stealthy-footed prowlers of the darkness, he crouches

huddled in fallen leaves, waiting for the rose of dawn. Little by little the prospect clears round him. The branches of great trees, grinding one against another in the windy forest, break into a strange red flower; he gathers it and hoards it in his cave. There, when wind and rain beat without, the hearth-fire burns through the winter, and round it gathers that other marvellous invention of which the hearth-fire became the mysterious symbol, the family. From this point the race is on the full current of progress, of which the remainder of the book gives an account as essentially true as it is incomparably brilliant. If we consider how little Lucretius had to go upon in this reconstruction of lost history, his imaginative insight seems almost miraculous. Even for the later stages of human progress he had to rely mainly on the eye which saw deep below the surface into the elementary structure of civilisation. There was no savage life within the scope of his actual observation. Books wavered between traditions of an impossible golden age and fragments of primitive legend which were then quite unintelligible, and are only now giving up their secret under a rigorous analysis. Further back, and beyond the rude civilisation of the earlier races of Greece and Italy, data wholly failed. We have supplemented, but hardly given more life to, his picture of the first beginnings, by evidence drawn from a thousand sources then unknown or unexplored—from coal-measures and mud-deposits, Pictish barrows and lacustrine midden-steads, remote tribes of hidden Africa and islands of the Pacific Sea.

From 'Latin Literature.'

EDWARD MACNAGHTEN

'STONE ALE'

My Lords, the appellant complains of the injunction awarded against him, so far and so far only as it prohibits him absolutely 'from selling or causing to be sold any ale or beer not of the plaintiffs' manufacture, under the term "Stone Ales" or "Stone Ale."' The order was made in the first instance on an interlocutory application. Then there was an appeal. The Court of Appeal affirmed the order and maintained the injunction as it stood. After judgment was delivered the appellant's counsel offered to submit to 'a perpetual injunction in that form.' 'You had better accept that, Mr. Romer,' said Cotton, L.J. The offer was accepted, and the injunction was made perpetual. But the order is not expressed to be by consent.

Stone, it seems, is a town in Staffordshire, containing some 6000 inhabitants. It has a supply of water admirably suited for brewing. So the appellant says, and his opinion is fortified by scientific analysis. Anyhow Stone is famous for its ales, which are known in that part of England as 'Stone Ales,' while one special quality is known as 'Stone Ale.' These ales all come from the plaintiffs' brewery, which is said to have been established in Stone for a hundred years, and to have flourished there all that time without a rival, and even without any attempt at rivalry worth mentioning. Whatever reputation, therefore, is attached to Stone Ales, or to Stone Ale, above other ales known in the district, is due to the plaintiffs and their predecessors in business. The value of that reputation, whatever it is, no one knows better than the appellant. He is the proprietor of several hotels and public houses in Liverpool, and in his different establishments he has dealt largely in Stone Ales procured

from the plaintiffs. In 1887 he determined to set up as a brewer himself. He had to find a site for his business. Where was he to go? After much consideration, influenced, as he says, by the peculiar virtue of the water, he resolved to go to Stone. One thing leads to another. Having gone to Stone he could think of no better name for his brewery than 'Stone Brewery'; he could find no more fitting designation for his ales than 'Stone Ales.' Then came these proceedings. It is not the first time in these cases that water has got an honest man into trouble, and then failed him at a pinch. Neither Chitty, J., nor the learned Lords Justices could be persuaded that the appellant was attracted to Stone by the peculiar virtue and chemical properties of the water. They thought he went there simply with the object of stealing the plaintiffs' trade, and in the hope of reaping where he had not sown. They were satisfied that he meant to make a fraudulent use of the term 'Stone Ales,' and that he could not possibly use that term honestly.

With the judgment that has been passed upon his character and conduct the appellant does not quarrel. Protesting that it was somewhat harsh, his counsel used it to point their argument. Granted, they said, that the appellant is a fraudulent man—as fraudulent as you please—still his demerits cannot enlarge the plaintiffs' rights. The injunction being absolute and unqualified in its terms will secure to the plaintiffs the monopoly of brewing in Stone. With such water Stone might be as Wrexham or even as Burton. The injunction makes it the private preserve of the plaintiffs. Then, they argued, the appellant is not to be deprived of his rights because he has behaved badly. All the Court ought to do is to keep him strictly within his rights. He had a perfect right, as everybody has, to set up a brewery in Stone. Ale brewed in Stone is Stone Ale, for all that the Court can say or do. The appellant is entitled to

call his ale what it really is, and to sell it under its true name, if he takes care that his customers are not induced to believe that it is of the plaintiffs' manufacture.

My Lords, I confess I feel the force of these arguments, and I should be disposed to give some effect to them if it were not for the peculiar circumstances of the case. The order, it will be remembered, was made first on an interlocutory application. The appellant had announced his intention of selling his ales as 'Stone Ales.' The Court held that that would be a fraud, and that nothing could justify it; so the Court interfered to prevent the particular fraud which the appellant was at the time threatening to commit. I apprehend that under the circumstances the interlocutory order was right. Is the order right now that it has been made perpetual?

My Lords, there are two considerations which lead me to think it ought not to be disturbed. In the first place, I cannot forget the way in which the order came to be made perpetual. Though the order was certainly not a consent order, it was made on the invitation of the appellant. It may be that if it had not been for that invitation—if the action had followed its regular course—the injunction would have been in a different form. Under these circumstances I apprehend that your Lordships would be slow to alter it to the disadvantage of the plaintiffs. In the next place I do not see my way to alter it at all, except by making it more stringent and more severe. And that would hardly be fair to the appellant on his appeal.

I think that an order in the terms read by my noble and learned friend opposite (Lord Watson), an injunction in the form of that granted in *Seixo* v. *Provezende* (1) would have better met the justice of the case. In some respects *Seixo* v. *Provezende* (1) was very like the present case. In a district in the Alto Douro called Seixo, the plaintiff had a vineyard known as the 'Quinta do Seixo,' and his

wines came to be known on the London market as 'Seixo' wines. The defendant also had a vineyard in the Seixo district, and he put his wines on the London market with brands which led to their being called by a name of which Seixo formed part. The defendant's conduct was not free from suspicion, and in one case at least there was some confusion between the wines. The same arguments were used there as have been used here. The plaintiff, it was urged, had no right to the monopoly of the term 'Seixo.' The defendant had as much right to use it as the plaintiff, if he used it honestly. The Vice-Chancellor said he had a right to use the term 'Seixo,' but that if he chose to use it, it lay upon him to distinguish his wines from those of the plaintiff, and to make the distinction perfectly clear, and so the injunction which, if I remember right, was dictated by the Vice-Chancellor himself, went in that form. The form was approved on appeal, and it has been sanctioned in this House.

It is obvious, I think, that if the injunction had been in that form, the appellant could not have used the term 'Stone Ales' at all. It would have been impossible for him to have called his ales 'Stone Ales,' and to have distinguished his ales from those of the plaintiff. Any attempt to distinguish the two, even if honestly meant, would have been perfectly idle. Thirsty folk want beer, not explanations. If the public get the thing they want, or something near it, and get it under the old name—the name with which they are familiar—they are likely to be supremely indifferent to the character and conduct of the brewer, and the equitable rights of rival traders.

For these reasons, though I think the form of the injunction is open to objection, I agree that the appeal must be dismissed.

From 'A Judgment in Thomas Montgomery, Appellant, and Thompson and Others, Respondents.'

KATHERINE MANSFIELD

'KEZIA INVESTIGATES THE GARDEN OF THE NEW HOUSE'

But no, Kezia had seen a bull through a hole in a notch of wood in the paling that separated the tennis lawn from the paddock. But she had not liked the bull frightfully, so she had walked away back through the orchard, up the grassy slope, along the path by the lace bark tree and so into the spread tangled garden. She did not believe that she would ever not get lost in this garden. Twice she had found her way back to the big iron gates they had driven through the night before, and then had turned to walk up the drive that led to the house, but there were so many little paths on either side. On one side they all led into a tangle of tall dark trees and strange bushes with flat velvet leaves and feathery cream flowers that buzzed with flies when you shook them—this was the frightening side, and no garden at all. The little paths here were wet and clayey with tree roots spanned across them like marks of big fowls' feet.

But on the other side of the drive there was a high box border and the paths had box edges and all of them led into a deeper and deeper tangle of flowers. The camellias were in bloom, white and crimson and pink and white striped with flashing leaves. You could not see a leaf on the syringa bushes for the white clusters. The roses were in flower—gentlemen's button-hole roses, little white ones, but far too full of insects to hold under anyone's nose, pink monthly roses with a ring of fallen petals round the bushes, cabbage roses on thick stalks, moss roses, always in bud, pink smooth beauties opening curl on curl, red ones so dark they seemed to turn black as they fell, and a certain exquisite cream kind with a slender red stem and bright scarlet leaves.

There were clumps of fairy bells, and all kinds of geraniums, and there were little trees of verbena and bluish lavender bushes and a bed of pelargoniums with velvet eyes and leaves like moths' wings. There was a bed of nothing but mignonette and another of nothing but pansies—borders of double and single daisies and all kinds of little tufty plants she had never seen before.

The red-hot pokers were taller than she ; the Japanese sunflowers grew in a tiny jungle. She sat down on one of the box borders. By pressing hard at first it made a nice seat. But how dusty it was inside ! Kezia bent down to look and sneezed and rubbed her nose.

And then she found herself at the top of the rolling grassy slope that led down to the orchard. . . . She looked down at the slope a moment ; then she lay down on her back, gave a squeak and rolled over and over into the thick flowery orchard grass. As she lay waiting for things to stop spinning, she decided to go up to the house and ask the servant girl for an empty match-box. She wanted to make a surprise for the grandmother. . . . First she would put a leaf inside with a big violet lying on it, then she would put a very small white picotee, perhaps, on each side of the violet, and then she would sprinkle some lavender on the top, but not to cover their heads.

She often made these surprises for the grandmother, and they were always most successful.

'Do you want a match, my granny ?'

'Why, yes, child, I believe a match is just what I'm looking for.'

The grandmother slowly opened the box and came upon the picture inside.

'Good gracious, child ! How you astonished me !'

'I can make her one every day here,' she thought, scrambling up the grass on her slippery shoes.

But on her way back to the house she came to that

island that lay in the middle of the drive, dividing the drive into two arms that met in front of the house. The island was made of grass banked up high. Nothing grew on the top except one huge plant with thick, grey-green, thorny leaves, and out of the middle there sprang up a tall stout stem. Some of the leaves of the plant were so old that they curled up in the air no longer; they turned back, they were split and broken; some of them lay flat and withered on the ground.

Whatever could it be? She had never seen anything like it before. She stood and stared. And then she saw her mother coming down the path.

'Mother, what is it?' asked Kezia.

Linda looked up at the fat swelling plant with its cruel leaves and fleshy stem. High above them, as though becalmed in the air, and yet holding so fast to the earth it grew from, it might have had claws instead of roots. The curving leaves seemed to be hiding something; the blind stem cut into the air as if no wind could ever shake it.

'That is an aloe, Kezia,' said her mother.

'Does it ever have any flowers?'

'Yes, Kezia,' and Linda smiled down at her, and half shut her eyes. 'Once every hundred years.'

From 'Prelude.'

JOHN MASEFIELD

SUVLA BAY

On Friday, the 23rd of April, the weather cleared so that the work could be begun. In fine weather in Mudros a haze of beauty comes upon the hills and water till their loveliness is unearthly, it is so rare. Then the bay is like a blue jewel, and the hills lose their savagery, and glow, and are gentle, and the sun comes up from

Troy, and the peaks of Samothrace change colour, and all the marvellous ships in the harbour are transfigured. The land of Lemnos was beautiful with flowers at that season, in the brief Ægean spring, and to seawards always, in the bay, were the ships, more ships, perhaps, than any port of modern times has known; they seemed like half the ships of the world. In this crowd of shipping strange beautiful Greek vessels passed, under rigs of old time, with sheep and goats and fish for sale, and the tugs of the Thames and Mersey met again the ships they had towed of old, bearing a new freight, of human courage. The transports (all painted black) lay in tiers, well within the harbour, the men-of-war nearer Mudros and the entrance. Now in all that city of ships, so busy with passing picket-boats, and noisy with the labour of men, the getting of the anchors began. Ship after ship, crammed with soldiers, moved slowly out of harbour in the lovely day, and felt again the heave of the sea. No such gathering of fine ships has ever been seen upon this earth, and the beauty and the exultation of the youth upon them made them like sacred things as they moved away. All the thousands of men aboard them gathered on deck to see, till each rail was thronged. These men had come from all parts of the British world, from Africa, Australia, Canada, India, the Mother Country, New Zealand, and remote islands in the sea. They had said good-bye to home that they might offer their lives in the cause we stand for. In a few hours at most, as they well knew, perhaps a tenth of them would have looked their last on the sun, and be a part of foreign earth or dumb things that the tides push. Many of them would have disappeared for ever from the knowledge of man, blotted from the book of life none would know how—by a fall or chance shot in the darkness, in the blast of a shell, or alone, like a hurt beast, in some scrub or gully, far from comrades and the English speech and the English singing.

And perhaps a third of them would be mangled, blinded or broken, lamed, made imbecile or disfigured, with the colour and the taste of life taken from them, so that they would never more move with comrades nor exult in the sun. And those not taken thus would be under the ground, sweating in the trench, carrying sandbags up the sap, dodging death and danger, without rest or food or drink, in the blazing sun or the frost of the Gallipoli night, till death seemed relaxation and a wound a luxury. But as they moved out these things were but the end they asked, the reward they had come for, the unseen cross upon the breast. All that they felt was a gladness of exultation that their young courage was to be used. They went like kings in a pageant to the imminent death. As they passed from moorings to the man-of-war anchorage on their way to the sea, their feeling that they had done with life and were going out to something new welled up in those battalions; they cheered and cheered till the harbour rang with cheering. As each ship crammed with soldiers drew near the battleships, the men swung their caps and cheered again, and the sailors answered, and the noise of cheering swelled, and the men in the ships not yet moving joined in, and the men ashore, till all the life in the harbour was giving thanks that it could go to death rejoicing. All was beautiful in that gladness of men about to die, but the most moving thing was the greatness of their generous hearts. As they passed the French ships, the memory of old quarrels healed, and the sense of what sacred France has done and endured in this great war, and the pride of having such men as the French for comrades, rose up in their warm souls, and they cheered the French ships more, even, than their own.

They had left the harbour very, very slowly; this tumult of cheering lasted a long time; no one who heard it will ever forget it, or think of it unshaken. It broke

the hearts of all there with pity and pride : it went beyond the guard of the English heart. Presently all were out, and the fleet stood across for Tenedos, and the sun went down with marvellous colour, lighting island after island and the Asian peaks, and those left behind in Mudros trimmed their lamps knowing that they had been for a little brought near to the heart of things.

From 'Gallipoli.'

ALAN ALEXANDER MILNE

THOUGHTS ON THERMOMETERS

Our thermometer went down to 11 deg. the other night. The excitement was intense. It was, of course, the first person down to breakfast who rushed into the garden and made the discovery, and as each of us appeared he was greeted with the news.

'I say, do you know there were twenty-one degrees of frost last night?'

'Really? By Jove!'

We were all very happy and talkative at breakfast—an event rare enough to be chronicled. It was not that we particularly wanted a frost, but that we felt that, if it was going to freeze, it might as well do it properly—so as to show other nations that England was still to be reckoned with. And there was also the feeling that if the thermometer could get down to 11 deg. it might some day get down to zero; and then perhaps the Thames would be frozen over again at Westminster, and the papers would be full of strange news, and—generally speaking—life would be a little different from the ordinary. In a word, there would be a chance of something 'happening'—which, I take it, is why one buys a thermometer and watches it so carefully.

Of course, every nice thermometer has a device for

registering the maximum and minimum temperatures, which can only be set with a magnet. This gives you an opportunity of using a magnet in ordinary life, an opportunity which occurs all too seldom. Indeed, I can think of no other occasion on which it plays any important part in one's affairs. It would be interesting to know if the sale of magnets exceeds the sale of thermometers, and if so, why?—and it would also be interesting to know why magnets are always painted red, as if they were dangerous, or belonged to the Government, or—but this is a question into which it is impossible to go now. My present theme is thermometers.

Our thermometer (which went down to 11 deg. the other night) is not one of your common mercury ones; it is filled with a pink fluid which I am told is alcohol, though I have never tried. It hangs in the kitchen garden. This gives you an excuse in summer for going into the kitchen garden and leaning against the fruit trees. 'Let's go and look at the thermometer,' you say to your guest from London, and just for the moment he thinks that the amusements of the country are not very dramatic. But after a day or two he learns that what you really mean is, 'Let's go and see if any fruit has blown down in the night.' And he takes care to lean against the right tree. An elaborate subterfuge, but necessary if your gardener is at all strict.

But whether your thermometer hangs in the kitchen garden or at the back of the shrubbery, you must recognize one thing about it, namely, that it is an open-air plant. There are people who keep thermometers shut up indoors, which is both cruel and unnecessary. When you complain that the library is a little chilly—as surely you are entitled to—they look at the thermometer nailed to the Henry Fielding shelf and say, 'Oh, no; I don't think so. It's sixty-five.' As if anybody wanted a thermometer to know if a room were cold or not. These

people insult thermometers and their guests further by placing one of the former in the bathroom soap-dish, in order that the latter may discover whether it is a hot or cold bath which they are having. All decent people know that a hot bath is one which you can just bear to get into, and that a cold bath is one which you cannot bear to think of getting into, but have to for honour's sake. They do not want to be told how many degrees Fahrenheit it is.

The undersized temperature-taker which the doctor puts under your tongue before telling you to keep warm and take plenty of milk puddings is properly despised by every true thermometer-lover. Any record which it makes is too personal for a breakfast-table topic, and moreover it is a thermometer which affords no scope for the magnet. Altogether it is a contemptible thing. An occasional devotee will bite it in two before returning it to its owner, but this is rather a strong line to take. It is perhaps best to avoid it altogether by not being ill.

A thermometer must always be treated with care, for the mercury once spilt can only be replaced with great difficulty. It is considered to be one of the most awkward things to pick up after dinner, and only a very steady hand will be successful. Some people with a gift for handling mercury or alcohol make their own thermometers; but even when you have got the stuff into the tube, it is always a question where to put the little figures. So much depends on them.

Now I must tell you the one hereditary failing of the thermometer. I had meant to hide it from you, but I see that you are determined to have it. It is this: you cannot go up to it and tap it. At least you can, but you don't get that feeling of satisfaction from it which the tapping of a barometer gives you. Of course you can always put a hot thumb on the bulb and watch the mercury run up; this is satisfying for a short time, but

it is not the same thing as tapping. And I am wrong to say 'always,' for in some thermometers—indeed, in ours, alas!—the bulb is wired in, so that no falsifying thumb can get to work. However, this has its compensations, for if no hot thumb can make our thermometer untrue to itself, neither can any cold thumb. And so when I tell you again that our thermometer did go down to 11 deg. the other night, you have no excuse for not believing that our twenty-one degrees of frost was a genuine affair. In fact, you will appreciate our excitement at breakfast.

From 'Not that it Matters.'

GEORGE MOORE

THE LAKE

At the end of a windless spring evening the Lake came into view a moment sooner than he had expected, and in an altogether different aspect—bluer than he had ever seen it in memory or reality—and, he confessed to himself, more beautiful. Like a great harp it lay below him, and his eyes followed the coast-lines widening out in an indenture of the hills: on one side desert, on the other richly cultivated ascents, with villages and one great city, Tiberias—its domes, cupolas, towers and the high cliffs abutting on the lake between Tiberias and Magdala bathed in a purple glow as the sun went down. My own village! he said, and it was a pleasure to him to imagine his father sipping sherbet on his balcony, in good humour, no doubt, the weather being so favourable to fish-taking. Now which are Peter's boats among these? he asked himself, his eyes returning to the fishing fleet. And which are John's and James's boats? He could tell that all the nets were down by the reefed sails crossed over, for the boats were before the wind. A long pull back it will be to Capernaum, he was thinking, a

matter of thirteen or fourteen miles, for the leading boat is not more than a mile from the mouth of the Jordan. Then, raising his eyes from the fishing-boats, he followed the coast-lines again, seeking the shapes of the wooded hills, rising in gently cadenced ascents. A more limpid evening never breathed upon a lake ! he said ; and when he raised his eyes a second time they rested on the ravines of Hermon far away in the north, still full of the winter's snow ; and—being a Galilean—he knew they would keep their snow for another month at least. The eagerness of the spring will then be well out of the air, he said, and I shall be thinking of returning to Jerusalem and concerning myself once more with Pilate's business. But what a beautiful evening ! still and pure as a crystal, beautiful as the mind of God.

A bird floated past, his black eyes always watchful. The bird turned away to join his mates, and Joseph bade his escort watch the flock : a bird here and a bird there swooping and missing and getting no doubt sometimes a fish that had ventured too near the surface—That one leaving his mates, flying high towards Magdala, to be there, he said, in a few minutes, by my father's house ; and in another hour thou shalt be in thy stable, thy muzzle in the corn, he whispered into his horse's ear ; and calling upon his comrades to put their heels into their tired steeds, he turned Xerxes into the great road leading to Tiberias. But there were some Jews among the escort who shrank from entering a pagan city. Their prejudices might be overcome with argument, but it were simpler to turn their horses' heads to the west and then to the north as soon as the city was passed. The detour would be a long one, yet shorter than argument : none the less argument he did not escape from, for as they rode through the open country behind Tiberias, some declared that Herod was not a pure Jew ; and to make their points clearer they often reined up their horses, to the annoyance

of Joseph, who could not bring the discussion to an end without seeming indifferent to the law and the traditions. But, happily, it had to end before long, for within three miles of Magdala they were riding in single file down deep lanes along whose low dykes the cactus crawled, hooking itself along. One lane led into another. A network of deep lanes wound round Magdala, which, judging by the number of new dwellings, seemed to have prospered since Joseph had last seen it. Humble dwellings no doubt, Joseph said to himself, but bread is not lacking, nor fish. Then he thought of the wharves his father had built for the boats, and the workshops for the making of the barrels into which the fish was packed. Magdala owed its existence to Dan's forethought, and he had earned his right, Joseph thought, to live in the high house which he had built for his pleasure in a garden amid tall acacia-trees that every breeze that blew up from the lake set in motion. If ever a man had earned his right to a peaceable old age amid pleasant surroundings, that man was his father; and in imagination he saw him returning from his counting-house to his spacious verandah, thinking of the barrels of salt fish that he would send away the following week, if the fishers were letting down their nets with fortunate enterprise.

From 'The Brook Kerith.'

GILBERT MURRAY

THE ILIAD

The intensity of imagination which makes the *Iliad* alive is not, it seems to me, the imagination of any one man. It means not that one man of genius created a wonder and passed away. It means that generation after generation of poets, trained in the same schools and a more or less continuous and similar life, steeped

themselves to the lips in the spirit of this great poetry. They lived in the Epic saga and by it and for it. Great as it was, for many centuries they continued to build it up yet greater.

What helped them most, perhaps, was the constancy with which the whole race—to use a slightly inaccurate word—must have loved and cherished this poetry. Amid the chaos that followed μετὰ τὰ τρωικά, when the works of art, the architecture, the laws of ordered society, the very religions of the different centres, were all lost, for the most part never to return, the germs of this poetry were saved. The fugitives left their treasures, their gods, and their wives behind, but the sagas were in their hearts and grew the richer for all their wanderings. They carried their poetry as other nations have carried their religion. How strange and significant a thing, after all, is that which we speak of as either 'the Epic style' or 'the Epic language.' It seems more than a style, though, as we have seen, it cannot quite be treated as an organic spoken language.

. . . . . .

For some reason or other—we need not discuss what they were—there was need to make up a long poem of the *Ilias Poêsis*, the poetry about Troy. The later poet —how great or how small a poet matters little— took up his part of the work of composing this long poem. He could write a poem himself, of course: but who wanted him to write one? How should he dare to? The world was not yet reduced to such straits as that. There was plenty of the old poetry still in his power. He knew it by heart, and he possessed scrolls of it, poetry of men far greater and wiser than he, voices of those who had talked with gods. Diligently and reverently he wove it together. He had as his basis, let us imagine, some plain lay of the Wrath of Achilles, a story in which

Agamemnon offered no atonement, and in which there was no wall round the Greek camp. But he found besides a song of the embassy to Achilles and his rejection of the atonement. He found great descriptions of fighting at the Greek wall. Diligently and reverently, with a good deal of simple cunning, he arranged his scheme so as to make room for all. He put the contradictory passages far apart: he altered a word or two to make the inconsistencies less visible. He wrote, when he needs must, some unobtrusive lines of his own to connect or to explain. And, amid all this gentle and lowly service, when he rehearsed his great recitation, when he went over the lines of some tremendous passage that shook all his being, then, it would seem from the evidence, there came into him the spirit of the ancient men, and a voice as of Homer himself. The lines that he spoke became his own. He had always belonged to them, and now they belonged to him also. And in the midst of them and beyond them he too had freedom to create.

And we critics, we mete to him a hard measure. When he creates, we call it interpolation. When he preserves with careful ingenuity all the fragments that he can save of his ancient Homer, we call attention to the small joints in his structure, the occasional incongruity of a simile which he loved too well to let die. If we knew his name, I suppose we should mock at him. But he has no name. He gave his name, as he gave all else that was in him, to help, unrewarded, in the building up of the greatest poem that ever sounded on the lips of men.

From 'The Rise of the Greek Epic.'

HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH

SPEECH ON THE DEATH OF THE RT. HON. ALFRED LYTTELTON, JULY 8, 1913

It would not, I think, be doing justice to the feelings which are uppermost in many of our hearts, if we passed to the business of the day without taking notice of the fresh gap which has been made in our ranks by the untimely death of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton. It is a loss of which I hardly trust myself to speak, for, apart from ties of relationship, there had subsisted between us for thirty-three years a close friendship and affection which no political differences were ever allowed to loosen or even to affect. Nor could I better describe it than by saying that he, perhaps of all men of this generation, came nearest to the mould and ideal of manhood, which every English father would like to see his son aspire to, and if possible to attain. The bounty of nature, enriched and developed not only by early training, but by constant self-discipline through life, blended in him gifts and graces which taken alone are rare, and in such attractive union are rarer still. Body, mind, and character—the school-room, the cricket field, the Bar, the House of Commons—each made its separate contribution to the faculty and the experience of a many-sided and harmonious whole. But what he was he gave—gave with such ease and exuberance that I think it may be said without exaggeration that wherever he moved, he seemed to radiate vitality and charm. He was, as we here know, a strenuous fighter. He has left behind him no resentments and no enmity : nothing but a gracious memory of a manly and winning personality —the memory of one who served with an unstinted measure of devotion his generation and his country. He has been snatched away in what we thought was the full tide of buoyant life, still full of promise and of hope.

What more can we say? We can only bow once again before the decrees of the Supreme Wisdom. Those who loved him—and they are many, in all schools of opinion, in all ranks and walks of life—when they think of him, will say to themselves:

> This is the happy warrior, this is he
> Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

DICKENS

Corruptio optimi pessima is one of those orotund sayings which impress for the moment but are liable to have their wisdom very considerably spokeshaved (so to speak) as soon as we apply the Socratic knife. Is *Tarzan of the Apes*, after all, a corruption of the best? And, if so, from what incalculable height did Lucifer plunge, and how many days did he take before he broke the roof of the railway station and scattered himself over the bookstalls? We may derive solace, if we will, by telling ourselves that those horrible days in the Chandos Street blacking-warehouse were a part of the education of Dickens' genius, taught it to *observe*, and so on. But I say to you, as he said of Little Dorrit, that such a shadow of cruelty, induced upon a sensitive boy, must inevitably leave its stain: and I do most earnestly ask you, some of whom may find yourselves trustees for the education of poor children, if you are sure that Dickens himself was the better for a starved childhood? For my part I can give that starvation little credit for his achievement, reading its effect rather into his many faults of taste and judgment.

It is usual to class among the first of these faults a defective sense of English prose: and the commonest arraignment lies against his use of blank verse in moments

of pathos or of deep emotion. Well, but let us clear our minds of cant about English prose, and abstain from talking about it as if the Almighty had invented its final pattern somewhere in the eighteenth century. Prose—and Poetry too, for that matter—is a way of putting things worth record into memorable speech. English writers of the late seventeenth and the eighteenth century found, with some measure of consent, an admirable fashion of doing this, and have left a tradition: and it is a tradition to which I, personally, would cling if I could, admiring it as I do, and admiring so much less many pages of Dickens and a thousand of pages of Carlyle. After all, so long as the thing gets itself said, and effectively, and memorably, who are we to prescribe rules or parse sentences? What, for example, could that mysterious body, the College of Preceptors, do to improve the grammar of *Antony and Cleopatra*, even if they persuaded one another 'Well, apparently they have come to stay, and perhaps we had better call upon them, my dear'?

Having, then, no preconceived notions about prose, and few prejudices save against certain locutions of which I confess I dislike them mainly because I dislike the sort of person who employs them—I assert that Dickens, aiming straight at his purpose, wrote countless pages of quite splendid prose. I defy you, for example, to suggest how a sense of the eeriness of the Woolwich marshes with an apprehension of horror behind the fog could be better conveyed in words than Dickens conveys them in the opening chapters of *Great Expectations*; as I ask you how the earliest impressions of a sensitive child can be better conveyed in language than they are in the early chapters of *David Copperfield*.

But even this apologia—sufficient as I think it—does not cover the whole defence. We have picked up a habit of consenting with critics who tell us that Dickens' prose is careless and therefore not worth studying. Believe me, you are mistaken if you believe these critics.

Dickens sometimes wrote execrably: far oftener he penned at a stretch page upon page of comment and conversation that brilliantly effect their purpose and are, *therefore*, good writing. You will allow, I dare say, his expertness in glorifying the loquacity that comes of a well-meaning heart and a rambling head. Recall, for example—casually chosen out of hundreds—Mrs. Chivery on her son John, nursing his love-lornness amid the washing in the backyard: and remark the *idiom* of it.

Is *that* not prose? Of course it is prose *for its purpose*: and, strictly for her purpose—strictly, mind you, for their purpose—Mrs. Chivery's parallelisms of speech will match those of the prophet Jeremiah at his literary best. 'Ah,' say you, 'but Dickens is dealing out humorous reported speech. Can he write prose of his own?' Well, yes, and yes most certainly. If you will search and study his passages of deliberate writing you will scarcely miss to see how he derives in turn of phrase as in intonation from the great eighteenth-century novelists and translators whose works, if you remember, were the small child's library in the beautiful fourth chapter of *David Copperfield*.

No, we can none of us afford to despise Dickens' prose. If you would learn how he (ever a learner) learned to consolidate his style, study that neglected work of his, *The Uncommercial Traveller*'—study such essays as that on 'Wapping Workhouse' or that on 'The City Churchyards'—study them with Thackeray's *Roundabout Papers*—and tell me if these two great Victorian novelists, after shaking the dust of an *Esmond* or a *David Copperfield* off their palms, cannot, as a parergon, match your Augustans—your Steele or your Addison—on their own ground. Few recognize it, this pair being otherwise so great: but it is so.

From 'Charles Dickens and Other Victorians.'

WALTER RALEIGH

ROBERT BURNS

The Scottish people feel a hearty, instinctive, and just dislike for biographers of Burns. The life of Burns, full as it was of joy and generous impulse, full also of error, disappointment, and failure, makes a perfectly devised trap for the superior person. Almost every one is superior to Robert Burns in some one point or other —in conjugal fidelity, in worldly prudence, or in social standing. Let him be careful to forget his advantages before he approaches this graveside, or his name will be added to the roll of the failures. Every kind of one-sidedness has found its text and its opportunity in the many-faceted records of this life, and in the rich diversity of these poems. The moods of the poet are so whole-hearted and so triumphant, each in its turn, that they seem to give the poet's own warrant to the partiality of his critics and biographers. The judgments which he passed on himself are so frank and unsparing, that they anticipate the moralist and cheer him on to his melancholy work. Does anyone desire to preach the danger of the passions, without their glory? he can prove his case from a careful selection of the poet's own words. Does anyone desire to exalt the careless life of impulse and whim? the poet again furnishes him with his most eloquent pleading. But let the two parties to the suit read on, and they will both find cause for doubt:

> O ye douce folk that live by rule,
> Grave, tideless-blooded, calm an' cool,
> Compar'd wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!
> How much unlike!
> Your hearts are just a standing pool,
> Your lives, a dyke!

And again, on himself:

> The poor inhabitant below
> Was quick to learn and wise to know,
> And keenly felt the friendly glow,
> And softer flame;
> But thoughtless follies laid him low,
> And stain'd his name!

The poet who wrote these verses knew the delight of riding on the crest of the wave, with a following wind; he knew also the wisdom of those who hug the coast that they may make their harbour.

. . . . . .

Because he understands both extremes, Burns is the national poet of Scotland and its people. That fierce and strenuous race has now for many centuries been divided into two irreconcilable parties. There is no gaiety in their religion, and very little sobriety in their pleasures. To this day, in any Scottish town the inhabitants, who have worked together all the week, sort themselves out on the morning of Sunday, and make two parties, the sheep and the goats, each with its appropriate employ. The parties are mutually critical and mutually defiant, so that their differences are hardened by opposition. Innocent pleasures are driven into wild and violent courses, and become disreputable; piety and religion refuse all traffic with human weakness, and become grim and forbidding. If statistics could be compiled, it would probably be found that, in proportion to the number of the population, there are more fanatically righteous, and more dissolute, persons in Scotland than in any other country of Europe.

Burns is the bard of both sects, and is enthusiastically accepted by both as their priest and prophet.

He wrote *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, which is profound in its intelligence and its piety; he wrote

indecent songs for those other Saturday nights which he celebrated in the company of the 'Crochallan Fencibles' —songs of so grotesque and Gargantuan a humour, that they put to shame the lubricity and flatness of uninspired obscenity. He expressed the constancy of settled love in the song written for Jean:

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best;

and he glorified the transports of inconstant love in the song written for Anne Park—'which I think is the best love song I ever composed in my life; but in its original state is not quite a lady's song':

Yestreen I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.

In his *Epistle to Dr. Blacklock* he explained how one ideal may be attained in a fleeting world:

To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life;

and in *The Jolly Beggars* not many years earlier, he wrote with no less fervour of conviction in praise of quite another ideal;

What is title, what is treasure,
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure
'Tis no matter how or where!

With the ready trick and fable,
Round we wander all the day;
And, at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay.

Does the train-attended carriage
Thro' the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have character to lose.

These passages and these sentiments are all the right Burns; there is no pallor or insincerity in his feeling for the religion of the cottage, and no half-heartedness in his praise of the life of the road. He who picks and chooses may select from Burns a body of verse to please almost any taste; using it as a text, he may write true and eloquent dissertations on love, on morality, on poetry; but if he refuses to consider the coarse with the fine, the satirical with the devout, the velleities of sentiment with the stark simplicities of passion, he is not writing of Robert Burns.

It is not the men of letters who have handled Burns with the surest touch. Men to whom letters mean little or nothing are quicker to understand him. The fact is that Burns is everyman. There is no subtlety, and no curiosity, in all his writings. His ditties are in the major key. The feelings which he celebrates are feelings familiar to all, even to those who, in mere self-protection, deny that they feel them. There is no escape from him. He blurts out what every one is thinking, even though most of his hearers are trying not to think it. But all their careful internal discipline is useless, and is even made to appear mean, when their furtive thoughts are dragged into the light, and are invested with the splendour of courageous and absolute expression. Burns has often been praised for his independence of temper. He cannot be over-praised; born as he was

into a society of people struggling for a livelihood, and inured to timidities and suppressions, it was only by his enormous gift of courage and candour that he cut himself loose from these bonds, and rose into the freedom of the truth. His magnanimous recklessness speeded him on his way to death, but it was the same quality of his mind which, in the beginning, had lifted him into the light, and delivered him from slavery. He owed a death to the God of whom music and song and blood are pure; he paid his debt early, but he was no loser by the bargain.

This wonderful instinct for truth and frankness is the secret of his genius and of his style. Perhaps it is the secret of all great style. Most men take no interest in the truth save in relation to their circumstances, their needs, and their aims. When they try to express themselves, they weave a network of accommodations, and entangle themselves in it. Their only blunt, direct, and lucid statements are expressions of the will, not of the understanding. What they see as disinterested spectators does not prompt them to speech. But here and there, at rare intervals, a man is born who must say what he sees, for no other reason than that he sees it; and on him the gift of speech descends. His fellows may think him foolish or incontinent, 'full of new wine.' They suspect the wisdom of one who uses the coinage of language for other purposes than commerce and profit. Ought a man to be trusted with words who does not understand their purchasing power?

The courtiers who praised the emperor's new clothes were shocked by the dreadful candour of the child. 'But he has nothing on'—there is the great style, hidden throughout all time from the calculating and the ambitious, given as their birthright to children and to poets.

From 'Some Authors.'

ELIZABETH RUSSELL

WORDSWORTH IN A GERMAN ISLAND

The Putbus visitors come down every morning in a sort of waggonette to bathe and walk back slowly up the hill to dinner. After this exertion they think they have done enough for their health, and spend the rest of the day sleeping, or sitting out of doors drinking beer and coffee. I think this is quite a good way of spending a holiday if you have worked hard all the rest of the year; and the tourists I saw looked as if they had. More of them stay at Putbus than at Lauterbach, although it is so much farther from the sea, because the hotel I was at was slightly dearer than—I ought rather to say, judging from the guide-book, not quite so cheap as—the Putbus hotels. I suppose it was less full than it might be because of this slight difference, or perhaps there was the slight difference because it was less full—who shall solve such mysteries? Anyhow the traveller need not be afraid of the bill, for when I engaged our rooms the waiter was surprised that I refused to put myself *en pension*, and explained in quite an aggrieved voice that all the *Herrschaften* put themselves *en pension*, and he hoped I did not think five marks a day for everything a too expensive arrangement. I praised the arrangement as just and excellent, but said that, being a bird of passage, I would prefer not to make it.

After breakfast I set out to explore the Goor, the lovely beechwood stretching along the coast from the very doors of the hotel. I started so briskly down the footpath on the edge of the cliffs in the hope of getting warm, that tourists who were warm already and were sitting under the trees gasping, stared at me reproachfully as I hurried past.

The Goor is beautiful. The path I took runs through

thick shade with many windings, and presently comes out at the edge of the wood down by the sea in a very hot, sheltered corner, where the sun beats all day long on the shingle and coarse grass. A solitary oak tree, old and storm-beaten, stands by itself near the water; across the water is the wooded side of Vilm; and if you continue along the shingle a few yards you are away from the trees and out on a grassy plain, where lilac scabious bend their delicate stalks in the wind. An old black fishing-smack lay on its side on the shingle, its boards blistered by the sun. Its blackness and the dark lines of the solitary oak sharply cleft the flood of brilliant light. What a hot, happy corner to lie in all day with a book! No tourists go to it, for the path leads to nowhere, ending abruptly just there in coarse grass and shingle—a mixture grievous to the feet of the easily tired. The usual walk for those who have enough energy—it is not a very long one, and does not need much—is through the Goor to the north side, where the path takes you to the edge of a clover field across which you see the little village of Vilmnitz nestling among its trees and rye, and then brings you back gently and comfortably and shadily to the hotel; but this turning to the right only goes down to the shingle, the old boat, and the lonely oak. The first thing to do in that hot corner is to pull off your coat, which I did; and if you like heat and dislike blue finger tips and chilled marrows, lie down on the shingle, draw your hat over your eyes, and bake luxuriously, which I did also. In the pocket of my coat was 'The Prelude,' the only book I had brought. I brought it because I know of no other book that is at the same time so slender and so satisfying. It slips even into a woman's pocket, and has an extraordinary filling effect on the mind. Its green limp covers are quite worn with the journeys it has been with me. I take it wherever I go; and I have read and read it for many summers without yet having

entirely assimilated its adorable stodginess. Oh, shade of Wordsworth, to think that so unutterable a grub and groveller as I am should dare call anything of thine stodgy! But it is this very stodginess that makes it, if you love Wordsworth, the perfect book where there can be only one. You must, to enjoy it, be first a lover of Wordsworth. You must love the uninspired poems for the sake of the divineness of the inspired poems. You must be able to be interested in the description of Simon Lee's personal appearance, and not mind his wife, an aged woman, being made to rhyme with the Village Common. Even the Idiot Boy should not be a stumbling-block to you; and your having learned The Pet Lamb in the nursery is no reason why you should dislike it now. They all have their beauties; there is always some gem, more or less bright, to be found in them; and the pages of 'The Prelude' are strewn with precious jewels. I have had it with me so often in happy country places that merely to open it and read that first cry of relief and delight—'Oh, there is blessing in this gentle breeze!'—brings back the dearest remembrances of fresh and joyous hours. And how wholesome to be reminded when the days are rainy and things look blank of the many joyous hours one has had. Every instant of happiness is a priceless possession for ever.

That morning my 'Prelude' fell open at the Residence in London, a part where the gems are not very thick, and the satisfying properties extremely developed. My eye lighted on the bit where he goes for a walk in the London streets, and besides a Nurse, a Bachelor, a Military Idler, and a Dame with Decent Steps—figures with which I too am familiar—he sees—

> . . . with basket at his breast
> The Jew; the stately and slow-moving Turk
> With freight of slipper piled beneath his arm. . . .

> The Swede, the Russian ; from the genial south
> The Frenchman and the Spaniard ; from remote
> America, the Hunter-Indian ; Moors,
> Malays, Lascars, the Tartar, the Chinese,
> And Negro Ladies in white muslin gowns

—figures which are not, at any rate, to be met in the streets of Berlin. I am afraid to say that this is not poetry, for perhaps it is only I do not know it ; but after all one can only judge according to one's lights, and no degree of faintness and imperfection in the lights will ever stop any one from judging ; therefore I will have the courage of my opinions, and express my firm conviction that it is not poetry at all. But the passage set me off musing. That is the pleasant property of 'The Prelude,' it makes one at the end of every few lines pause and muse. And presently the image of the Negro Ladies in their white muslin gowns faded, and those other lines, children of the self-same spirit but conceived in the mood when it was divine, stood out in shining letters—

> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness. . . .

I need not go on ; it is sacrilege to write them down in such a setting of commonplaces ; I could not say them aloud to my closest friend with a steady voice ; they are lines that seem to come fresh from God.

And now I know that the Negro Ladies, whatever their exact poetic value may be, have become a very real blessing to an obscure inhabitant of Prussia, for in the future I shall only need to see the passage to be back instantaneously on the hot shingle, with the tarred edge of the old boat above me against the sky, the blue water curling along the shore at my feet, and the pale lilac flowers on the delicate stalks bending their heads in the wind.

From 'The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rugen.'

ROBERT FALCON SCOTT

THE END OF THE STORY

Friday, March 16 or Saturday 17.—Lost track of dates, but think the last correct. Tragedy all along the line. At lunch, the day before yesterday, poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping-bag. That we could not do, and we induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him he struggled on and we made a few miles. At night he was worse and we knew that the end had come.

Should this be found, I want these facts recorded. Oates' last thoughts were of his mother, but immediately before, he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death. We can testify to his bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside subjects. He did not—would not—give up hope till the very end. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morning—yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, 'I am just going outside and may be some time.' He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since.

I take this opportunity of saying that we have stuck to our sick companions to the last. In the case of Edgar Evans, when absolutely out of food and he lay insensible, the safety of the remainder seemed to demand his abandonment, but Providence mercifully removed him at this moment. He died a natural death, and we did not leave him till two hours after his death. We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave

man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit, and assuredly the end is not far.

I can only write at lunch, and then only occasionally. The cold is intense, — 40° at midday. My companions are unendingly cheerful, but we are all on the verge of serious frostbites, and though we constantly talk of fetching through, I don't think any one of us believes it in his heart.

. . . . . .

Thursday, March 29.—Since the 21st we have had a continuous gale from W.S.W. and S.W. We had fuel to make two cups of tea apiece and bare food for two days on the 20th. Every day we have been ready to start for our depot 11 miles away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far.

It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more.

R. Scott.

Last entry:

For God's sake look after our people.

From 'Scott's Last Expedition.'

EDITH ŒNONE SOMERVILLE AND 'MARTIN ROSS'

THE POISONED HOUND

Reveller fought for his life that night, or, to speak more truly, the battle was fought on his behalf. For him the task of drawing each faint and fluttering breath was enough, the swallowing of the weary succession of potions almost more than he could endure.

'Little and often!' said Mrs. Fitz-Symons to herself, as she once again lit the spirit lamp and warmed up a brew of concentrated nourishment that should reinforce the hard-pressed fighting line. She had nursed many dogs, young and old, since John Michael, at the age of five, had brought in a little piteous cur with a broken leg; she had seen many a hound-puppy, buoyant, radiant, a miracle of vitality and joviality, in a few days and nights collapse and vanish in that stupefying waste that Nature would seem to sanction. Mrs. Fitz-Symons could, as she said, put up with Nature, but this was not the hand of Nature, it was the hand of man, striking in cowardly and stupid malignity at the innocent.

She shook her head over Reveller, and thought he would hardly do; none the less, she was not the woman to give in till she was beaten, and Reveller, who was the son of Rachel, was very dear to John Michael, which was enough for John Michael's mother.

'If he lives over the turn of the night it will be a wonder,' she said, looking at her watch with eyes dim with sleep. 'Three o'clock! I don't care what Johnny says, I'll not call him.'

She lifted Reveller's heavy, unresisting head, and putting a towel under his chin skilfully administered the meat juice and the brandy that he hated, yet swallowed, with the touching submission that is in itself a sign of ill omen.

'He'll do now till the half-hour,' she said, talking aloud for the company of her own voice; 'I'll run down and make a cup of tea before I go asleep standing!'

. . . . . .

She had sat there for nearly half an hour when a sound in the room overhead made her start to her feet with her hand on her heart. It was a low, hollow howl from Reveller, long-drawn and wavering, fraught with the uttermost of despair. It was not the first time that she had heard such a cry from a sick dog; she had heard it once, at night, from the stable where lay a hound-mother

with her puppies, and the morning had found the mother stiff and cold among her blind and searching children. She had heard it uttered by a young hound with distemper, who had been brought in to spend the night by the kitchen fire, and he too was dead when the morning came. And once a little terrier, in the throes of pneumonia, had in the dark of the small hours put up a similar cry for help from its basket in her bedroom, and she had been in time to drive away the vulture of death that it had seen hovering.

Remembering these things, Mrs. Fitz-Symons ran. She lumbered up the steep back stairs, and hurried, panting and heavy-footed, down the passage to the sick-room. With all her speed, another had been speedier. John Michael, in shirt and trousers, and barefooted, was kneeling by the sofa.

'The brandy, Mother! Quick! He's alive yet!'

Reveller was cold all over, his ears were clammy, but there was still a stir in his heart. They got brandy down his throat, they rubbed him with it, and a tremble of recognition in the eyelid answered them. They persevered, and in ten minutes the patient, with a hot-water bag at his back, was warm again and sleeping quietly. John Michael rose to his feet and stretched himself, looking like an Italian sailor, with his dark head, and bare, brown throat and feet.

'I thought he was done for!' he said, shaking down the thermometer; 'it was a good thing I was awake and heard him when he cried out.'

'Go back to your bed now,' said Mrs. Fitz-Symons, looking at him with the mother's eye, that admires, and absorbs, and embraces. 'You're tired, my child, and indeed you have a right to be tired.'

'I'll stay for a while yet,' he said, sitting down on a ragged ottoman near the door; 'you have the room rather hot.'

. . . . . .

Mrs. Fitz-Symons left Reveller abruptly, and sat down on the ottoman beside her son.

'Oh, Johnny!' she said, catching at his hand, 'my darling boy! If you leave me my heart will break!'

She sat fondling his hand, and sniffing, and gazing at him, afraid of him, afraid for him, a person greatly to be pitied.

John Michael was also suffering, for her as well as for himself, but he had no way of telling her so.

'What's the use of talking?' he said, at last, after one of the silences to which his mother had learned, not without difficulty, to submit. 'If the hounds go, I've got to go too. You heard him saying that yourself. If I wanted to stay he'd not keep me.'

. . . . . .

'Miss Rowan would help you,' said his mother, taking her hand off his lest he should feel how much it trembled; 'she told me so herself, and she can do it too.'

John Michael regarded his mother in almost angry bewilderment. He was accustomed to discount her enthusiasms, but this amazing statement had, as it were, to be swallowed whole.

'She doesn't understand,' he said with confusion and even indignation. 'How could we take her money—if that's what you mean?'

His mother's heart rose high at sight of his embarrassment; could it be?—oh, could it be?——

'I'd take anything from her,' she said, watching John Michael's face, 'because she's a real lady, and the nicest girl, yes'—here Mrs. Fitz-Symons, in the intoxication of the subject, deviated into rhapsody, 'and the handsomest girl that ever I've met in my life.'

'Did she tell you she'd buy the pack?' said John Michael, incredulously. 'Does she want to run the hounds?'

'Ah, God help you!' said Mrs. Fitz-Symons, with sudden exasperation, 'she didn't say the very words. You think there's nothing in the world to think of but

the hounds. No! but I'll answer for it that whatever you ask her, she'll not refuse it.'

John Michael got up without making any reply and went over to the sofa where Reveller lay. He stood with his back to his mother, looking down at the sick hound in silence. Reveller acknowledged his presence with that little movement of the hind leg that was the nearest he could go to a salutation. Through the perturbation of John Michael's thoughts went the assurance that the puppy was better.

'It's nearly time for him to have something more,' he said.

His mother got up and came over to him. 'Ah, Johnny,' she exclaimed, putting her hand on his shoulder. 'What sort of a man are you at all? Isn't it plain enough what I'm telling you? Why can't you ask her to marry you? As sure as I'm standing here she'd take you. She as good as told me so!'

Her son shook her hand off, and for the first time in their joint lives he turned on her in anger.

'I'm—I'm surprised that you'd say such a thing,' he hesitated and stammered, because he was not in the habit of being angry, violently angry, and, in any case, was possessed of a limited vocabulary. 'And to say a dirty low thing like that about a lady——'

'And what harm have I said?' interrupted his mother, stung to quick wrath. 'I've said no more than what's the truth! Why shouldn't she like you? If you were any good at all you'd ask her yourself and she'd tell you fast enough!'

'Well, I won't ask her,' said John Michael, as loudly as she.

He made for the door.

. . . . . .

'I'd hate to be married. I'd sooner sweep a kennel in America!'

The name fell like a sword, severing his life from his mother's.

He passed out into the dark. His room was at the end of the passage, and he groped his way to it, hot with anger.

. . . . . .

After John Michael had left her Mrs. Fitz-Symons sat down again by the table, and was very quiet for a few minutes, with her hand over her eyes. Some stir from Reveller aroused her attention; she got up and gave him the milk and brandy that, in their commonplace, humble, tangible way, had driven back the King of Mystery.

Still kneeling beside Reveller, she broke down suddenly.

'What good is it for you now to get well?' she cried, 'my poor puppy! My poor puppy!'

Reveller was dully aware of warm drops falling on his side.

From 'Dan Russel the Fox.'

JOHN COLLINGS SQUIRE

THE SUCCESS

When Hilton finished his chop and his beer in the ample and ancestral coffee-room of the 'Dragon' at Warchester, it was nine o'clock. He went to his bedroom for no particular reason and then came down again; he entered the billiard-room and blushingly declined a game and then returned to the hall; he studied the programmes of the local music-hall and the forthcoming Fat Cattle Show, the mementoes of Royal Visits, and the tariffs of long abandoned mail coach services, looked at a stuffed pike, a caseful of bright-eyed jays, goldfinches,

bullfinches, and woodpeckers, and several red-jacketed time-tables, and then, feeling too restless to go to bed, resigned himself to the notion of a walk and put on his overcoat and hat. No sooner had he left the door and the clamour of the bar behind him than he was rejoiced that he had made his decision. The old High Street, full of gables of all periods reduced to one antiquity in the cold and brilliant moonlight, was empty of traffic, an avenue of mottled silver and dark shadows. Passers-by were few and quiet. There was no wind and hard frost was closing in; as he walked along the dark southern pavement listening to his own footsteps in the solitude, peace fell upon his trouble. He paused at the end of the street where the stone bridge arches over the river, and leant over the parapet. Calm in the moonlight was the water, broken by a few slow ripples; on one side the walls stood sheer, on the other, ranged in receding series like the flat trees of a theatre, stooping willows dipped their long ghostly tresses to the stream. He was lost in that loveliness; yet a shiver of cold made him stamp his feet and walk briskly on till an archway brought him into the Close and high above its shining lawns towered the great cathedral, phantasmal in the moon, shadowed with buttresses and statuary. In former years he had seen it many times; admired its perfect proportions seen from whatever angle, the delicate strength of its detail; thought with humility on the devotion and wisdom of the great unknown builders who had raised it in an age of more simplicity and certainty, when belief spoke naturally in beauty. To-night the detail was dim and no thought of human builders crossed his mind; the cathedral did not seem an edifice of stones, cunningly placed one by one, but a great insubstantial flower, something which had bloomed there in sudden completion, not touched by mortal hands, a vision which had dawned and might vanish. Hilton sighed deeply,

and turned from its spectral magic; but as he perceived the long line of the houses in the Close another feeling, a feeling of acute loneliness, came over him. Their lit windows were ranged there, yellow or red blinded, in a long, low, uneven line; as he walked across the intervening turf their homely Georgian fronts, porticoed and trellised, grew into distinctness. Music faintly reached him; a voice, a piano and violin. Warmth, security, gentle companionship were there; but he, an outcast, was walking friendless in a strange town. Ordinarily shy and self-contained, content to forgo the general society for which he was unfitted, and seldom, in his own quarters, unable to make satisfactory terms with seclusion, he now longed wistfully for an escape from his solitude, and would gladly have called on even the slightest acquaintance, had he known such to be in the city, and had he been able to dare the intrusion. Then, suddenly, an ironic truth flashed across his mind. There must be people in that town who knew him, though he did not know them; people even, perhaps, who liked him, and would be delighted to welcome him. Ambrose Hilton, after so long a career of disappointment, was not inclined to exaggerate the number of his adherents; he had never been in the way of meeting them, and he did not know who they were. But presumably, with his minute but 'steady' sale, there must be some. He was no favourite of the libraries, and the supposition that Messrs. Donaldson persuaded, by lavish advertisement, a fresh lot of innocents to buy each of his novels as it came out, was untenable, for they had long ceased to advertise them at all, except in the barest annunciatory way. No; there might be thousands who had two of his novels apiece, or hundreds who had many or most of them. He amused himself sadly with the arithmetic. Warchester, though a small city, must contain a more than average proportion of

cultivated persons. Very likely there were—well, two households in Warchester where a conscious penchant for Hilton's novels was confessed, two readers who were familiar with that long series of his thoughts, who knew, very likely, when he was born, and even what he looked like, who might consequently be glad—even, he joked incredulously, honoured—to receive him, did they know he was wandering lonelily about their streets. Call it two. He tried to picture them: an intelligent undergraduate home for the vacation, a thin-faced, contemplative ecclesiastic, a pair of gracious spinsters with greying hair. 'Even in this house, perhaps,' he thought, as through three lit windows with half-drawn curtains he caught glimpses of mahogany, old silver, and the corner of full shelves. Footsteps came suddenly upon him, and at the gate, within a few yards of him, a dark form fell on the ground with a moan.

From 'Grub Street Nights.'

JAMES STEPHENS

PHILOSOPHER'S JOURNEY

A small, narrow road cut at right angles into his path, and as he approached this he heard the bustle and movement of a host, the trample of feet, the rolling and creaking of wheels, and the long unwearied drone of voices. In a few minutes he came abreast of this small road, and saw an ass and cart piled with pots and pans, and walking beside this there were two men and a woman. The men and the woman were talking together loudly, even fiercely, and the ass was drawing his cart along the road without requiring assistance or direction. While there was a road he walked on it: when he might come to a cross-road he would turn to the right: when a man said 'whoh' he would stop: when he said 'hike' he

would go backwards, and when he said ' yep ' he would go on again. That was life, and if one questioned it, one was hit with a stick, or a boot, or a lump of rock : if one continued walking nothing happened, and that was happiness.

The Philosopher saluted this cavalcade.

' God be with you,' said he.

' God and Mary be with you,' said the first man.

' God, and Mary, and Patrick be with you,' said the second man.

' God, and Mary, and Patrick, and Brigid be with you,' said the woman.

The ass, however, did not say a thing. As the word ' whoh ' had not entered into the conversation he knew it was none of his business, and so he turned to the right on the new path and continued his journey.

' Where are you going to, Stranger ? ' said the first man.

' I am going to visit Angus Óg,' replied the Philosopher.

The man gave him a quick look.

' Well,' said he, ' that's the queerest story I ever heard. Listen here,' he called to the others, ' this man is looking for Angus Óg.'

The other man and woman came closer.

' What would you be wanting with Angus Óg, Mister Honey ? ' said the woman.

' Oh,' replied the Philosopher, ' it's a particular thing, a family matter.'

There was silence for a few minutes, and they all stepped onwards behind the ass and cart.

' How do you know where to look for himself ? ' said the first man again : ' maybe you got the place where he lives written down in an old book or on a carved stone ? '

' Or did you find the staff of Amergin or of Ossian in a bog and it written from the top to the bottom with signs ? ' said the second man.

'No,' said the Philosopher, 'it isn't that way you'd go visiting a god. What you do is, you go out from your house and walk straight away in any direction with your shadow behind you so long as it is towards a mountain, for the gods will not stay in a valley or a level plain, but only in high places; and then, if the god wants you to see him, you will go to his rath as direct as if you knew where it was, for he will be leading you with an airy thread reaching from his own place to wherever you are, and if he doesn't want to see you, you will never find out where he is, not if you were to walk for a year or twenty years.'

'How do you know he wants to see you?' said the second man.

'Why wouldn't he want?' said the Philosopher.

'Maybe, Mister Honey,' said the woman, 'you are a holy sort of a man that a god would like well.'

'Why would I be that?' said the Philosopher. 'The gods like a man whether he's holy or not if he's only decent.'

'Ah, well, there's plenty of that sort,' said the first man. 'What do you happen to have in your bag, stranger?'

'Nothing,' replied the Philosopher, 'but a cake and a half that was baked for my journey.'

'Give me a bit of your cake, Mister Honey,' said the woman. 'I like to have a taste of everybody's cake.'

'I will, and welcome,' said the Philosopher.

'You may as well give us all a bit while you are about it,' said the second man. 'That woman hasn't got all the hunger of the world.'

'Why not?' said the Philosopher, and he divided the cake.

'There's a sup of water up yonder,' said the first man, 'and it will do to moisten the cake—Whoh, you devil,' he roared at the ass, and the ass stood stock still on the minute.

There was a thin fringe of grass along the road near a wall, and towards this the ass began to edge very gently.

'Hike, you beast, you,' shouted the man, and the ass at once hiked, but he did it in a way that brought him close to the grass. The first man took a tin can out of the cart and climbed over the little wall for water. Before he went he gave the ass three kicks on the nose, but the ass did not say a word, he only hiked still more, which brought him directly on to the grass, and when the man climbed over the wall the ass commenced to crop the grass. There was a spider sitting on a hot stone in the grass. He had a small body and wide legs, and he wasn't doing anything.

'Does anybody ever kick you in the nose?' said the ass to him.

'Ay does there,' said the spider; 'you and your like that are always walking on me, or lying down on me, or running over me with the wheels of a cart.'

'Well, why don't you stay on the wall?' said the ass.

'Sure, my wife is there,' replied the spider.

'What's the harm in that?' said the ass.

'She'd eat me,' said the spider, 'and, anyhow, the competition on the wall is dreadful, and the flies are getting wiser and timider every season. Have you got a wife yourself, now?'

'I have not,' said the ass, 'I wish I had.'

'You like your wife for the first while,' said the spider, 'and after that you hate her.'

'If I had the first while I'd chance the second while,' replied the ass.

'It's bachelor's talk,' said the spider; 'all the same, we can't keep away from them,' and so saying he began to move all his legs at once in the direction of the wall. 'You can only die once,' said he.

'If your wife was an ass she wouldn't eat you,' said the ass.

'She'd be doing something else then,' replied the spider, and he climbed up the wall.

From 'The Crock of Gold.'

LYTTON STRACHEY

WOMAN AND SOVEREIGN

The English polity was in the main a common-sense structure; but there was always a corner in it where common-sense could not enter—where, somehow or other, the ordinary measurements were not applicable and the ordinary rules did not apply. So our ancestors had laid it down, giving scope, in their wisdom, to that mystical element which, as it seems, can never be quite eradicated from the affairs of men. Naturally, it was in the Crown that the mysticism of the English polity was concentrated—the Crown, with its venerable antiquity, its sacred associations, its imposing spectacular array. But, for nearly two centuries, common-sense had been predominant in the great building, and the little, unexplored, inexplicable corner had attracted small attention. Then, with the rise of imperialism, there was a change. For imperialism is a faith as well as a business; as it grew, the mysticism in English public life grew with it; and simultaneously a new importance began to attach to the Crown. The need for a symbol—a symbol of England's might, of England's worth, of England's extraordinary and mysterious destiny—became felt more urgently than ever before. The Crown was that symbol: and the Crown rested upon the head of Victoria. Thus it happened that while by the end of the reign the power of the sovereign had appreciably diminished, the prestige of the sovereign had enormously grown.

Yet this prestige was not merely the outcome of public changes; it was an intensely personal matter, too.

Victoria was the Queen of England; the Empress of India, the quintessential pivot round which the whole magnificent machine was revolving—but how much more besides! For one thing, she was of a great age—an almost indispensable qualification for popularity in England. She had given proof of one of the most admired characteristics of the race—persistent vitality. She had reigned for sixty years, and she was not out. And then, she was a character. The outlines of her nature were firmly drawn, and, even through the mists which envelop royalty, clearly visible. In the popular imagination her familiar figure filled, with satisfying ease, a distinct and memorable place. It was, besides, the kind of figure which naturally called forth the admiring sympathy of the great majority of the nation. Goodness they prized above every other human quality; and Victoria, who, at the age of twelve had said that she would be good, had kept her word. Duty, conscience, morality—yes! in the light of those high beacons the Queen had always lived.

. . . . . .

Such qualities were obvious and important; but, in the impact of a personality, it is something deeper, something fundamental and common to all its qualities, that really tells. In Victoria, it is easy to discern the nature of this underlying element: it was a peculiar sincerity. Her truthfulness, her single-mindedness, the vividness of her emotions and her unrestrained expression of them, were the varied forms which this central characteristic assumed. It was her sincerity which gave her at once her impressiveness, her charm, and her absurdity. She moved through life with the imposing certitude of one to whom concealment was impossible—either towards her surroundings or towards herself. There she was—all of her—the Queen of England,

complete and obvious; the world might take her or leave her; she had nothing more to show, or to explain, or to modify; and with her peerless carriage, she swept along her path.

. . . . . .

The personality and the position, too—the wonderful combination of them—that, perhaps, was what was finally fascinating in the case. The little old lady, with her white hair and her plain mourning clothes, in her wheeled chair or her donkey carriage—one saw her so; and then—close behind—with their immediate suggestion of singularity, of mystery, and of power—the Indian servants. That was the familiar vision, and it was admirable; but, at chosen moments, it was right that the widow of Windsor should step forth apparent Queen. The last and the most glorious of such occasions was the Jubilee of 1897. Then, as the splendid procession passed along, escorting Victoria through the thronged re-echoing streets of London on her progress of thanksgiving to St. Paul's Cathedral, the greatness of her realm and the adoration of her subjects blazed out together. The tears welled to her eyes, and, while the multitude roared round her, 'How kind they are to me! How kind they are!' she repeated over and over again. That night her message flew over the Empire: 'From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them!' The long journey was nearly done. But the traveller, who had come so far, and through such strange experiences, moved on with the old, unfaltering step. The girl, the wife, the aged woman, were the same: vitality, conscientiousness, pride and simplicity were hers to the latest hour.

From 'Queen Victoria.'

H. M. TOMLINSON

THE ROAD TO CHINA

Near Poverty Corner is a building which recently was dismissed with a brief, humorous reference in a new guide to our City—a cobbled forecourt, tame pigeons, cabs, a brick-front topped by a clock-face: Fenchurch Street Station. Beyond its dingy platforms, the metal track which contracts into the murk is the road to China, though that is, perhaps, the last place you would guess to be at the end of it. The train runs over a wilderness of tiles, a grey plateau of bare slate and rock, its expanse cracked and scored as though by a withering heat. Nothing grows there; nothing could live there. Smoke still pours from it, as though it were volcanic, from numberless vents. The region is without sap. Above its expanse project superior fumaroles, their drifting vapours dissolving great areas. When the track descends slightly, you see cavities in that cliff which runs parallel with your track. The desert is actually burrowed, and every hole in the plateau in a habitation. Something does live there. That region of burnt and fissured rock is tunnelled and inhabited. The unlikely serrations and ridges with the smoke moving over them are porous, and a fluid life ranges beneath unseen. It is the beginning of Dockland. That the life is in upright beings, each with independent volition and a soul; that it is not an amorphous movement, flowing in bulk through buried pipes, incapable of the idea of height, of rising, it is difficult to believe. It has not been believed. If life, you protest, is really there, has any sense which is better than that of extending worm-like through the underground, then why, at intervals, is there not an upheaval, a geyser-like burst, a plain hint from a power usually pent, but liable to go skywards? But that is for the desert to answer. As

by mocking chance the desert itself almost instantly shows what possibilities are hidden within it. The train roars unexpectedly over a viaduct, and below is a deep hollow filled with light, with a floor of water, and a surprise of ships. How did that white schooner get into such an enclosure? Is freedom nearer here than we thought?

The crust of roofs ends abruptly in a country which is a complexity of gasometers, canals, railway junctions, between which cabbage fields in long spokes radiate from the train and revolve. There is the grotesque suggestion of many ships in the distance, for through gaps in a nondescript horizon masts appear in a kaleidoscopic way. The journey ends, usually in the rain, among iron sheds that are topped on the far side by the rigging and smoke-stacks of great liners. There is no doubt about it now. At the corner of one shed, sheltering from the weather, is a group of brown men in coloured rags, first seen in the gloom because of the whites of their eyes. What we remember of such a day is that it was half of night, and the wind hummed in the cordage, and swayed wildly the loose gear aloft. Towering hulls were ranged down each side of a lagoon that ended in vacancy. The rigging and funnels of the fleet were unrelated; those ships were phantom and monstrous. They seemed on too great a scale to be within human control. We felt diminished and a little fearful, as among the looming urgencies of a dream. The forms were gigantic but vague, and they were seen in a smother of the elements; and their sounds, deep and mournful, were like the warnings of something alien, yet without form, which we knew was adverse, but could not recall when awake again. We remember, that day, a few watchers insecure on an exposed dockhead that projected into a sullen dreariness of river and mud which could have been the finish of the land. At the end of a creaking hawser was a steamer canting as she backed to head

downstream—now she was exposed to a great adventure —the tide rapid and noisy on her plates, the reek from her funnel sinking over the water. And from the dockhead, in the fuddle of a rain-squall, we were waving a handkerchief, probably to the wrong man, till the vessel went out where all was one—rain, river, mud, and sky, and the future.

From 'London River.'

GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN

THE MIDDLE MARCHES

On Keilder-side the wind blaws wide;
  There sounds nae hunting-horn
That sings sae sweet as the winds that beat
  Round banks where Tyne is born.
The wansbeck sings with all her springs,
  The bents and braes give ear;
But the wood that rings wi' the sang she sings
  I may not see nor hear;
For far and far thae blithe burns are,
  And strange is a' thing near.

SWINBURNE, *'A Jacobite's Exile.'*

The glories of cloudland, the white mountains with their billowy clefts, lie along the horizon, rather than in the dome of the sky. They are frescoes on the walls, rather than on the ceiling, of heaven. Sunrise and sunset often paint upon them their pictures of an hour, unseen by us, behind some neighbouring grove or hill. Still more often do Alpine or Cumbrian mountains, from their very height and the nearness of one giant to another, hide the wealth of heaven from the climber on the hillside, who has, however, in those lands his terrestrial compensations. In fen country, the clouds are seen, but at the price of an earth of flat disillusionment. In

Northumberland alone, both heaven and earth are seen; we walk all day on long ridges, high enough to give far views of moor and valley, and the sense of solitude above the world below, yet so far distant from each other, and of such equal height, that we can watch the low skirting clouds as they 'post o'er land and ocean without rest.' It is the land of the far horizons, where the piled or drifted shapes of gathered vapour are for ever moving along the furthest ridge of hills, like the procession of long primeval ages that is written in tribal mounds and Roman camps and Border towers on the breast of Northumberland.

The foreground between us and the horizon view is sometimes heather, alive with the call and flight of grouse; more often the 'bent,' as the ballad writers called the rough white-grass moor, home of sparse broods of black game. The silence is only broken by water's ancient song, as the burn makes its way down rocky hollows towards the hay-makers at work under the sycamore beside the grey stone farm below. Up above here, on the moor, the silent sheep browse all day long, filling the mind with thoughts of peace and safety; they seem diligent to compensate themselves for a thousand years of raids and interrupted pasture. The farms are so large, that often, in spite of good shepherding, the bones of a sheep are found behind some 'auld fail[1] dyke'—an old-world landmark of this oozy desert. In the great days, the Border poets used to find skeletons, not of sheep only, thus derelict under the wasting wind.

> In behint yon auld fail dyke,
> I wot there lies a new-slain Knight;
> And naebody kens that he lies there
> But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.
>
> . . . . .

[1] Fail = turf.

Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken whae he is gane;
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair.

Still the west wind blows over Northumberland, bending seaward each lonely tree. And if it no longer parches the bones of men, around us and under our feet in the covering 'bent' are strewn the bones of sheep, and of the lesser victims of the hovering birds of prey. The ungarnished moorland tells no flattering tale. For on it we see written the everlasting alternation of life and death. Peace and beauty reign, but sternly mindful of the conditions of their tenure, the eternal law that the generations must live by devouring each other. So on the moor,

We wot of life through death,
How each feeds each we spy.

Northumberland throws over us, not a melancholy, but a meditative spell.

It gives us homeliness in desert air
And sovereignty in spaciousness.

For the distance, the illimitable, is seldom out of sight. The far ridge, the horizon rich with cloud shapes, is always there. Like all the greatest things, like the universe itself, this land does not easily yield up the truth, whether its secret heart is of joy or of sorrow. It heightens both, till they are fused, and the dispute between them loses meaning. The great silence is too profound to be broken with a question. The distance is so grand, that we cannot wish it near. We are satisfied by we know not what.

. . . . . .

But all this talk of 'thieves' is beside the point which gives value to the history of the Borderland. What is it

that has brought our cultured and commercial society to collect the relics of these cut-throats? If we ascribe it all to Scott, why did he make them his stock-in-trade? It is not that the moss-troopers can claim any monopoly in robbery and murder. There is a murder every night in our evening papers; and our thefts are too plentiful to bear recording. If, again, it is armed lawlessness and cruelty that we want, or the primitive social state, we can find these in the history of any barbarous people; and if we want them in a setting of mountain scenery, there are the Balkans to our hand to-day. What then was peculiar to the Border life which Scott celebrated? It was this: that the Border people wrote the Border Ballads. Like the Homeric Greeks, they were cruel, coarse savages, slaying each other as the beasts of the forest; and yet they were also poets who could express in the grand style the inexorable fate of the individual man and woman, and infinite pity for all the cruel things which they none the less perpetually inflicted upon one another. It was not one ballad-maker alone but the whole cut-throat population who felt this magnanimous sorrow, and the consoling charm of the highest poetry. A large body of popular ballads commemorated real incidents of this wild life, or adapted folklore stories to the places and conditions of the Border. The songs so constructed on both sides of the Cheviot Ridge were handed down by oral tradition among the shepherds, and among the farm girls who, for centuries, sang them to each other at the milking. If the people had not loved the songs, many of the best would have perished. The Border Ballads, for good and for evil, express this society and its quality of mind as well and truly as the daily Press and the Music Hall Stage express that of the majority of the town-dwellers of to-day.

The Border Ballads are distinguished from the old ballads of South England, similar in form and often based

upon the same folk-legends, by a tenser poetic strain and a deeper melancholy. Their more tragic mood may be in some part due to the real conditions of life prevailing in the Border country, where violent death dogged man's footsteps every day. To be a lover in a South English ballad is to run a fair chance of 'living happily ever afterwards'; but to assume the part in a Border Ballad is a desperate undertaking. No father, mother, brother, or rival will have pity before it is too late; they are 'more fanged than wolves and bears.' And chance is generally in league with the Tragic Muse. When her brother determines to burn Lady Maisry for loving an Englishman too well, Lord William rides up just too late to do anything but burn her whole family in revenge. Even when the ballad ends well, there has generally been blood shed, as in the original *Lochinvar*, which has none of the rollicking canter and swagger of Scott's modern rendering.[1] And the best ballads are the most tragic. Something grand and inevitable, like the doom impending over the Lion Gate at Mycenae, broods over each of these stone peel-towers high upon the 'bent,' and rude forts of 'great sware oak trees,' 'covered with turfs.' Even the most wicked and horrible stories are not sordid, but tragic.

'Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude,
Edward, Edward?
Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude,
And why sae sad gang ye, O?'

. . . . .

'O I hae killed my father dear,
Mither, Mither;
O I hae killed my father dear,
Alas! and wae is me, O!'

From 'Recreations of an Historian.'

[1] Katherine Janfarie (*Aytoun's Ballads*, 1858, ii. p. 75).

HUGH WALPOLE

RAFIEL

They had come to the Cross-Roads. Jacob put on the drag, and they began, very slowly, to creak down a precipitous hill. The fantastic element in the affair that Philip had been expecting as a kind of reply to his own sense of his personal adventure seemed to begin with this hill. It resembled no ordinary hill; it plunged down with a sudden curve that seemed to defy the wheels of any carriage; on their right the bank broke sheer away far down to one of the Rafiel four valleys, vivid green now with tufted trees. There was no fence nor wall, and one slip of the wheels would have hurled the carriage over. At a turn of the road a cluster of white cottages, forming one figure together as though they had been a great stone slung from the hill-top by some giant, showed in the valley's cup. At his sense of that remoteness, of that lifting wildness of the rising hills, at the beauty of the green and grey and silver and white, he could not restrain a cry. Katherine laughed. 'That's Blotch End,' she said. 'One turn and we're at the bottom.' The carriage wheeled round, crossed a brown bridge and had started down the road to Rafiel. . . . On one side of the road was a stream that, hurrying down from the valley, hastened past them to the sea; on the other side of them wooded hill, with trees like sentinels against the sky—then the village street began, ugly at first, as are the streets of so many Glebeshire villages, the straight, uniform houses, with their grey slate roofs, now and then hideous-coloured glass over the doorways, and, ugliest of all, the Methodist chapel with '1870' in white stone over the door. But even with such a street as this Rafiel could do something; the valley stream, hidden sometimes by houses, revealed itself suddenly in chuckling, leaping vistas. Before the

houses there were little gardens thick now with daffodils and primroses and hyacinths : through the deep mouth of the forge fires flamed, and a sudden curve of the street brought a bridge, a view of the harbour and a vision of little houses rising, tier on tier, against the rock, as though desperately they were climbing to avoid some flood. This contrast of the wild place itself, with the ugly patches of civilisation that had presented themselves first, was like the voice of the place chuckling at its visitors' surprise. First the row of villas, the tailor's shop with a pattern picture in the window, the sweet shop, the ironmonger's—now this sudden huddle of twisted buildings, wildly climbing to the very sky, a high, rugged peak guarding the little bay, two streams tossing themselves madly over the harbour ridges, the boats of the fleet rocking as though dancing to some mysterious measure, a flurry of gulls, grey and white, flashing, wheeling, like waves and foam against the sky, the screaming of the birds, the distant thud of the sea . . . this was Rafiel.

From 'The Green Mirror.'

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS

TIME TRAVELLING

'I told some of you last Thursday of the principles of the Time Machine, and showed you the actual thing itself, incomplete in the workshop. There it is now, a little travel-worn, truly ; and one of the ivory bars is cracked, and a brass rail bent ; but the rest of it's sound enough. I expected to finish it on Friday ; but on Friday, when the putting together was nearly done, I found that one of the nickel bars was exactly one inch too short ; and this I had to get re-made ; so that the thing was not complete until this morning. It was at

ten o'clock to-day that the first of all Time Machines began its career. I gave it a last tap, tried all the screws again, put one more drop of oil on the quartz rod, and sat myself in the saddle. I suppose a suicide who holds a pistol to his skull feels much the same wonder at what will come next as I felt then. I took the starting lever in one hand and the stopping one in the other, pressed the first, and almost immediately the second. I seemed to reel; I felt a nightmare sensation of falling; and, looking round, I saw the laboratory exactly as before. Had anything happened? For a moment I suspected that my intellect had tricked me. Then I noted the clock. A moment before, as it seemed, it had stood at a minute past ten; now it was nearly half-past three!

'I drew a breath, set my teeth, gripped the starting lever with both hands, and went off with a thud. The laboratory got hazy and went dark. Mrs. Watchett came in, and walked, apparently without seeing me, towards the garden door. I suppose it took her a minute or so to traverse the place, but to me she seemed to shoot across the room like a rocket. I pressed the lever over to its extreme position. The night came like the turning out of a lamp, and in another moment came to-morrow. The laboratory grew faint and hazy, then faint and ever fainter. To-morrow night came black, then day again, night again, day again, faster and faster still. An eddying murmur filled my ears, and a strange dumb confusedness descended on my mind.

'I am afraid I cannot convey the peculiar sensations of time travelling. They are excessively unpleasant. There is a feeling exactly like that one has upon a switchback—of a helpless headlong motion! I felt the same horrible anticipation, too, of an imminent smash. As I put on pace, night followed day like the flapping of a black wing. The dim suggestion of the laboratory seemed presently to fall away from me, and I saw the sun hopping

swiftly across the sky, leaping it every minute, and every minute marking a day. I supposed the laboratory had been destroyed and I had come into the open air. I had a dim impression of scaffolding, but I was already going too fast to be conscious of any moving things. The slowest snail that ever crawled dashed by too fast for me. The twinkling succession of darkness and light was excessively painful to the eye. Then, in the intermittent darknesses, I saw the moon spinning swiftly through her quarters from new to full, and had a faint glimpse of the circling stars. Presently, as I went on still gaining velocity, the palpitation of night and day merged into one continuous greyness; the sky took on a wonderful deepness of blue, a splendid luminous colour like that of early twilight; the jerking sun became a streak of fire, a brilliant arch, in space, the moon a fainter fluctuating band, and I could see nothing of the stars, save now and then a brighter circle flickering in the blue.

'The landscape was misty and vague. I was still on the hill-side upon which this house now stands, and the shoulder rose above me grey and dim. I saw trees growing and changing like puffs of vapour, now brown, now green: they grew, spread, shivered, and passed away. I saw huge buildings rise up faint and fair, and pass like dreams. The whole surface of the earth seemed changed—melting and flowing under my eyes. The little hands upon the dials that registered my speed raced round faster and faster. Presently I noted that the sun-belt swayed up and down, from solstice to solstice in a minute or less, and that, consequently, my pace was over a year a minute; and minute by minute the white snow flashed across the world, and vanished, and was followed by the bright, brief green of spring.

'The unpleasant sensations of the start were less poignant now. They merged at last into a kind of

hysterical exhilaration. I remarked, indeed, a clumsy swaying of the machine, for which I was unable to account. But my mind was too confused to attend to it, so with a kind of madness growing upon me, I flung myself into futurity. At first I scarce thought of stopping, scarce thought of anything but these new sensations. But presently a fresh series of impressions grew up in my mind—a certain curiosity and therewith a certain dread—until at last they took complete possession of me. What strange developments of humanity, what wonderful advances upon our rudimentary civilisation, I thought, might not appear when I came to look nearly into the dim elusive world that raced and fluctuated before my eyes! I saw great and splendid architecture rising about me, more massive than any buildings of our own time, and yet, as it seemed, built of glimmer and mist. I saw a richer green flow up the hill-side, and remain there without any wintry intermission. Even through the veil of my confusion the earth seemed very fair. And so my mind came round to the business of stopping.'

From 'The Time Machine.'

ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

THE POETS AND SCIENCE

So far as concerns English literature we find, as might be anticipated, the most interesting criticism of the thoughts of science among the leaders of the romantic reaction which accompanied and succeeded the epoch of the French Revolution. In English literature, the deepest thinkers of this school were Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Shelley. Keats is an example of literature untouched by science. We may neglect Coleridge's attempt at an explicit philosophical formulation. It was influential in his own generation; but in these lectures

it is my object only to mention those elements of the thought of the past which stand for all time. Even with this limitation, only a selection is possible. For our purposes Coleridge is only important by his influence on Wordsworth. Thus Wordsworth and Shelley remain.

Wordsworth was passionately absorbed in nature. It has been said of Spinoza, that he was drunk with God. It is equally true that Wordsworth was drunk with nature. But he was a thoughtful, well-read man, with philosophical interests, and sane even to the point of prosiness. In addition, he was a genius. He weakens his evidence by his dislike of science. We all remember his scorn of the poor man whom he somewhat hastily accuses of peeping and botanising on his mother's grave. Passage after passage could be quoted from him, expressing this repulsion. In this respect, his characteristic thought can be summed up in his phrase, 'We murder to dissect.'

In this latter passage, he discloses the intellectual basis of his criticism of science. He alleges against science its absorption in abstractions. His consistent theme is that the important facts of nature elude the scientific method. It is important therefore to ask, what Wordsworth found in nature that failed to receive expression in science. I ask this question in the interest of science itself; for one main position in these lectures is a protest against the idea that the abstractions of science are irreformable and unalterable. Now it is emphatically not the case that Wordsworth hands over inorganic matter to the mercy of science, and concentrates on the faith that in the living organism there is some element that science cannot analyse. Of course he recognises, what no one doubts, that in some sense living things are different from lifeless things. But that is not his main point. It is the brooding presence of the hills which haunts him. His theme is nature *in solido*, that is to say,

he dwells on that mysterious presence of surrounding things, which imposes itself on any separate element that we set up as an individual for its own sake. He always grasps the whole of nature as involved in the tonality of the particular instance. That is why he laughs with the daffodils, and finds in the primrose 'thoughts too deep for tears.'

Wordsworth's greatest poem is, by far, the first book of *The Prelude*. It is pervaded by this sense of the haunting presences of nature. A series of magnificent passages, too long for quotation, express this idea. Of course, Wordsworth is a poet writing a poem, and is not concerned with dry philosophical statements. But it would hardly be possible to express more clearly a feeling for nature, as exhibiting entwined prehensive unities, each suffused with modal presences of others.

In thus citing Wordsworth, the point which I wish to make is that we forget how strained and paradoxical is the view of nature which modern science imposes on our thoughts. Wordsworth, to the height of genius, expresses the concrete facts of our apprehension, facts which are distorted in the scientific analysis. Is it not possible that the standardised concepts of science are only valid within narrow limitations, perhaps too narrow for science itself?

Shelley's attitude to science was at the opposite pole to that of Wordsworth. He loved it, and is never tired of expressing in poetry the thoughts which it suggests. It symbolises to him joy, and peace, and illumination. What the hills were to the youth of Wordsworth, a chemical laboratory was to Shelley. It is unfortunate that Shelley's literary critics have, in this respect, so little of Shelley in their own mentality. They tend to treat as a casual oddity of Shelley's nature what was, in fact, part of the main structure of his mind, permeating his poetry through and through. If Shelley had been born

a hundred years later, the twentieth century would have seen a Newton among chemists.

. . . . . .

There is an interesting difference in the treatment of nature by Wordsworth and by Shelley, which brings forward the exact questions we have got to think about. Shelley thinks of nature as changing, dissolving, transforming as it were at a fairy's touch. The leaves fly before the West Wind

Like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing.

In his poem *The Cloud* it is the transformations of water which excite his imagination. The subject of the poem is the endless, eternal, elusive change of things :

I change but I cannot die.

This is one aspect of nature, its elusive change : a change not merely to be expressed by locomotion, but a change of inward character. This is where Shelley places his emphasis, on the change of what cannot die.

Wordsworth was born among hills ; hills mostly barren of trees, and thus showing the minimum of change with the seasons. He was haunted by the enormous permanences of nature. For him change is an incident which shoots across a background of endurance,

Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Every scheme for the analysis of nature has to face these two facts, *change* and *endurance*. There is yet a third fact to be placed by it, *eternality*, I will call it. The mountain endures. But when after ages it has been worn away, it has gone. If a replica arises, it is yet a new mountain. A colour is eternal. It haunts time like a spirit. It comes and it goes. But where it comes, it is the same colour. It neither survives nor does it

live. It appears when it is wanted. The mountain has to time and space a different relation from that which colour has. In the previous lecture, I was chiefly considering the relation to space-time of things which, in my sense of the term, are eternal. It was necessary to do so before we can pass to the consideration of the things which endure.

From 'Science and the Modern World.'

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

ANIMA MUNDI

When I remember that Shelley calls our minds 'mirrors of the fire for which all thirst,' I cannot but ask the question all have asked, 'What or who has cracked the mirror?' I begin to study the only self that I can know, myself, and to wind the thread upon the perne again.

At certain moments, always unforeseen, I become happy, most commonly when at hazard I have opened some book of verse. Sometimes it is my own verse, when, instead of discovering new technical flaws, I read with all the excitement of the first writing. Perhaps I am sitting in some crowded restaurant, the open book beside me, or closed, my excitement having overbrimmed the page. I look at the strangers near as if I had known them all my life, and it seems strange that I cannot speak to them: everything fills me with affection, I have no longer any fears or any needs; I do not even remember that this happy mood must come to an end. It seems as if the vehicle had suddenly grown pure and far extended and so luminous that one half imagines that the images from 'Anima Mundi,' embodied there and drunk with that sweetness, would, as some country drunkard who had thrown a wisp into his own thatch, burn up time.

It may be an hour before the mood passes, but latterly I seem to understand that I enter upon it the moment I cease to hate. I think the common condition of our life is hatred—I know that this is so with me—irritation with public or private events or persons. There is no great matter in forgetfulness of servants, or the delays of tradesmen, but how forgive the ill-breeding of Carlyle, or the rhetoric of Swinburne, or that woman who murmurs over the dinner-table the opinion of her daily paper? And only a week ago last Sunday, I hated the spaniel who disturbed a partridge on her nest, a trout who took my bait and yet broke away unhooked. The books say that our happiness comes from the opposite of hate, but I am not certain, for we may love unhappily. And plainly, when I have closed a book too stirred to go on reading, and in those brief intense visions of sleep, I have something about me that, though it makes me love, is more like innocence. I am in the place where the daemon is, but I do not think he is with me until I begin to make a new personality, selecting among those images, seeking always to satisfy a hunger grown out of conceit with daily diet; and yet as I write the words 'I select,' I am full of uncertainty not knowing when I am the finger, when the clay. Once, twenty years ago, I seemed to awake from sleep to find my body rigid, and to hear a strange voice speaking these words through my lips as through lips of stone: 'We make an image of him who sleeps, and it is not him who sleeps, and we call it Emmanuel.'

From 'Per Amica Silentia Lunae.'

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